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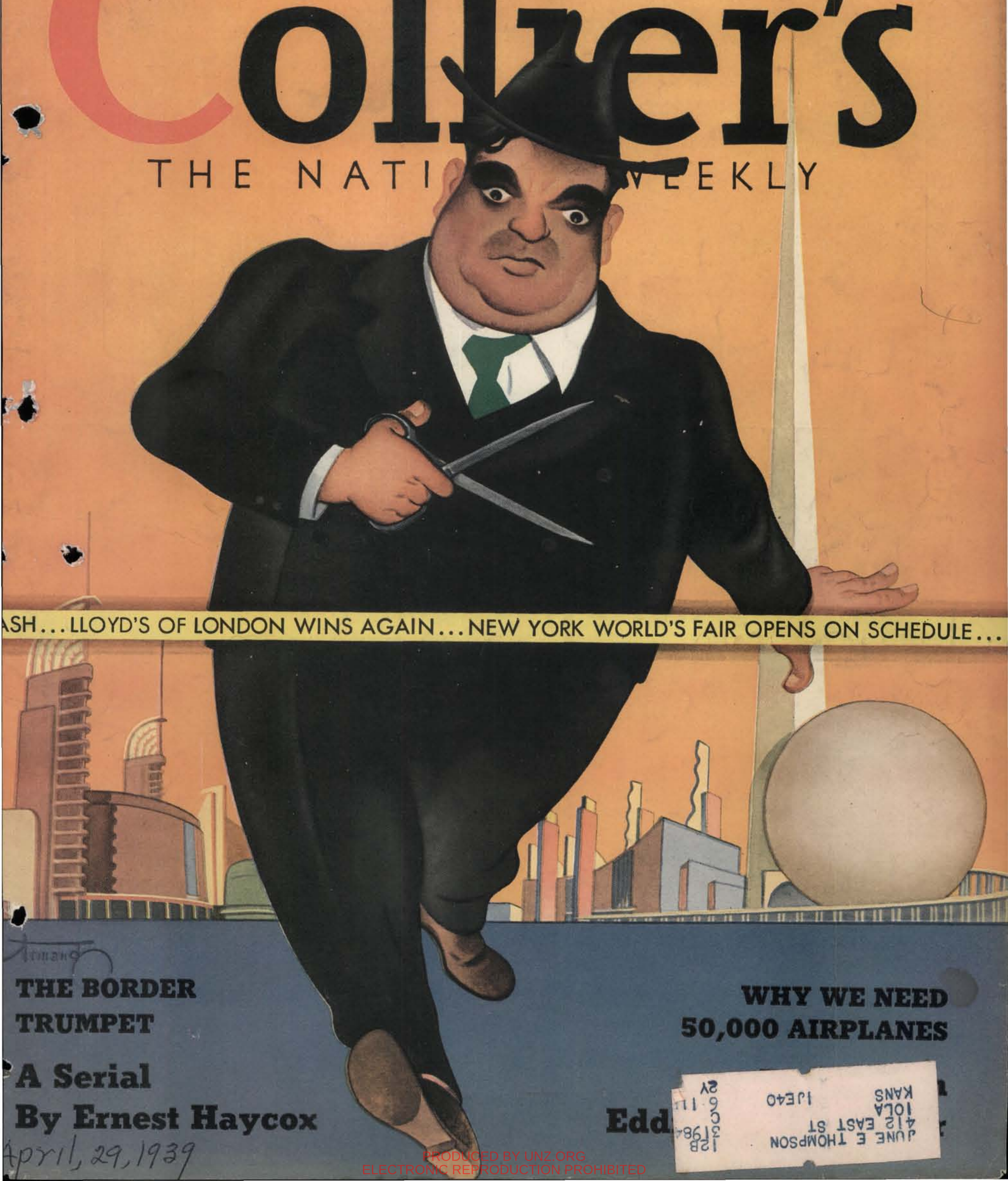
UBLIC
IOLA, KANSAS

April 29, 1939

5¢ A COPY

# Collier's

THE NATI EEKLY


ASH... LLOYD'S OF LONDON WINS AGAIN... NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR OPENS ON SCHEDULE...
Armand

**THE BORDER TRUMPET**

**A Serial**
**By Ernest Haycox**

**WHY WE NEED 50,000 AIRPLANES**

**Edd**

April, 29, 1939

JUNE E THOMPSON
412 EAST ST
IOLA
KANS
1JE40

"I'm rarin' to go to the Kentucky Derby...in 1942!"

MAYBE it sounds pretty cheeky of him—a mere 4-months-old youngster—to be talking about running in the Derby three years from now...

But if you only knew what famous thoroughbreds his ancestors were—how many champions have combined and passed on to him *all* the qualities that go to make a Derby winner—well, we think you'd admit he *will* be there at the starting post in 1942!

And just as you look for *a combination of virtues* in a Derby winner, so you find that it takes a *combination of virtues* to make a champion *whiskey* like Four Roses...

Four Roses, you see, is a superb combination of *several* selected whiskies. *Even the youngest of these whiskies is 4 years old*—all are old enough to be bottled in bond, if we thought they would be as good, sold separately that way.

But instead, we prefer to bring these distinguished whiskies together—to unite *all* their virtues in one whiskey that is finer still. Four Roses is ALL whiskey—purposely reduced to 90 proof to make it *lighter...milder*.

If you and Four Roses are not already old friends, we can't think of any better time to get acquainted with this matchless whiskey than on Derby afternoon . . . at the track, at your favorite bar, or home beside your radio. And while some thoroughbred is proving *its* supremacy, we think Four Roses will be proving to you that it's America's Finest Whiskey!

*Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.*

FOUR ROSES

*EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY*
*AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD*

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF—THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN FOUR ROSES ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD

# The Stag Lines of 1950 will open their eyes at this lovely Ipana smile!

### No "Pink Tooth Brush" for Sally! She knows that Ipana and Massage help make gums firmer, teeth sounder, smiles brighter

SALLY is lucky, as well as lovely! She's lucky because, at the early age of eight, she already knows how to take care of her *gums* as well as her *teeth*.

Right now, she knows more than her mother, more than her dad, for Sally's teacher has taught her the importance of gum massage to sound teeth and healthy gums. Sally knows, too, all about the warning and the threat of "pink tooth brush."

For today, in many schools throughout the country, children are being taught that gums are often deprived of exercise by our modern soft, creamy foods. Lack of vigorous chewing helps make gums weak and tender, and all too often they flash the warning of "pink tooth brush"—a warning you *must not ignore!*

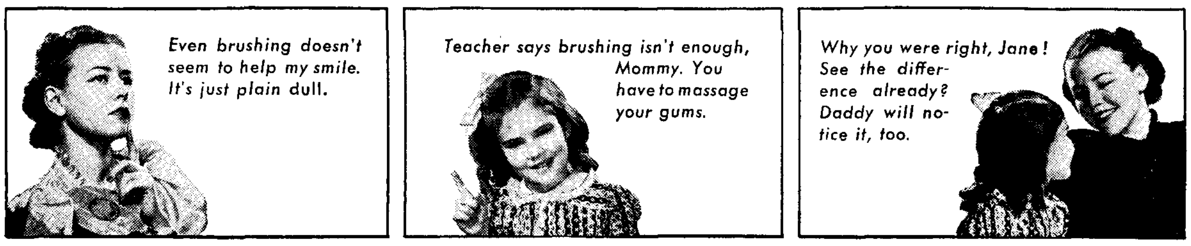
**Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"**

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see *your dentist at once.* If it's nothing more serious than flabby, underworked gums, he'll usually recommend "more exercise" and, as many dentists do, "the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums as often as you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

So play safe with your smile, as Sally does! Buy a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Make Ipana and massage part of your regular dental health routine. Help your dentist make your smile as appealing for the world *today* as Sally is making hers for the stag lines of *tomorrow!*

**Brighten up your Smile with Ipana and Massage!**


Even brushing doesn't seem to help my smile. It's just plain dull.
Teacher says brushing isn't enough, Mommy. You have to massage your gums.
Why you were right, Jane! See the difference already? Daddy will notice it, too.

**Ipana**
**TOOTH PASTE**

GOOD TEETH GUMS
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

**Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush** —*The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE (*see above*). *Designed with the aid of* 1000 *dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

**WILLIAM L. CHENERY** Editor
**CHARLES COLEBAUGH** Managing Editor
**THOMAS H. BECK** Editorial Director

# Collier's

April 29, 1939

**WALTER DAVENPORT** Politics
**AIMEE LARKIN** Distaff
**ROBERT McCORMICK** Washington
**W. B. COURTNEY** Transportation
**KENNETH LITTAUER** Fiction
**QUENTIN REYNOLDS** Sports
**KYLE CRICHTON** Screen and Theater
**WM. O. CHESSMAN** Art
**DENVER LINDLEY** Articles
**FRANK D. MORRIS** Articles
**JAMES N. YOUNG** Fiction
**IFOR THOMAS** Photographs
**MAX WILKINSON** Fiction
**JIM MARSHALL** The Orient
**JOHN T. FLYNN** Associate Editor

## Next Week

MR. SPIDER McCOY—a personal friend of Mr. Damon Runyon's—is also the manager of Pigsfoot Groody, a large and accommodating tanker, who is matched with Chester Nubbs, the hypochondriac white hope. Now, nobody expects Pigsfoot to fight beyond Chester clearing his throat, but even before that a very regrettable thing happens, and Pigsfoot has to have his appendix lifted from him. It is even more regrettable that his nurse has to be Miss Babs Koogle, a pretty little cupcake, who immediately gets fallen in love with by most of the muscular males of this melancholy tale. It's called "Leopard's Spots," a Runyon salami - on - pumpernickel special.

CHOSEN people, chosen for persecution and pogrom—the Jews. Yet they dominate whole civilizations by the superiority of their racial genius. Why? What mysterious wellsprings of strength have Jews? How do they contrive, in spite of inferior numbers and dice consistently loaded against them, to beat us in nearly every intellectual and commercial game? Those questions are pondered by Earnest Albert Hooton, the distinguished anthropologist of Harvard University. "Why the Jews Grow Stronger" is a scientist's explanation of a Biblical prophecy.

WE'RE not going to spoil the price on the Kentucky Derby winner by tipping you off to his name this far ahead. But Bob Considine, who knows and loves the gee-gees as few men do, has compiled for you the life story of the winner of this premier American sporting event. He takes you to the breeding farm, where the colt was foaled, and step by step brings you up with the long-legged darling—right to the minute he flashes under the wire to the mighty roar of 150,000 turf fans.

WE DON'T like to brag (oh, no?) but there are a couple of other stories we'd like to tell you about, besides Zachary Gold's Short Short Story. They are "The White King," a South Sea tale by Jacland Marmur, and Alan LeMay's stirring Western, "Fight at Painted Rock." But space grows short.

LEAVING only these few lines to sound trumpet peals for Ruth Carson, Myron M. Stearns, Don Reynolds and Freling Foster. Personally, we can't wait for the next installment of Ernest Haycox's and Sax Rohmer's serials. In fact, we've already peeked. They get better and better. Honest.

## This Week

### SHORT STORIES

**CHARLES ALEXANDER**
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●

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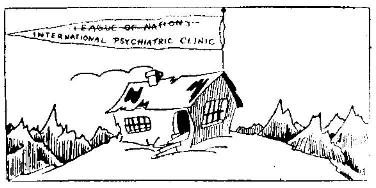
**The Good That Hearst Did.** Page 90

**COVER** ARMANDO

## Any Week

WE HAVE a hurry call from Dr. Arthur Luren Berth of Havana, Cuba. He'd like to know whether "anything more than a mild narcissus odor is left of the League of Nations." We've asked everyone we know and have got nowhere. We even ran across a few who'd never heard of it. "If there's anything left," says the doctor, "why not convert it into an international psychiatric clinic. That's what we've needed all along instead of a court of cloudy-minded stooges for empire-greedy politicians and pet-theory promoters. An international psychiatric clinic would show us just where we stand and why. The world is ruled by psychopathics and I haven't any one country in mind either."



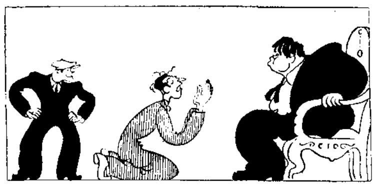
A GENTLEMAN from Maine came in to tell us about a serious discussion he'd had with his grocer, self-professedly a very religious man. The grocer was a very fortress of fundamentalist faith until they inevitably came to the subject of hell-fire and eternal punishment. "Well, now, Mr. Cram," said the grocer, "that's about where I draw the line." When our friend seemed a little too astonished, he added: "About eternal hell-fire—no sir, a man just couldn't stand it."

ANYBODY with an unshakable yearning to tell the truth will find Mrs. W. R. Bitting of Omaha, Nebraska, the beginning of what she believes will be a world audience. "Little by little," says Mrs. Bitting, "our newspapers, magazines and radio are drifting farther and farther from the truth. I prefer to believe that it's because the writers don't know the truth. We are told that the German, Russian and Italian newspapers and radios are not allowed to tell the truth and that the British and French do not wish to. How are we to know that our own news mediums although allowed by law to tell the truth are not becoming propaganda sheets just as they were in 1917?"

AND Mr. Joe McClernan of Charleston, West Virginia, reports that he overheard a couple of businessmen discussing Mr. Harry Hopkins. One of them spoke rather highly of Mr. Hopkins, citing the Secretary's Des Moines speech and several subsequent utterances. "Sure," said the other, "Harry sounds good, but he's still working for the same old racket. Sure, I guess Harry's okay but I'm waiting until his boss says what he says. Then I'm going to quit fooling and get good and suspicious."

BUT it is the opinion of Mr. Darwin P. Power of San Francisco, California, that "we had better forget all this loose talk about economic recovery until we find out whether Adolf the Awful is going to leave anything to recover." In the meantime, says Mr. Power, "if we're wise we'll all get all the money we have and, individually and collectively, spend every cent of it. Thus we shall either privately spend our way to recovery or go down in the world chaos with the satisfaction of having had a hell of a good time before the end came."

WE HAVE an almost tender letter from the Wisconsin Conservation Department, an invitation to come to Green Bay to catch "the *osmerus mordax*, a negatively phototaxic creature that looks like a trout and smells like a cucumber." It is, the commission tells us, the American smelt. All we'd have to do is to plunge into one of Green Bay's river arms along with thousands of smelters "swinging torches, waving nets and tubs, shouting in carnival glee. There are millions and millions of these innocent creatures pining to be caught. People even resort to bird cages and bedsprings."



GLANCING over the above, we discover that this week's mail has been pretty doleful. But there's nothing we can do about it. We're all for being jocund and generally lighthearted, but our correspondents won't have it. For example, here's Mr. Charles E. Murtaugh of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who is quite sure that "the day is coming when the would-be employer of labor will have to go to somebody like John L. Lewis and say 'Please, Mr. Lewis, may I have your permission to hire a dozen men on their own terms?' And having done that," goes on Mr. Murtaugh, "he will be permitted to fulfill his contracts provided the government has granted him a license to be an employer."

AW, let's shoot robins. W. D.

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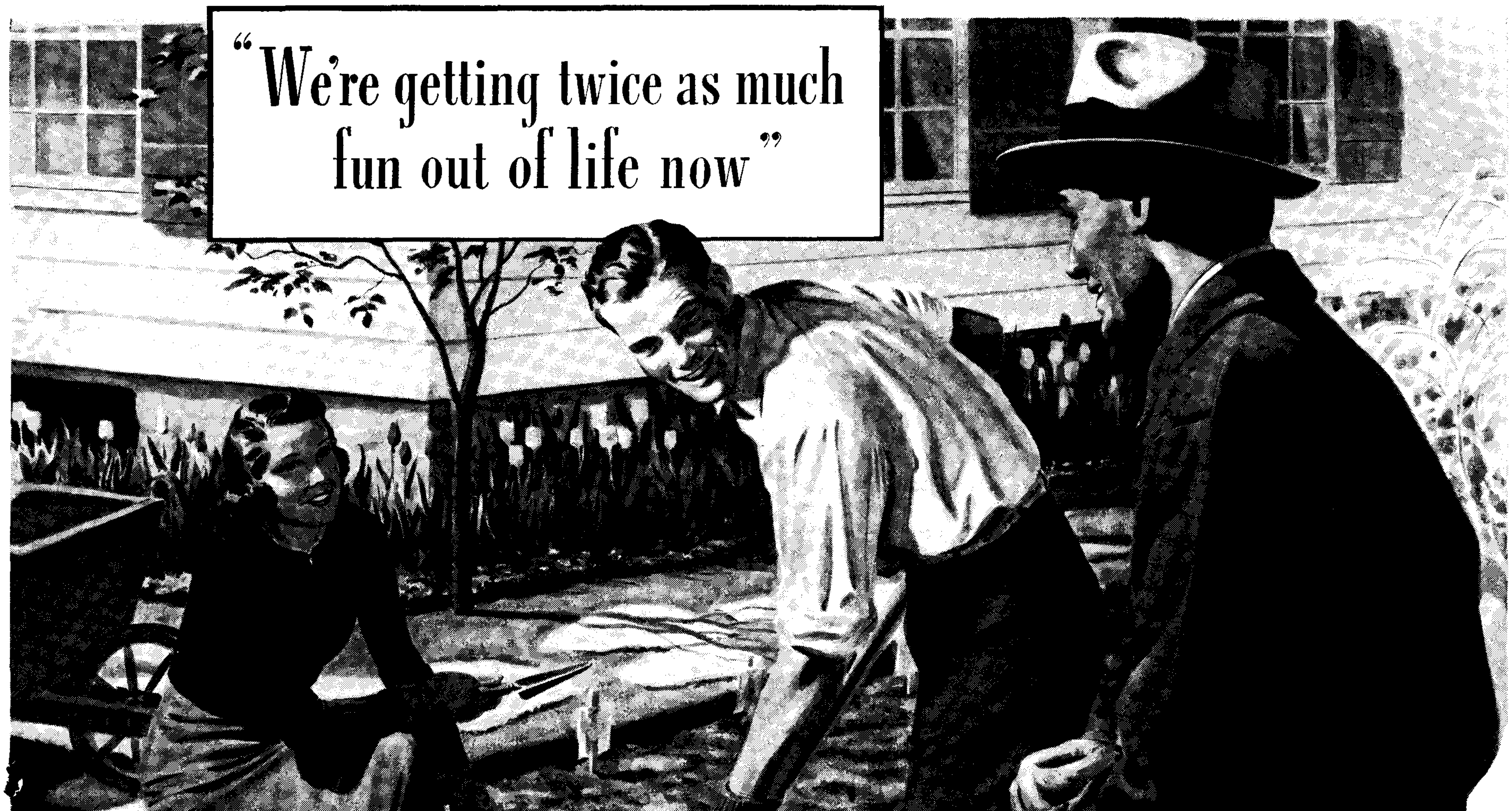
# "We're getting twice as much fun out of life now"



### "You think this is just a garden? It's more—it's a doctor's prescription."

Any doctor will tell you that your troubles are less likely to overburden you—mentally and physically—if you have an absorbing diversion or hobby to arouse a fresh train of thoughts.

Worry may spoil your life. It may keep your mind travelling in circles. Troubles are sometimes eased by facing them and thinking them through; at least, you have the satisfaction of having done your best. But worry has never solved a problem.

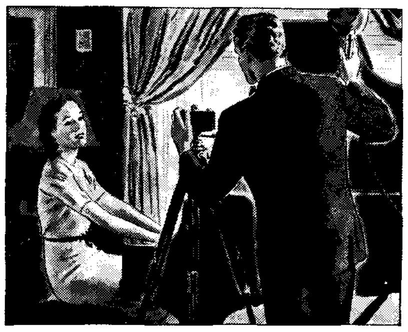
Isn't there a special interest that you have been promising yourself to take up? Perhaps it's gardening, making things for your home, going back to your music, photography, a scientific study, or building a workshop. Maybe it's "travelling" in your easy chair with books from the Public Library; it might be collecting stamps, coins, old glassware or other antiques. Whatever it is, revive your interest in it.

You may find your hobby in active participation in community work, church or other group affairs, or amateur theatricals. Mixing socially with congenial men and women is a dependable worry-chaser for many persons.

Few people realize the amount of physical harm caused by worry. Doctors know that prolonged worry sometimes is a factor in the development of such conditions as disturbances of the nervous system, stomach and intestinal tract, and even of the heart and other organs. Useless worry and its twin, baseless fear, are at the bottom of many breakdowns.

Today outside interests have taken on a new importance because so many people have more leisure time than ever before. By developing your special interest or hobby, you may improve your health and add both zest and years to your life.

Millions find relaxation in golf—a healthful exercise for every age when not overdone.



Absorbing interests may be found in your own home—music, for instance, or photography.

Nature's a tonic for tense nerves. What fisherman has time for business or other worries?

*Plan to visit The Metropolitan's Exhibits at*
THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR *and* THE GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION IN SAN FRANCISCO

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD . . . ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . LEROY A. LINCOLN, PRESIDENT

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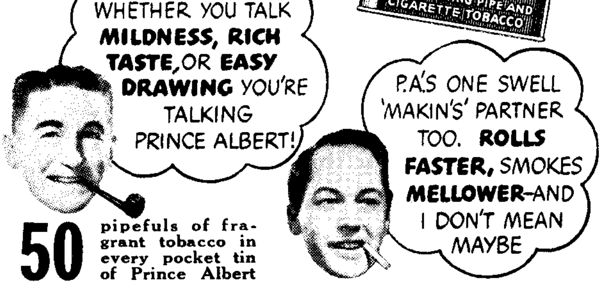
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR
HIGHWAYS AND HORIZONS EXHIBIT
THIS IS A MOST SPECTACULAR EXHIBIT, JUDGE. IT TAKES ONLY 15 MINUTES TO SEE THE AMERICA OF 1960 ALONG HUNDREDS OF MILES OF EXPRESS HIGHWAYS
ARE WE IN A HURRY? I'D LIKE TO STAND OUT IN THE SUN A WHILE AND ENJOY A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT
THAT'S A GRAND IDEA. I'M GOING TO LOAD UP WITH P.A. TOO!
THIS EXHIBIT IS IN MODEL FORM, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING FROM THESE ELEVATED MOVING CHAIRS
YOU MEAN WE'LL HAVE HIGHWAYS LIKE THIS IN 1960?
WELL, THAT'S JUST ONE IDEA OF WHAT THEY MAY BE LIKE
MECHANICAL VOICE IN BACK OF CHAIRS
HERE, THE EXPRESS HIGHWAY OF 1960 PASSES AN INDUSTRIAL SECTION
—BUT THINGS MOVE SO FAST, IT'S HARD TO PREDICT EXACTLY WHAT'S TO COME IN 1960
THANK GOODNESS THERE'S ONE THING WE PIPE-SMOKERS CAN ALWAYS BE SURE OF—THAT'S A MILD, TASTY SMOKE EVERY TIME WITH PRINCE ALBERT
NOW THE HIGHWAY SPANS A DEEP GORGE
WELL, I'M GLAD TOO THAT WE DON'T HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL 1960 FOR THE PLEASURE PRINCE ALBERT PUTS IN A PIPE
ON ELEVATED SIDEWALK — CITY OF 1960 (ACTUAL SIZE)
WE PRINCE ALBERT SMOKERS HAVE A BIG EDGE ON THE REST OF THE WORLD. WE'VE FOUND OUT HOW TO PUT A LOT MORE ENJOYMENT INTO OUR DAY
YOU BET, JUDGE! THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE P.A.
PRINCE ALBERT

THE "THEME" FOR SMOKING JOY
SO MILD—SO TASTY
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

**NO-RISK OFFER STILL GOES**

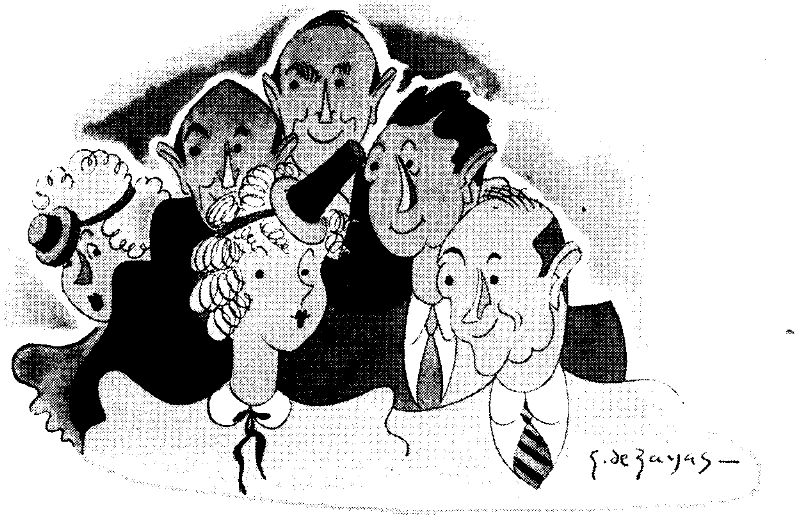
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. *(Signed)* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copr., 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.


WHETHER YOU TALK MILDNESS, RICH TASTE, OR EASY DRAWING YOU'RE TALKING PRINCE ALBERT!
P.A.'S ONE SWELL 'MAKIN'S' PARTNER TOO. ROLLS FASTER, SMOKES MELLOWER—AND I DON'T MEAN MAYBE

**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every pocket tin of Prince Albert

**PRINCE ALBERT**
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*In* at least ninety per cent of the American people, the left eye is nearer to the nose than the right eye.—*By Chester Swisher, Chicago, Illinois.*

*Probably* no man who ever lived has shot firearms as many times as a rifle tester in the Winchester plant in New Haven, Connecticut. During his fifty-two years on this job, he has tried out and approved about 2,500,000 rifles with approximately 17,000,000 shots.

*An* analysis of the four hundred most important inventions and discoveries made throughout the world in the past four hundred years shows that ninety-five per cent of them originated in four countries: United States, Great Britain, France and Germany.

*In* the Christian world of 800,000,000 persons, fifty per cent of the men and boys, or 200,000,000, and two and a half per cent of the women and girls, or 10,000,000, have given names taken from the Bible.

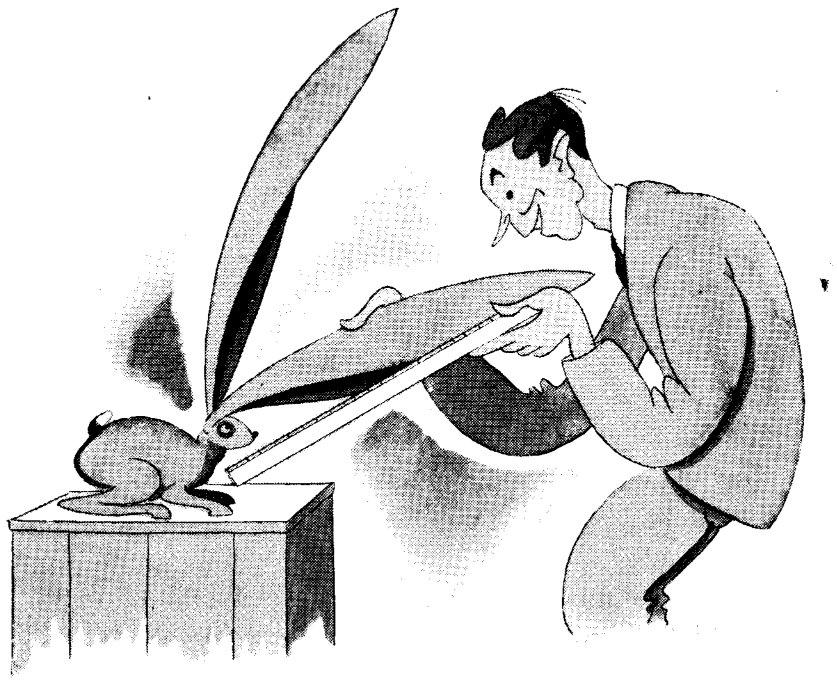
*Among* the remarkable physical features that have been produced in animals through selective breeding are the enormous ears of the "lop-eared" rabbits. Some on record are six inches wide by twenty-eight inches long.

*As* the food requirements of most warm-blooded animals are proportional to their surface and not to their weight, 5,000 harvest mice, although weighing the same as a 150-pound man, need seventeen times more food than he needs because their total skin area is seventeen times greater.—*By Paul Ryan, Jackson Heights, Long Island, New York.*

*As* groups, women have swum the English Channel in less time than men. Based on accepted records, the eleven men averaged seventeen hours and thirty-nine minutes, while the seven women averaged only fifteen hours and fifty-seven minutes, or a difference of one hour and forty-two minutes.—*By R. M. Donnohue, Wichita, Kansas.*

*A Russian* farmer shipped ten thousand sheep by airplane across 325 miles of the Kara Kum desert in the autumn of 1937 because their food and protection, if he had driven them on foot, would have cost much more than the air transportation.

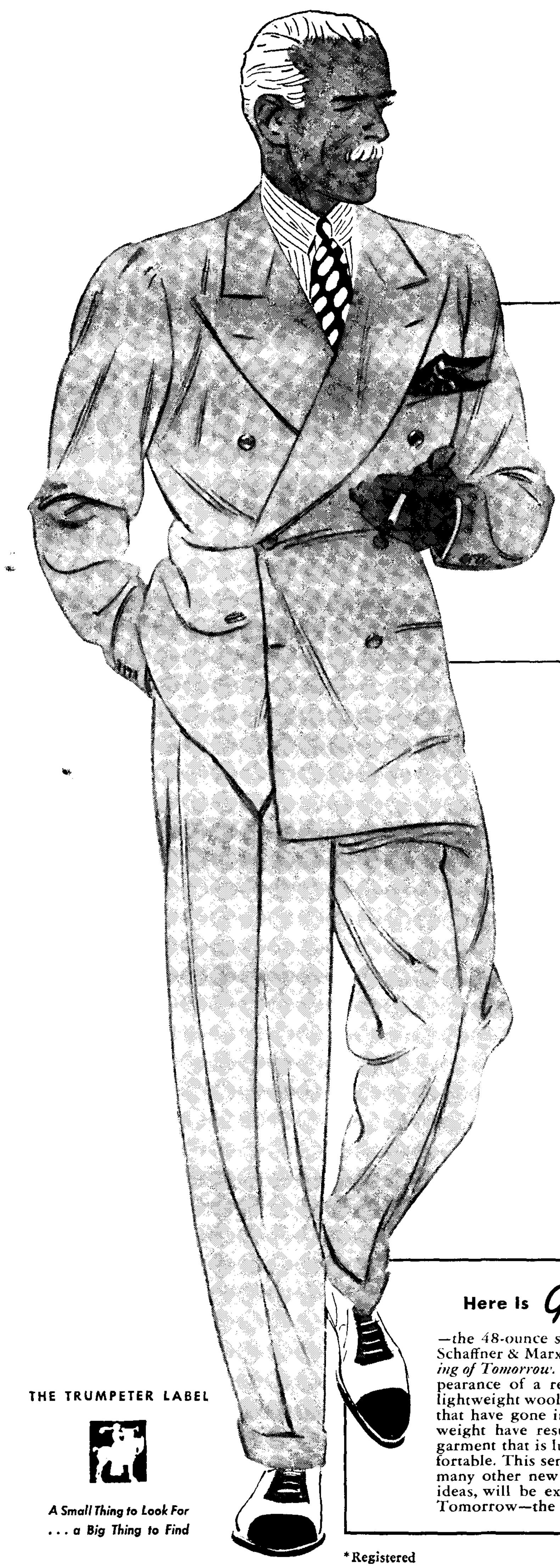
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



# HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

presents

## Clothing of Tomorrow*



### Remarkable ideas in easy-to-wear, lightweight clothing—

**featured in an unusual exhibit at *The World of Tomorrow***

THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

**in the building—MAN**

*and featured by every Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer in the United States . . . for Spring and Summer 1939*

HERE'S the biggest news in years in men's clothes! News sweet to your ears because it talks—and delivers—clothes comfort the like of which you've never known before!

Clothes of Tomorrow are as modern as "The World of Tomorrow!" They're clothes that have all that old-fashioned, drag-you-down weight *tailored out of them!*

They're clothes with body air-conditioning *tailored into them.* Clothes that feel *easy* on you, clothes that play no irritating tricks like pulling across the shoulders or under the arms, binding in the seat.

They're clothes tailored from all-wool fabrics, feather-light and porous, that hold onto a press for dear life, and tolerate only a nodding acquaintance with a wrinkle. Lightweight, comfortable clothes that all men eventually will come to! Clothes that are ready for you, now, at the store in your town featuring the Hart Schaffner & Marx label!

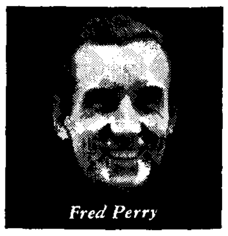
**Here Is *Gulfweight***

—the 48-ounce suit that's typical of Hart Schaffner & Marx' new collection of *Clothing of Tomorrow*. Designed to give the appearance of a regular business suit, the lightweight woolens and the fine tailoring that have gone into the creating of Gulfweight have resulted in a featherweight garment that is luxuriously cool and comfortable. This sensational suit, along with many other new Clothing of Tomorrow ideas, will be exhibited at The World of Tomorrow—the New York World's Fair.

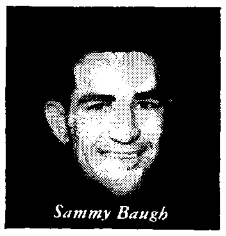
**THE TRUMPETER LABEL**

***A Small Thing to Look For . . . a Big Thing to Find***

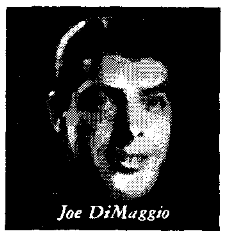
*Registered



*Fred Perry*



*Sammy Baugh*



*Joe DiMaggio*

**Going to the World's Fair?** VISIT . . . *Man—His Clothes and His Sports*—one of the most interesting and unique exhibits at the Fair. SEE . . . Hart Schaffner & Marx *"Clothing of Tomorrow"* displayed by the greatest names in sport—including Fred Perry, Sammy Baugh, Joe DiMaggio, and a number of others. HEAR . . . these famous stars *personally voice for you* their own reactions to this sensational new "Clothing of Tomorrow."

# PHILCO now brings you...

# A NEW and DIFFERENT REFRIGERATOR!

# CONSERVADOR...with the amazing Shelf-lined Inner Door

## ... gives you 26% more quickly usable space!

Over 11 million American homes know that Philco stands for *progress.* Now Philco's latest product, the new Conservador Refrigerator, proves it again! It's truly different—no other refrigerator you have ever seen even *looks* like it! Only the Conservador has the shelf-lined Inner Door, an amazing invention that gives you new advantages never enjoyed by refrigerator users before—a feature that saves your *time,* your *energy* and your *money!*

First of all, you get 26% more quickly usable space... twice the easy-to-use *front space.* The food you use most often is *always at your finger-tips,* easy to find and easy to reach ... without even opening the main compartment. Stored in the Inner Door, it doesn't clutter up the shelves, doesn't waste valuable space. The roomy main compartment is free and clear for the bulky foods ... you *really use,* easily and naturally, *ALL* the space you buy! And ... down go your electric bills! Every time you open the Conservador, the Inner Door shields the precious cold within the main compartment from the current-wasting warm air outside. *New* convenience, *new* economy ... and yours at no greater cost than an ordinary refrigerator!

## EVERY QUALITY FEATURE IS YOURS IN THE CONSERVADOR!

The Conservador is, first of all, a *quality* refrigerator. It is built with all the care, precision and advanced design which are recognized as the world wide mark of a Philco product. Every feature ever developed to save time, to save effort, to save money, to make the work of meal preparation easier, pleasanter, and more successful is found in the Conservador. Its smart beauty is a lasting source of pride. And then ... *added to all this* ... it is the *only* refrigerator with the amazing Inner Door, the greatest refrigerator convenience and economy feature ever invented!

**Quick Ice Cube Release ... Extra-cold Meat Storage Compartment ... Self-sealing Vegetable Crisper and Fruit Basket ... Reserve Storage Chest ... Sliding and Removable Shelves ... Illuminated Cold Control Dial ... Interior Light ... Full-view Thermometer ... Oversize Freezing Unit. . Sustained Cold Defrosting ... Quiet, Hermetically-sealed Power Unit, highly efficient and economical ... Durable, Dulux Exterior ... Acid-resisting Porcelain Interior ... Handsome, oversize, two tone hardware ... *Five Year Protection Plan.***

## NOW ON DISPLAY—SEE IT!

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Please send me, free and without obligation, your 24-page book about the Conservador Refrigerator with the shelf-lined Inner Door.

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**Collier's** The National Weekly for April 29, 1939

The Lindbergh Line
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# 50,000 PLANES Can't be Wrong

### By Captain Eddie V. Rickenbacker

As told to Gardner Harding

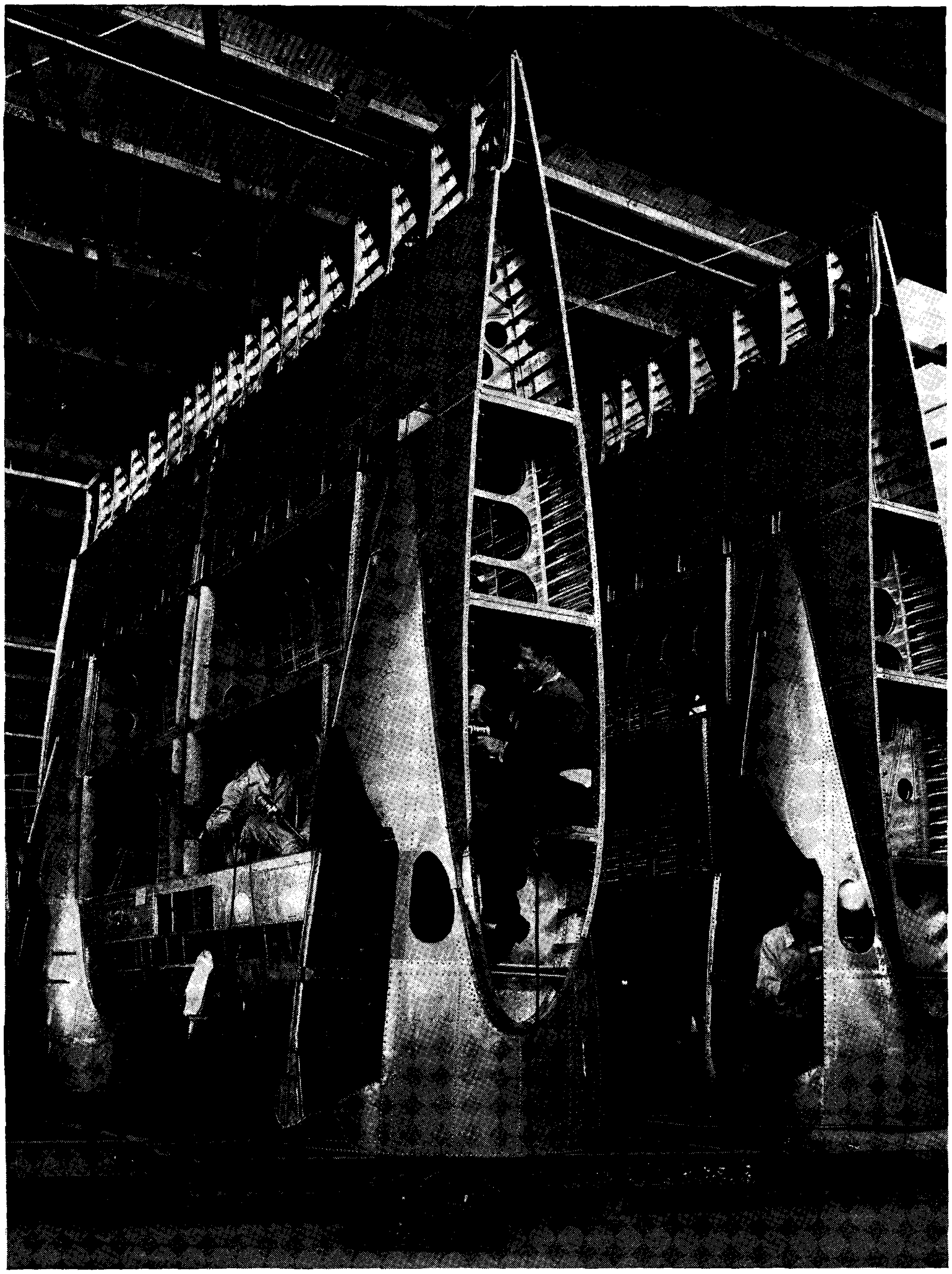
**The United States should at once launch a great volume production of airplanes says our greatest World War ace, Captain Rickenbacker. He suggests 50,000 to start—not military planes but fast work horses of the air. Here is his solution of our air-defense problem**

WE AMERICANS are profoundly concerned today about our safety in the air. We are seeking for an element of security, and for the method of obtaining it, that will definitely place us beyond reasonable danger from other nations. I doubt very much if the right method consists in trying to hold first place in an armament race of the air. It seems madness to me to place our chief reliance on building, plane for plane, against potential enemies. We know perfectly well that the most important units of a combatant air fleet, the fighting planes, may almost certainly be obsolete in combat value in two years. All the advantage will then go to the nation that can most swiftly provide replacements. For it is also a terrifying axiom of warfare today that ninety per cent of a nation's effective air force may quite likely be put out of action within three months after war is declared.

Real power in the air belongs, not to the nation that has plenty of planes to start with, but fundamentally to the nation that can produce replacements in whatever enormous quantities they are needed. Back of these replacements you must have a powerful and maturely planned industrial organization, with thousands of intricate details already in place, plans, jigs and tools all provided, men trained, materials in supply and an assembly line ready to get into action to put into volume production the very best planes that America can make.

We know what such an assembly line is. We have created the most efficient type of high-grade mass production in the world in our automotive industry. The same kind of power, organized and massed for the single objective of large-scale production of airplanes, is the indispensable key to air supremacy today.

That is why I believe, to make us safe in the air, we should at once begin a volume production of airplanes. I mean airplanes essentially for peacetime use, that will step up our business by carrying *all* the first-class mail and as much of the express and light freight as possible.



COURTESY AMERICAN AIRLINES

**Assembling center wing sections of a Douglas DC3, a standard commercial transport that can easily be converted into a bomber, at the Douglas Aircraft factory at Santa Monica, Calif.**

My estimate of a real beginning is *fifty thousand planes.* We need an airplane manufacturing industry that will stand up to punishing requirements if war should come. Very well, let us get it by building the planes now that will give that industry a real existence.

If we had to go into high-speed production of airplanes tomorrow we would very soon learn how tragically unprepared we now are. The United States is producing today about 3,700 planes a year. Employment in the airplane manufacturing industry is exceedingly spotty, neither using the capacity of the plants nor the full time of the 36,000 men who work in them. The industry as it stands could probably step up to 5,500 planes a year if it had the orders. But the United States today is a fifth- or sixth-rate air power, in planes, in men in training, in replacement facilities and all the other ponderables by which the best experts have been able to judge.

Our factories would find it impossible to swing into volume production for at least six priceless months following an emergency of war. No amount of bravery, self-sacrifice by American youth, or that ignorance miscalled courage by our pilots, salt of the earth though they are, would arrest the effect of that terrible handicap.

They gave us fifteen months to throw the effect of our infantry into the battle lines of the Great War. It is folly to expect such a breathing space today, when nations plan to open hostilities and deal deadly blows from the air perhaps on the very night war starts.

Let me cite just one of these discrepancies to show you what I mean. Our army is justly proud of Wilbur Wright Field, the great research station at Dayton, Ohio. But Germany has five of these great experimental stations, each with personnel equipment as costly and, I must admit, as productive as our own lone enterprise. I don't know what the Germans use for money, but they know what they need and seem to get it.

My second point illustrates this contrast most vividly. We *talk* about 100,000 pilots and 200,000 technicians. But at the place where these things begin—the high schools of the country—only 500 out of our 26,000 high schools have any school-sponsored aviation activities whatsoever. In Germany aviation courses for children begin in every school in the country at the age of ten, and there are now dozens of schools for the training of aviation instructors alone. We are sentimentally "air-minded"; we talk of "darkening the heavens" with American planes; but so far we haven't established a single school to train the men who would, on a really large scale, teach American youth, when the time comes, how to fly.

That is the situation we are facing today, and I contend the remedy must be a drastic one. We will never gain public support for an armament race. We must tie in such a change with the everyday conditions of American life, and here it is that we have a place and a service for fifty thousand airplanes *in use* that every American can visualize. The United States possesses a strategic factor no other nation can equal in the immense commerce that carries on half of the business of the entire world.

## Let's Make It All Air Mail

Consider what it would mean to put this huge fleet of new planes to the task of carrying *all* the first-class mail by air. The existing air mail has about 250 points of pickup for mail, and carries about 20 million pounds of air mail a year. But our domestic first-class mail alone is a matter of 350 million pounds a year, and there are more than fourteen billion pieces of it. It is collected and distributed from more than 50,000 stations along the main lines of our railroads, besides thousands of other points off the main lines of travel which link up our post offices by bus and automobile.

These figures give you an idea of the magnitude of the job that could be undertaken. Allowing for a quarter of the mail for purely local or suburban delivery, you would be putting thirty times the first-class mail into airplanes that goes in them now, and you could bring their service to 200 times as many points of call for people in every remote section of the United States.

I have given the dynamics of this thing a lot of thought, and to me it opens up a prospect that is entirely practical and feasible. The system can be opened up gradually, with scores and scores of feeder lines joining the lanes of the existing major trunk lines wherever the traffic moves. Besides carrying the mail these planes would of course also carry most of the express that now goes by land today. There would be larger planes for the special kinds of freight that would especially benefit from swift carriage by air. Many kinds of fresh fruits and vegetables, dairy products and practically all other perishables would commonly go by air, once there were planes enough and traffic enough to stimulate the habit. Rates should be drastically reduced and would, I believe, ultimately justify it in volume. We carry about seven million pounds of express and freight per year by air today as well as our twenty million pounds of air mail. With this business also stepped up from twenty- to thirtyfold, as would actually be provided for in the big fleet of planes, you would have an acceleration in the business of this country that would be worthwhile being around to see.

These are not astronomical figures. The business of the air is even now growing in actual fact faster than most people believe. As recently as 1926 we had only about 1,400 miles of federally regulated airways. This year's total is placed at over 33,000, a 23-fold growth in thirteen years. Nor is the idea of allying an arbitrary development of air business with the needs of air preparedness a new one. More than three years

*(Continued on page 60)*

# Orders from the Top

## By Frederic Mertz

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ON HIS platform at one end of the schoolroom, Herr Sackmann set his desk in order. Textbooks. Papers. The bottle of red ink and the bottle of black. The mimeographed memorandum, stamped with the insignia of the Ministry of Education, he read again while the emptying schoolhouse grew quiet.

Herr Sackmann's cold blue glance lingered over certain phrases of the memorandum. "Opportunity for the teacher to estimate the child's comprehension . . . our proudly forward-striding national life . . . these drawings to represent incidents of daily activity . . . showing whether devotion to our Reich's true heritage is being instilled by loyal parents or whether . . . some lingering belief in a soft, non-Aryan divinity . . . the hand of Providence. . . ."

Herr Sackmann's unreadable gaze shifted over the edge of the memorandum and came to rest on a small solitary figure waiting in the back row of the schoolroom.

"Warnecke!" barked Herr Sackmann.

"*Ja, Herr Lehrer.*" The boy came forward to stand at attention beside the platform. He was a gaunt child for his eleven years.

"Your uncle in New York has sent your family the passage money." Herr Sackmann's words stated rather than questioned. He made it his business to know about things. "You expect to sail next week for America."

"*Ja, Herr Lehrer.* On Monday."

"So!" Herr Sackmann racked the official memorandum behind the ink bottles, and brought out a sheet of paper from his desk drawer. He moved deliberately. His hands were furrowed by deep scars from the same splatter of shrapnel that had given him his limp at Morlancourt.

"I have asked you to remain," Herr Sackmann spoke in his abrupt, parade-ground voice, "to explain this sketch."

The boy ran the tip of his tongue along dry lips. "It shows—the assignment was that we should draw something about our life, *Herr Lehrer*—"

"Well?"

Young Franz Warnecke's forefinger hovered timidly. "Please, *Herr Lehrer,* there in back is the *Rathaus.* The men are marching across the Hitler Platz on their way to hear the general speak. At the Burg Theater."

"I do not need to be told," Herr Sackmann severely reminded his pupil, "that His Excellency spoke yesterday at the Burg Theater, bringing a message to all loyal party members. But in this drawing I do not understand the figure on the left, going into the door, away from the marchers."

"But I thought you said, *Herr Lehrer,* that we were to draw something—something in our life—"

"And this is such an event?"

The blond head nodded.

"The man in the doorway has left the crowd of persons who were marching to hear His Excellency?"

Once more Franz Warnecke's forefinger pointed timorously. "He still had work to do in his office, because we sail on Monday. You can see the brief case. There, under my father's arm. He told us last night at supper. It is a true happening, *Herr Lehrer,* out of our life."

"Hmm," said Herr Sackmann. "You have even drawn the hands of the *Rathaus* clock at just the time when the marchers were crossing the Hitler Platz."

"You see, *Herr Lehrer,* it is a true happening!"

"I see." For a moment Herr Sackmann studied the crayon drawing, so crudely sketched and yet so clear. Then he stood up, with the sidewise dip that his limp gave him, and motioned toward his empty chair. "You must sign this again. Warnecke, Franz Wilhelm, age 11. With your school and class and city. In ink."

Herr Sackmann's bulk overshadowed the desk. From behind the ink bottles he picked up the official memorandum. He recalled some of its phrases while he drummed with its folded edge. *Devotion to our Reich's true heritage . . . the hand of Providence. . . .*

"Tomorrow," said Herr Sackmann, "these drawings will be turned over to the higher authorities. They will pass upon subject matter no less than manner of execution, for a state exhibit in which every school in the Reich—"

His voice suddenly doubled its harsh emphasis. "Clumsy! Idiot!"

For young Franz had sprung back, appalled, staring at the black puddle that widened from an inkwell overturned on Herr Sackmann's desk.

"So!" rasped Herr Sackmann. "You have failed to complete your assignment. Do you for one moment believe that you will be excused from the fulfillment of your scholastic obligations just because your family is about to join this uncle in America? No, indeed, Warnecke! To the very last instant of your presence among us your best efforts will be demanded."

Young Franz stood very straight. "I—I have tried hard, *Herr Lehrer.*"

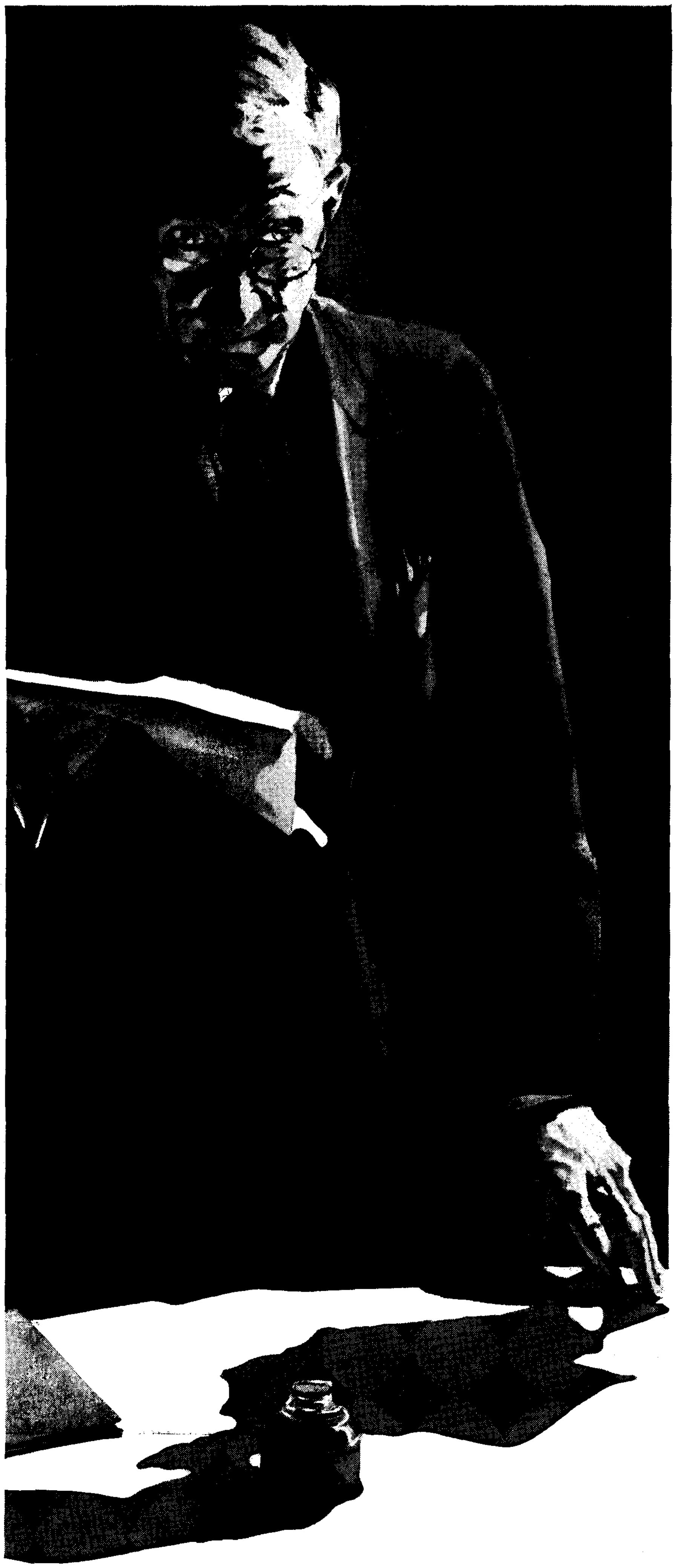
With the end of a ruler, Herr Sackmann was already poking the ink-soaked drawing into the wastebasket. "Tomorrow without fail you will bring to class another sketch. Your father and you are to be the subjects, standing at attention before one of the loud-speakers that carried His Excellency's voice yesterday to those hearers who could not get into the Burg Theater. You understand?"

"*Jawohl, Herr Lehrer.*"

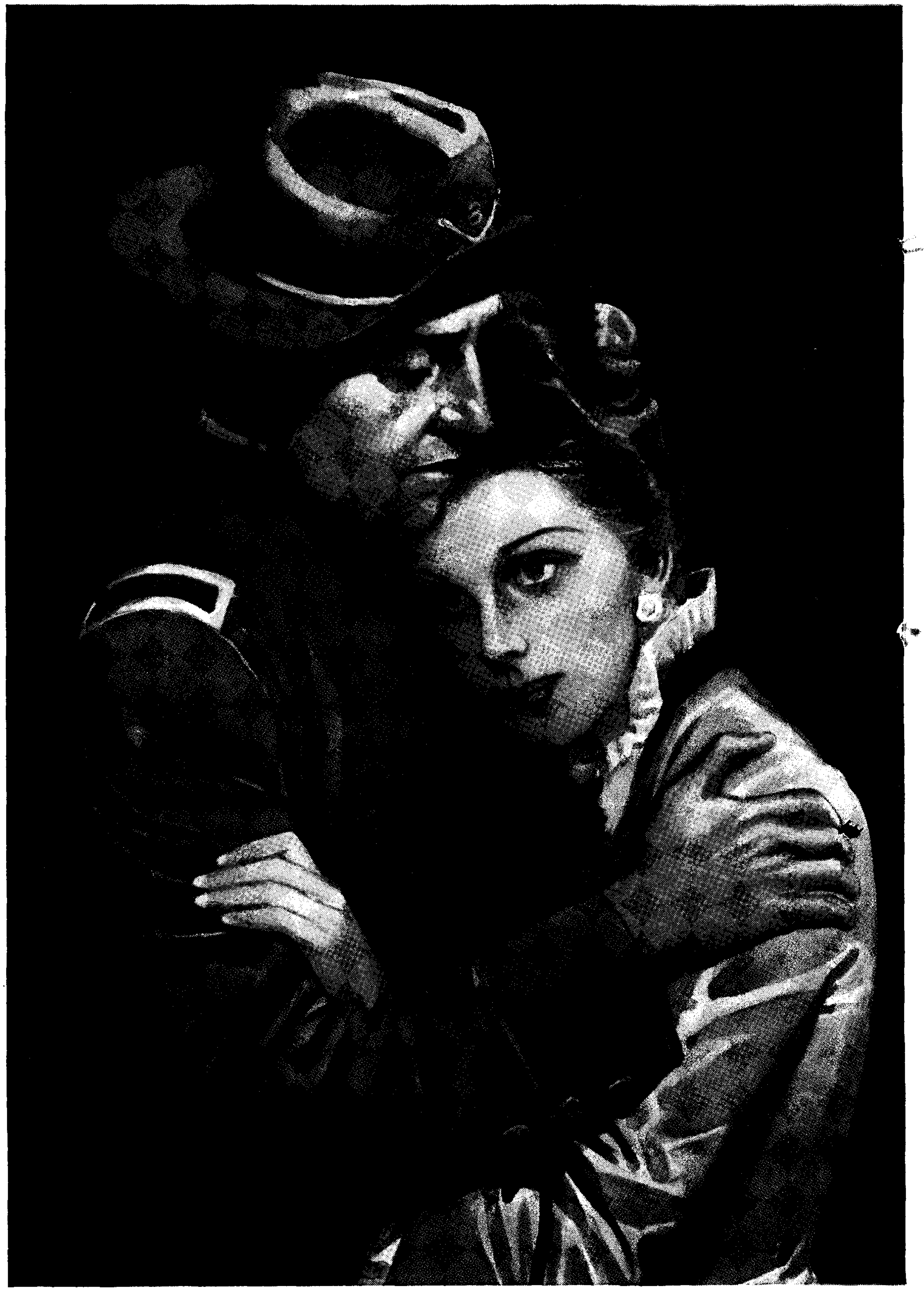
"And you are not to mention this to anyone until Tuesday, when you and your family are on shipboard. This is an order, Warnecke."

Left alone in the schoolroom, Herr Sackmann prepared to file away the latest official memorandum in a folder of similar memoranda. His pale eyes remained inscrutable as they paused over a phrase in the most recent pronouncement by the Ministry of Education. *Our Reich's true heritage . . . some lingering belief . . . the hand of Providence. . . .*

From Herr Sackmann's unmoving lips there came the ghost of a chuckle. And the scarred, ink-spotted hand he looked at was his own.



**Herr Sackmann's pale eyes remained inscrutable as they paused over a phrase in the most recent pronouncement by the Ministry of Education**



Regardless of propriety, she walked into his arms. This was the man she had loved as a girl of eighteen at Fort Stanton. Now she returned to him as a woman

# The Border Trumpet

### By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

**Beginning a glowing romance of the turbulent old West, when Indians kept our soldiers busy—but not too busy for love**

TWO weeks from San Francisco the Newbern dropped anchor in the tangle of sand bars and willow banks at the mouth of the Colorado, transferring its freight and its sole passenger, Eleanor Warren, to the steamer Cocopah, Captain Jack Mellon commanding. Three days later, under a brass-colored midsummer's sun, they reached Fort Yuma, tarried briefly and went on.

"Ordinarily," Captain Mellon told her, "a military escort would have met you at Yuma. The direct way to Camp Grant is down the Gila, past the Pima villages and over the desert to the San Pedro. But there ain't any military posts along the route and the Indians are very bad, so you'll follow the supply line."

She stood in the useless shade of the Cocopah's texas, with a parasol tilted against the beating glare of white earth and metal-yellow sky, and watched the low adobe outline of Fort Yuma fade behind a pulsing, iridescent haze. A little hat made its rakish angle on her auburn head and a dove-gray dress, meant for more modish travel than this, fitted itself tightly at neck and shoulders and waist.

She was a slim girl and a straight one and carried the unmistakable army mark—for she had been born in a wagon bed ten miles short of Fort Snelling, Minnesota, army regulations and the laws of nature not concurring, and had spent all her twenty-one years, save the last three, following the guidon. Now with the genteel training of Mrs. De Launcey's Boston School for Young Ladies behind her, she was rejoining the regiment at its most recent frontier. Twenty years ago that frontier was Minnesota and Kansas. Ten years ago it had been the Civil War and Texas; now it was Arizona.

Beneath her brows was the inquiring line of direct gray eyes. She had a long, composed mouth and a temper that could at once charm a man or chill him to his bones. This was the competence a girl acquired on the frontier; this was the manner of a girl raised by men and taught by them. She was a little better than the average woman in height, with the bony structure of her face making definite, strong and pleasant contours. Two jade eardrops stirred when she turned her head, and a cameo brooch, once her mother's, was clipped to her dress at the curve of the breast line. Her skin was smooth and fair and flushed now by the constant heat.

"For a fact," Captain Mellon admitted, "it is average warm. A hundred and nineteen in the wheelhouse. It will be hotter up the canyon."

**The Indian stood stolid and impassive for a very brief moment, then slipped into the darkness without another sound**

The canyon walls grew high and narrow as they chugged on. The river was the exact color of chocolate and, since this was late summer, at quite low stage. At night they tied up to any convenient boulder and by day had their troubles bumping over the tricky gravel bars. Sleeping in such weather was impossible. At mealtime the butter was an oily liquid on the plate and neither the beans nor boiled potatoes were palatable. On the eleventh day the Cocopah whistled for Ehrenburg and pushed its nose against the gravel.

"Captain," said Eleanor Warren, "it has really been a nice trip."

Captain Mellon was young enough to pull at his mustache and old enough to feel worried about her. She was a tall, fashionable girl who had made no single complaint on the trip and now was obviously eager to rejoin her regiment. But Mellon thought of the desert beyond—its scarifying heat, its stinging clouds of alkali powder, its discomfort and its danger. She was leaving the last semblance of comfort behind. "There's always something about any army girl," he told her. "Damned if there ain't. Would there be a young lieutenant in that outfit you're so anxious to reach?"

Her smile was long and soft. "Captain," she said, "you have a sharp eye."

"I wish you luck," he said, reversed the Cocopah from the gravel bar and steamed upriver. His farewell whistle blast slammed back and forth between the canyon walls.

Ehrenburg was a scatter of miserable dobe huts on a treeless bluff, one general store and the government warehouse, which received army supplies from the river boats and shipped them out by freighting teams to the military posts scattered deep in the Territory. A young lieutenant with cheeks broiled lobster-red, and the lieutenant's exceedingly lonesome wife, welcomed Eleanor Warren.

"You are," said the lieutenant's wife, "the only white woman I've set eyes upon for eight weeks. Stay a while. A more cheerless camp does not exist and I think sometimes I shall lose my mind."

But a detachment of the Sixth were waiting to escort her on. She had hoped to see the men of the Third, her own beloved outfit, so that she might sooner get the common gossip dear to her; nevertheless she was extraordinarily happy when, next morning, she set out westward in an army ambulance drawn by four service mules, flanked by eight sun-blackened rawboned Irish troopers and a lieutenant with blue eyes and a tawny yellow mustache like Custer's.

Westward was the pure flare of the desert, broken by silhouetted cacti and the blue blur of Arizona mountains rising suddenly from the plain. The ambulance bounced along the stony soil, and fine alkali dust rolled up solid as flour, stinging her eyes and skin. Within her small wall tent at night she listened to the drowsy talk of the troopers around the campfire, hearing the names of Geronimo and Casadora and Antone, of Crook, of massacred wagon trains and ranch houses in ruins. The edge of San Francisco Peak was a constant lodestar in the deep east. On the third day they passed Date Creek, on the fourth they pulled into Fort Whipple, hard by the little mining town of Prescott. This, the headquarters of the military district, was in the cooler hills.

TWO days later she crossed the hills to Camp Verde, and there was whirled away by still another escort, high up to the timbered Mogollon Range, from the rim of which she had her views of the Tonto Basin, wild and dark and rugged. This was slower travel and the elevation brought a breath of sweet wind at evening; but she noticed that the escort rode with an aroused vigilance, throwing out flankers by day and guards by night. Five days from Verde the escort crossed Camp Apache's parade ground. Dropping out of the ambulance she confronted Major McClure's wife, the first familiar face of the old Third Cavalry.

"Why," said the major's wife, "you're a grown lady," and cried shamelessly as she embraced Eleanor Warren. "Has it been that long since I packed your trunk at Fort Craig and watched you go? Three years? I guess I'm just another dried-up, leather-skinned old army woman. What a pretty dress. Is that the Eastern style now? How long have you been from Ehrenburg?"

"Eleven days."

"Well, it is three more to your father at Grant. If you think the road so far is bad, wait till you see what lies ahead. The detail from Grant hasn't come yet. Meanwhile we'll have a party tonight and talk about the East."

But that night, some time short of tattoo, a party of horsemen crossed the hard-baked parade with a sudden clatter of hoofs and a man's voice spoke from the porch of the McClure quarters: "Has Miss Warren arrived?"

The officers and ladies of the post were all in this room, and suddenly they were smiling at Eleanor Warren as she rose and half turned from the door. There was a quick step in the hall and Major McClure drawled: "She's here, Phil," and then Eleanor Warren swung about, soberly disturbed and afraid of the things that might at this moment be on her face. She said in a small uneven voice: "How are you, Phil?"

He stood before her, this Philip Castleton, his trousers and shirt turned gray from riding and his naturally dark face further colored by the intense Arizona sun. He was a big, black-eyed man, quick and solid, with a driving energy that came out of him even though he stood wholly still. He was straight-backed and physically hard. There was a blaze of feeling in his eyes, and a change came to his face. He had presence enough to bow to the group of ladies, but he said: "Eleanor," and stepped toward her.

Her soberness went away and, regardless of propriety, she walked into his arms. This was the man she had loved as a girl of eighteen at Fort Stanton. Now she returned to him as a woman, and all her intervening fears faded and she knew nothing had changed. At this moment she was happier than she had ever been.

THE trumpets were blowing morning fatigue call, sunlight rushed yellow and hard over the world, and the ambulance and ten troopers of old K were waiting on the parade when she stepped from Major McClure's quarters. They waited at the heads of their horses, these bronzed rough men of her father's outfit. Most of them were old friends—Sergeant Tim Hanna, whose tough Irish lips were broadly asmile, and the Dutch sergeant, Conrad Reichert, and Corporal Oldbuck, who had carried her on his saddle when, as a girl, she had visited behind the lines at Bull Run. She went along the rank, shaking hands. "Hanna," she said, "what happened to that Mexican girl at Stanton?"

Hanna brought a gauntlet up across the sweeping tips of his dragoon mustache. "Ah, now, you remember her still? So do I, but I must be tellin' you about it in private someday. Nawt all the men in old K Troop are the gentlemen they look." There was a low run of amusement along the line, and pleased approval. One last private of the detail cantered across the parade and joined the line. Lieutenant Castleton's voice hit him with a severity that surprised Eleanor. "Jackson, report to me as soon as we reach Grant. Eleanor, if you are ready—"

Eleanor Warren paid her respects to the gathered officers and ladies and accepted Castleton's hand into the ambulance. Major McClure's wife called, "Give my love to Harriet Mixler—and tell her to come up here as soon as she can!" Castleton spoke a quick command, the troopers mounted and wheeled as twos, the ambulance rolled over the parade and took something less than a road down a ravine and soon left Apache behind.

Eastward lay the high rock rampart of the White Mountains; in all other directions the domes and spires and ragged edges of hill country lay below the brilliant flash of sunlight. The ambulance rattled along the road, traversed a narrow valley and took to the rough ravines again. A cavalry detail passed them, homeward bound; the officer in command lifted his hat at Eleanor and showed her a face dull for want of sleep.

*(Continued on page 73)*

# An Errand for the Wife

## By Charles Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

**He gave her a stove. He gave her two stoves. He loved her**

ABEL CHOTTAW, on the low seat of his heavy wagon, started a hand toward the long-shafted lash, and Ned and Duke moved. They tossed black manes, got the nearly empty wagon rolling and started to travel at a trot. Abel pulled them down to a dancing walk. Maybe they thought they were going for a day's trip and would be home early. They wouldn't. It would be somewhere around a month before they even turned around and headed for home.

Abel didn't look back at his new, sturdy two-story log-and-cedar-shake house, didn't turn his head until he topped the little hill and knew it was his last chance. Then he looked back and waved. Ailse stood in the door, in her black, billowy alpaca. Abel was always amazed at why such a slender, delicate girl should wrap herself in such a cocoon of skirts and underskirts. Most frontier women didn't bother, except at weddings and funerals. Ailse was waving and Abel waved till he was out of sight.

Then he hunched his big, gaunt torso, tried to lose himself in the roadside life of rabbits, deer, his half-wild pigs. He hadn't succeeded half an hour later when he met Alf Calahan astride his sorrel. He pulled up under a leaning cedar and Alf trotted alongside with his usual crackling shout of greeting: "If it ain't Abe! Where ye headin', Abe?"

"A little trip," Abe said cautiously.

Alf Calahan's face was a brush heap of red hair, divided by a long nose, balanced by eyes as sharp as a squirrel's. He squinted down into the wagon bed, noted all it contained—horse feed, bed roll, water kegs, camp supplies for a long journey. The tar bucket swung under the wagon bed. "You ain't haulin' out anything to trade, Abe. You're goin' empty. Two days back you was tellin' how you'd be busier than billy-de-devil all spring on the homestead. Too busy to go meat huntin'." Alf squinted slyly. "You and your new St. Louis wife ain't had trouble, now?"

Abel said loudly, "Ailse an' me don't have trouble."

"If you ain't freightin' something out, then you're going out to freight somethin' in." Calahan waggled his red beard wisely. "You wouldn't be freightin' in some woman's fantods, Abel?"

Abel sat straight, silent on the wagon seat.

"Your wife was squeakin' to my missus about fantods. We needed some civilization on the Umpqua, it seemed like. Abe, you don't want to go humorin' females. You let your wife get ideas, and they might spread. You and me been tilikums. I'm warnin' you."

"Ailse—" Abel began, then stopped. How could he tell about Ailse to anyone, even an old friend? How could he describe all she was like, inside her cocoon? There weren't even words for that. He said quickly, picking up the whip so that Ned and Duke pulled at the reins: "You keep an eye out for the homestead, Alf? You see that Cap Jim's Rogue Indians keep clear. Ailse, she don't savvy Indians."

This time he let the team trot, let Alf know he was on his way. He'd dreaded meeting Alf, known it had to be done even if he'd had to pull in at Alf's place. He wanted word of his leaving to trickle up and down the whole Umpqua canyon. So the scattered settlers would keep an eye out for Ailse. She was alone at the house and wouldn't stay with Alf's wife or any others.

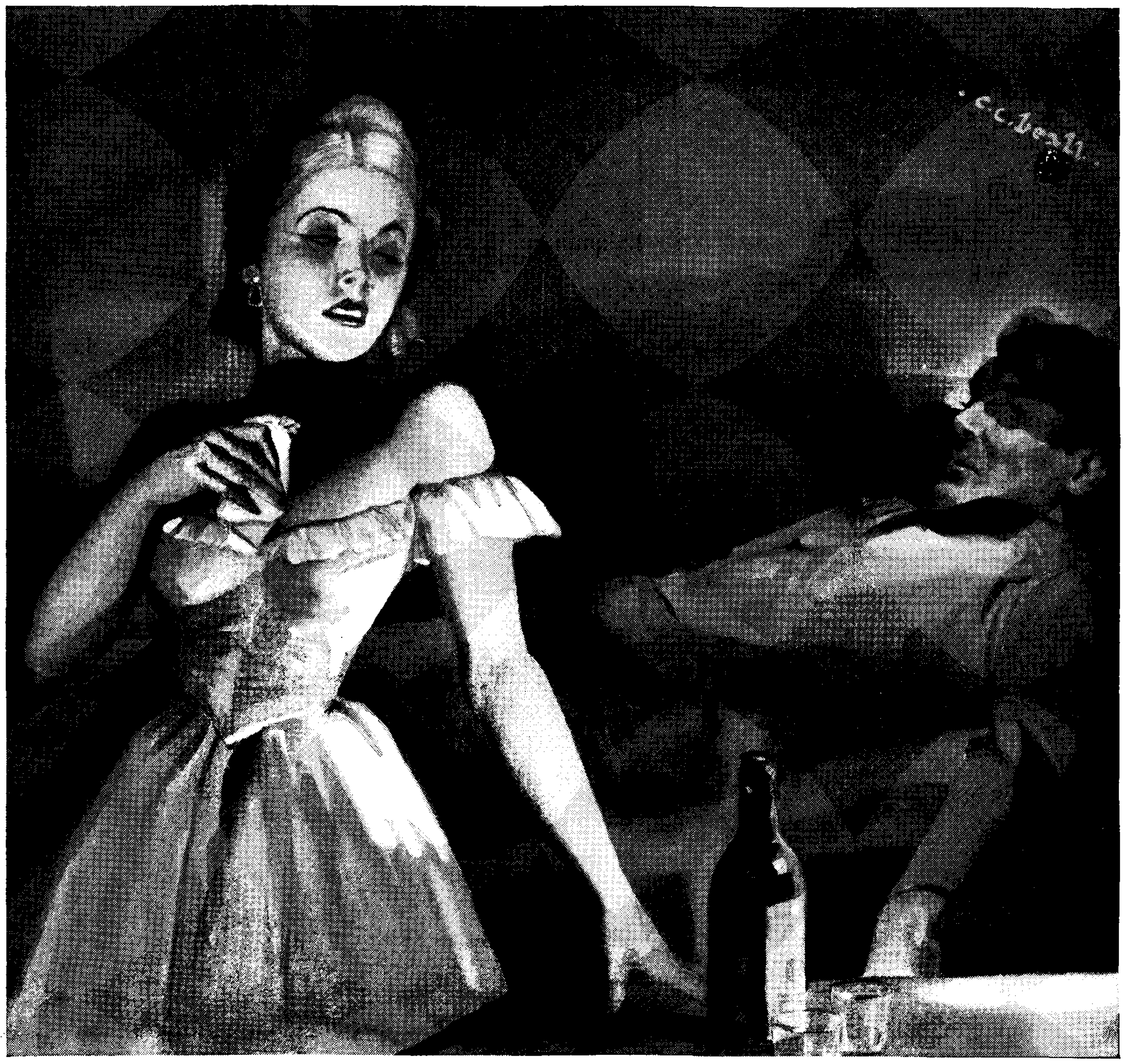
But he couldn't quite tell Alf what he was going for, with his empty wagon. Abel Chottaw had been a leader and a grizzly bear, ever since he and Calahan had guided their emigrant train over the Oregon Trail, finally into the rich pocketed valley of the Umpqua. Nine years ago. Now he had a St. Louis bride and she had stopped getting breakfast for him. She was a ninety-pound, black-eyed slip with skin tenderer than a wild plum's. This morning she had thrown her iron spider at his head and he had gone out and hitched the team to the wagon. And that wasn't any outsider's beeswax, even Alf Calahan's.

HE HAD been a week on the northward trail before he came to the swollen Coast Fork of the Willamette. He could find no signs of recent crossings to guide him. It was flood season when only fools and the foolhardy traveled the roads. He studied both banks, but he studied the speed and interweaving of currents more. Then he steadied Ned and Duke into the water. When they lost footing in midstream he gave them their heads, talked low: "Come on, Ned; come on, you, Duke." He held his knife ready to cut them loose from the harness.

The wagon began swinging downstream. Duke, usually the loafer, had long legs and he got them onto solid gravel.

Slowly the outfit emerged. Abel hobbled the horses, made his campfire at the wagon tail.

One thing about Ailse, he thought, was her upbringing. Ten years ago, when he was a hell-bound young trapper of twenty-two, he had met her in her father's store in St. Louis. She'd been *fifteen*, as tall as she was now but not shaped up yet. Her family was fresh from Philadelphia and the crude frontier bustle made her eyes snap. They had snapped in Abel's direction.



**Mumbling, he toppled over. Paulette stood up, the poke went into the front of her gown**

The surprising thing was that she had waited for him nine years, till she was practically ready for the Old Maid's Home. He'd never figured on it being nine years. But you couldn't figure ahead, with such time-slayers as wars, floods, Klamath Indians, and stage robbers who lifted your poke so you had to accumulate a new one.

Abel's fire died out and he stood up, staring at it, then ahead into the talking night, eastward. Eastward lay tomorrow's road—and he didn't know how many more tomorrows. Eastward lay the high Cascades. Abel Chottaw, in all his scouting, never had climbed the pass that lay ahead.

He spread his bed in the wagon box, lay down, stared at the damp stars. Another thing about Ailse . . .

ABEL dropped the lines over their post, ran back, put a hand on one high rear wheel and vaulted down into snow and muck. He spoke to the horses and they strained, hoofs clawing for purchase on the wicked grade ahead. Abel put his shoulder to the wagon. His shoulder was raw and sore from repeated pushing on the grades behind. He seized the thick spokes of the six-foot rear wheel. His hands were cracked and raw from spoke-tugging but he threw his gaunt, steel strength into it.

The wagon had to go up. Somewhere ahead was the summit. . . .

With the early dark Abel was in the wagon, his bed spread. He knew he would pass out like a log when he hit the blankets. Wouldn't be able to think of Ailse. He ran his hand over the back of the seat, fingering and counting the fresh notches there. Each dawn, while his mind wasn't dull, he carved a fresh notch. Twenty-three notches since he had seen Ailse in the doorway.

EGG McBRIDE leaned in the sand-scoured door of his Prineville General Store. He shaded his eyes, scowled unbelievingly at a dust cloud rolling in from the southwest.

All the freighters came to Prineville from the north—from the Columbia River. Nobody came from the southwest, where Willamette Pass pierced the Cascades. Plenty of emigrants went down that pass, with their wagon wheels rough-locked and fir trees roped and dragging behind. They disappeared into the Western valleys, spreading green a mile below the desert.

But nobody came up it with a wagon—and the crawling dust cloud spelled wagon. Nobody would try it but a damned fool with the devil driving him. Whoever was coming, a busted emigrant or a half-scalped one, he probably meant annoyance for McBride.

Another thing, there wouldn't be any eating eggs in that wagon. Egg McBride liked eggs. He paid freighters a dollar apiece for any they could get in unbroken and unhatched. Fresh cracked eggs, unspilled, a dollar for two.

But Egg McBride surprised himself by liking the tattered, dusty-bearded giant who stepped down from the freight wagon, after the dust cloud had settled and the outfit stood in front of the store. There was something independent in the giant's eyes. He poured the stranger a drink from his private bottle, but Abel had something to get off his mind first.

"I've come to buy that stove," said Abel.

McBride's hand paused in the act of pouring himself two fingers. He seemed bewildered. "That stove?"

"That cookstove."

"But," began McBride, then hesitated. "You mean you come across the mountains for a stove? I never heard of such— Who told you I had a stove?"

"A trader from this country. Friend, my patience is givin' out. I come to buy that stove—for my wife. Show me that stove."

"It's sold," McBride said quietly.

Abel blinked his sand-stung eyes. For a moment he stood there. Then he picked up his drink, gulped it. He hitched at his jeans, gathered himself to seek farther.

"Who did you sell that stove to?"

"Now listen here!" Egg McBride was losing patience also. "You can't go and get it that way. I sold it to Madame Paulette—she runs a house over next the Desert Rest Saloon. She won't sell; that's the only cookstove—"

"I come over the mountains—" Abel began. This man in front of him didn't seem to understand.

"That stove come clean from Philadelphia. That stove come down the ocean and round the Horn and up the ocean and up the Columbia an' it come across the desert—"

"Philadelphia." That struck Abel. Ailse had once lived in Philadelphia. Now she lived in a God-forgotten spot with Indians and wolves and cougars—and Abel. She had a house and a fine hearth with pots on cranes and kettles squatted in the coals. She'd said, "I can stand everything else, Abel, but—please can't I have a cookstove? The trader said there was one at Prineville." He'd said, shocked, that nobody else had one, that she had the finest hearth and more pots than any woman on the Umpqua.

SHE'D shut up, but weeks later she'd flashed fire from those black eyes. "Get me a stove, Abel—or I'll never cook another breakfast!" He'd laughed—and she'd flung the hot spider, rising from her knees at the fireplace, swinging with fury, rushing into the bedroom—to blubber, he supposed. Anyhow he'd hitched up. . . . From Philadelphia. First Ailse. Then the cookstove. At this rate he'd soon have the whole damned city of Philadelphia rebuilt on the banks of the Umpqua.

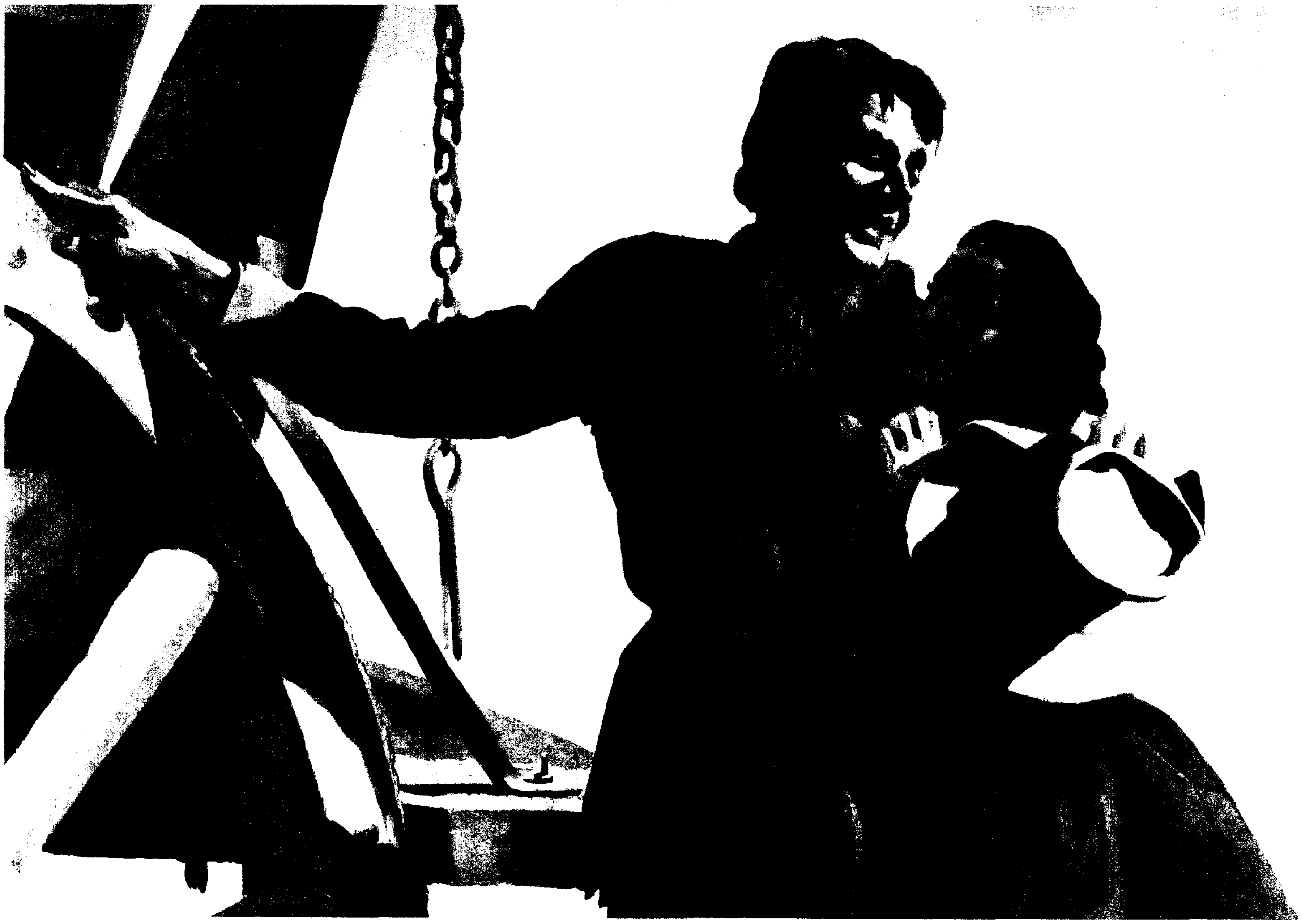
Abel chuckled a little and McBride looked startled. Abel asked, "How much did this Madame So-and-so pay for that stove?"

"Five hundred. She won't sell, I can tell you that. It's a big attraction over at her place. Now I've got three more ordered. They'll be here inside two months. You can get one of them stoves."

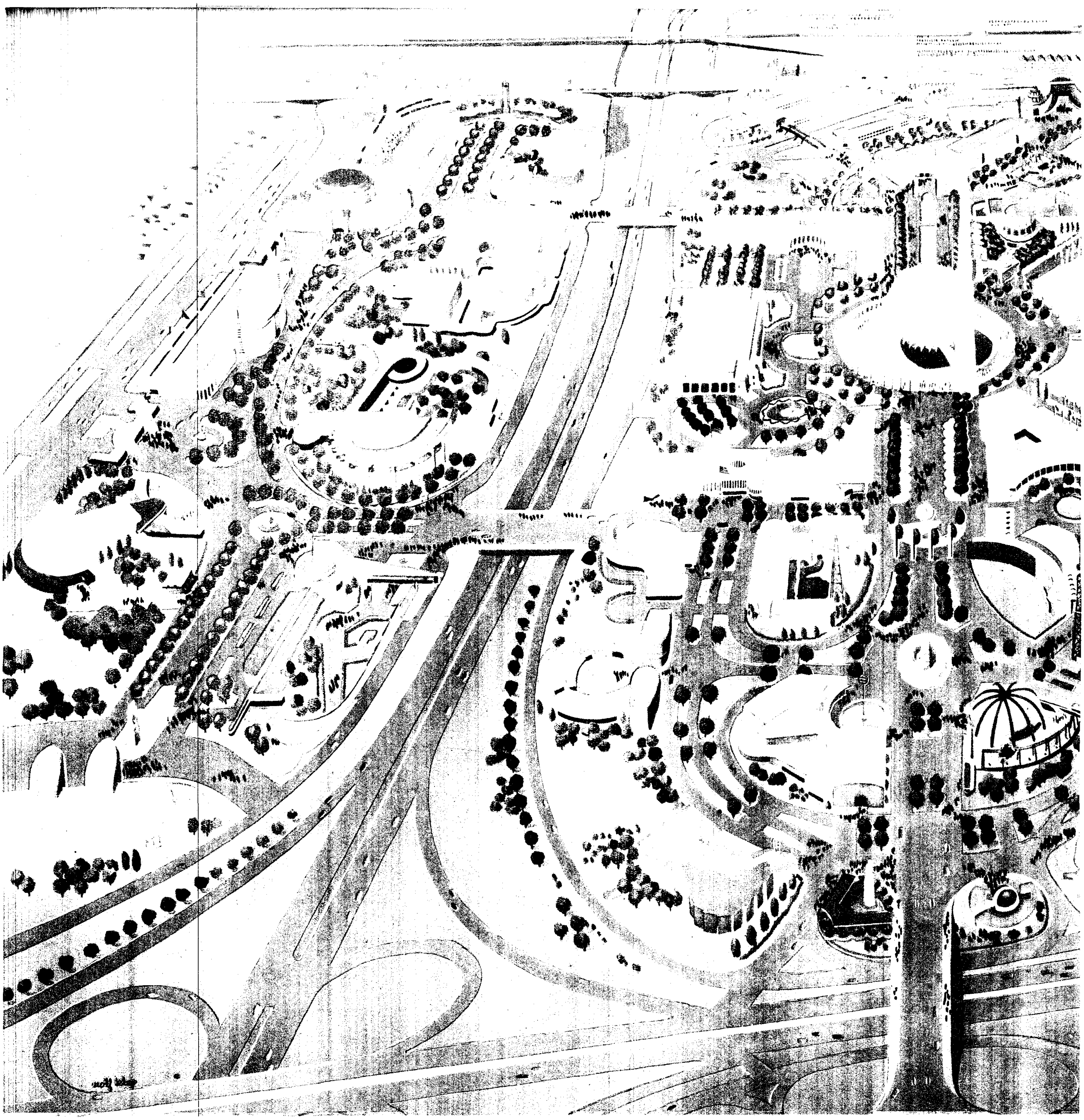
Abel dropped a heavy leather poke on the counter. "Friend, do something for me? Weigh out five hundred and a pinch more and put it in a new poke. Have somebody tend my team and shoe them new. Fix up pots and pans and pokers for a stove as if I had a stove—all kinds."

McBride shook his head. "I tell you she won't sell—that's certain. You go over there and she'll roll you for your poke, mister."

*(Continued on page 37)*



**"Stand to one side," said Abel importantly, "so I can unload this ornery cookstove. Then you can cook me a meal on it, woman"**



# Color for Fair

## By Ruth Carson

MAP BY ROLF KLEP

**Tear out this map! Keep it for your official guide to New York's Fair. Even if you don't get there yourself, it will help you to understand what your friends are raving about**

IT'S a rainbow. It's the spectrum. It's a wild cacophony of color. Like it or not, here it is—the New York World's Fair, a rash of vibrant, high-key, smashing color laid on from outer rim to perisphere.

It will startle you. It may inflame you, or make you dizzy. But grab your hat. Focus those old eyes. Blink once or twice. You're going places, and color is to be your compass, your guidebook and your handy pocket atlas all in one.

For this is not haphazard color. Look at Collier's map and see how it fans out from the Theme Center in sectors of blue, red and yellow.

The blue sweeps over a large area of private exhibitors' buildings where you can see the wonders of modern industry performed.

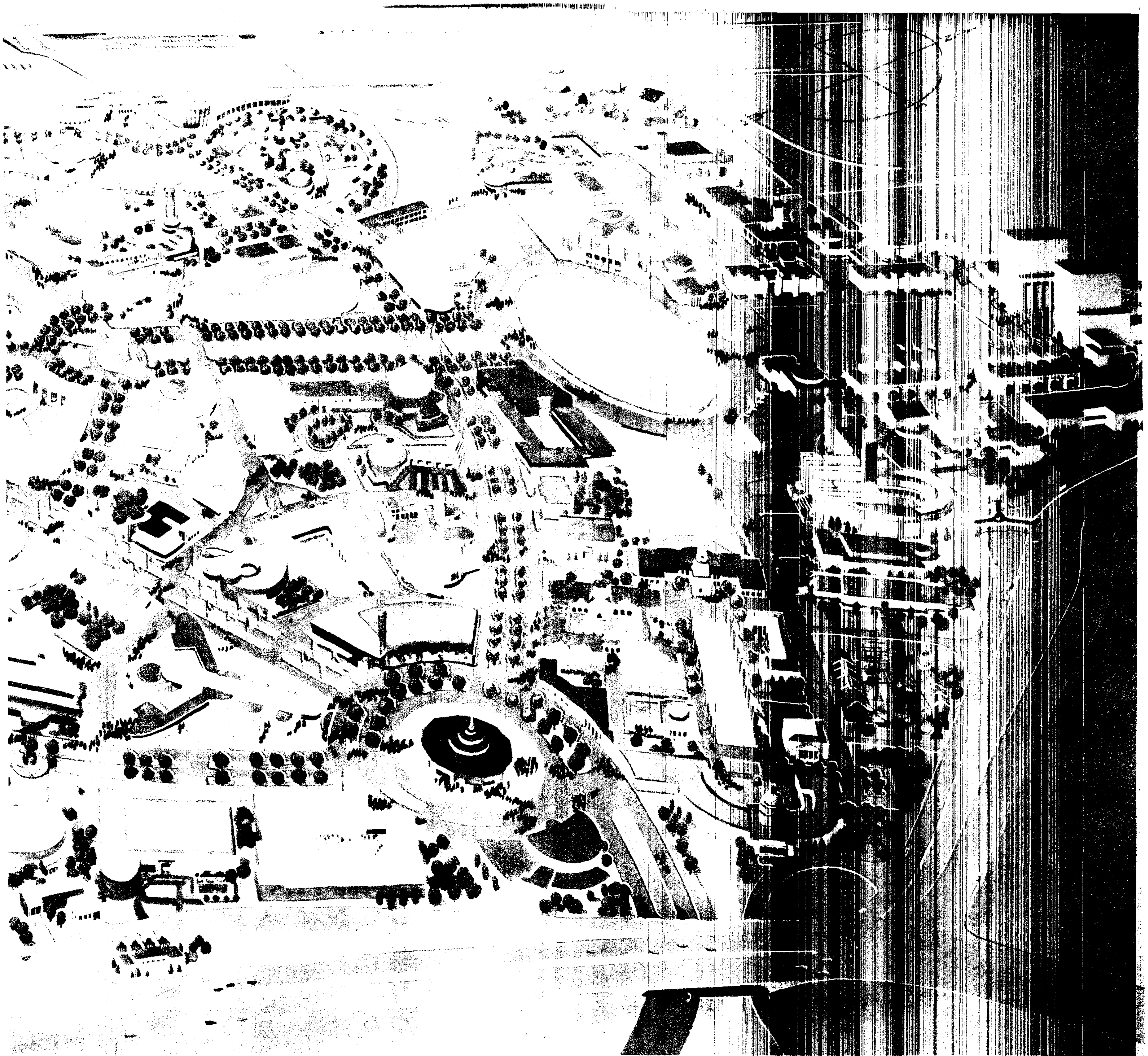
Red starts you off with Health and Education at the Theme Center and ends, happily enough, with two whacking big buildings dedicated to Food.

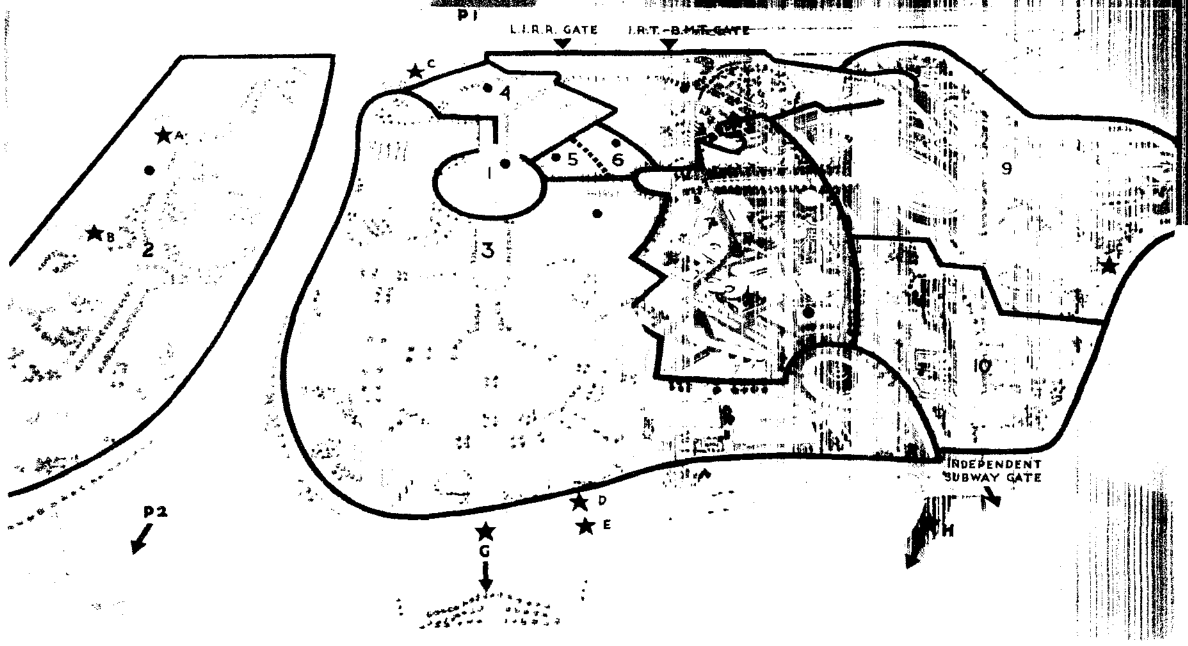
Yellow takes in the makings of your house and community, from your telephone to building materials and Tomorrow Town.

Dazzling white, the synthesis of all colors, marks the Theme Center.

As the colors range out from the

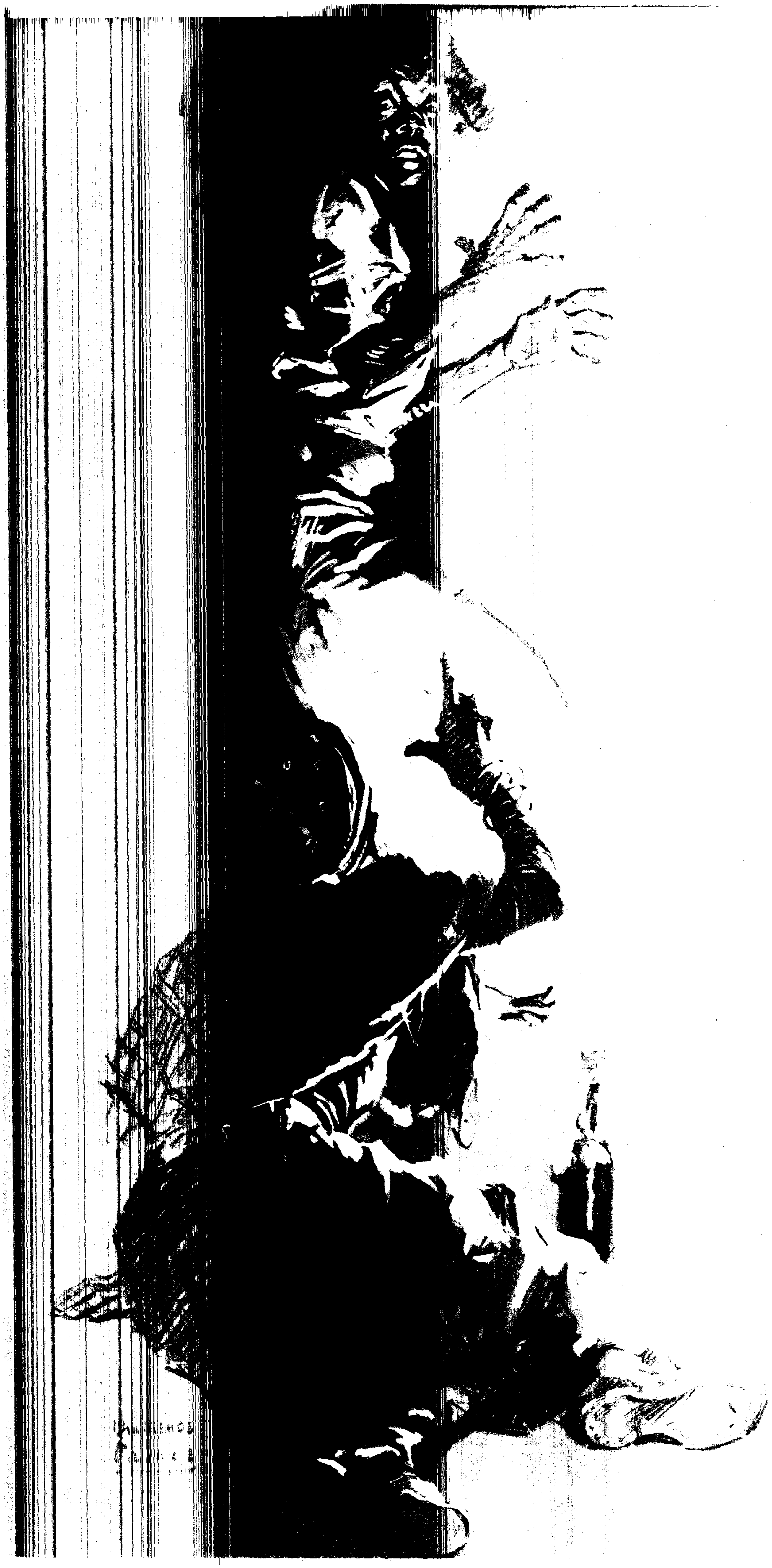
*(Continued on page 89)*





**Grover Whalen says: "Collier's readers, in studying this map, will find it a convenient key to visiting the Fair in the most expeditious manner"**

This gorgeous splash of color is the New York World's Fair, and color is actually the spirit of the Fair itself. Color is used to harmonize the varied exhibits, and even serves as a guide to the many Fair centers. These centers, which are outlined on the key map at the right, each have a focal sector around which the story of the section is dramatized. They are: 1. Theme Center. 2. Transportation. 3. Production and Distribution. 4. Communications. 5. Medicine and Public Health. 6. Science and Education. 7. Community Interest. 8. Food. 9. U. S. and Foreign Government Exhibits. 10. State Exhibits. Stars A, B, C, D, E, F indicate Fair Gates; G and H, entrances to amusement section; P1 and P2, parking sections



# Seven Pins in a Candle

## By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

**Giles strikes a close bargain with an assortment of spirits**

MODOM AWBEAR was not, strictly speaking, a member of Little Bee Bend society. She lived on the plantation in an old cabin on the edge of the swamp, and she knew what was going on about the place better than most but she kept to herself and minded her own business.

Which business was hoodoo. She charged fifty cents for her services; for Giles, the foreman, had set the price years before when he had allowed her to occupy the cabin, rent free.

"Hit'll be a good thing," Giles had told the Widow Duck. "When de womens git to fussin' wid dey mens, dey kin give de hoodoo lady fo' bits for a toby, 'stid er takin' a razor and choppin' dey way th'ough trouble."

"Don't speak hoodoo at me, Giles," warned the Widow Duck. "I don't has no truck wid 'em."

"And when fo'ks eats too much roas'in' years and gits de bellyache," Giles went on blithely, "dey kin give her fo' bits for a Git-Well toby, 'stid er payin' de man at de sto' a dollar for a bottle er Black Jack Regulator. Dat saves 'em fo' bits, right dar."

"Efn I didn't know whar yo' heart was," stated the Widow Duck, "I'd swear you was a imp. A smart man like you, havin' truck wid de hoodoo!"

"De Modom," insisted the foreman, "is so agety she can't work, and she so quar'lsome, she ain't got no friends to take keer of her. She got to have a place to live, and she got to do somethin' to make a livin'. A little hoodoo won't harm nobody."

"Now!" the Widow Duck nodded approvingly. "You's speakin' wid de tongues er men. You ain't ha'f as low-down mean as you tries to make me think you is."

Giles laughed. "Mind out," he warned her. "De Modom claim she is kin to de devil, and she li'ble to put dat thing on you."

"Humph!" snorted the Widow Duck. "I knowed her when she name' Cissy Ringgold. Dat was in de days befo' she runned off wid dat mule-lat' stave cutter f'm Cane River. She ain't kin to de devil. She jest old and mean and no good. And efn she crosses my path, I'm gonter take a swish-ellum club and beat knots on her haid!"

Modom Awbear and the Widow Duck maintained a relationship of dignified aloofness. The Widow Duck, in her position as senior usher at Old Ship of Zion Church, carried on openly and joyously for the Lord, while Modom Awbear sat in mysterious isolation at her cabin and peddled charmed tobies that were equally effective in bringing home a missing husband and curing the four-day fevers.

Small amounts of soot, sand and salt, placed in a Run-Johnny tobacco sack as Modom Awbear muttered certain words in her none-too-good Cane River French, had been worn by many a plantation worker with the hope and sometimes the confidence that the immediate problem of the wearer would be solved. When times were bad and (*Continued on page* 55)

**Suddenly, Modom Awbear came out of her spell. "You back hyar?" she yelled. "You git!"**

# Curls Like

**Tired of dangling locks and elaborate hair-dos, the girls are off to the barber. But none of your mannish haircuts. . . . Any curly-headed youngster is the model**

IN THE old days a man was a barber for the same reason he was a Democrat: because his father was one. And if a son didn't learn the art from a stripling up, at his father's hands, at least he spent years of respectful apprenticeship under a past master of the skill, until every trick of the trade was at his flashing scissors tips.

Until now, only men have appreciated barbers like this, trained in the thorough old-world tradition, and the real artists of their trade. In women's beauty salons an "expert" barber might be almost anyone who had read a couple of pamphlets, taken a couple of lessons and tinkered around some with shears and a razor. Not that it mattered much, really, considering the coiffures of recent years. It was simple enough to chop off hair in a page-boy bob, or thin it occasionally, perhaps shorten it in front for the recent high hair-do. But not any more! Not for this new coiffure that's riffling rapidly over feminine heads from New York to Hollywood. (Yes, even Hollywood, stronghold of the long bob, has succumbed to the baby haircut. Converts: Bette Davis, Ina Claire, Annabella, Janet Gaynor, to name a few.) This takes barbering, the kind of wizard-scissoring that goes into the shears-wave. Here the *curl* has almost to be cut into the hair.

This is how the baby haircut is done, according to its originator, Antoine, who is not only a master barber himself, but headmaster of a whole school of barbers and hairdressers over the country. Your hair should be left growing nice and thick close to your scalp, says Antoine. Then it's cut off all over your head—the back, too—anywhere from two and one half to four inches from the scalp. The shorter, the more chic. And now here's where the skill comes in: The ends must be feathered off in graduated lengths, so that the little half-curls, like commas, rest on one another, but oh, so lightly. It's in this thinning of the tips that the feathery soft, tendril effect, like a baby's curls, is achieved. It's here that the chic shaping of your head happens, too. The scissors only should be used, the razor, never.

Antoine, who's last name is Cerpilowski (he's a Pole by birth, French only by adoption), evolved the idea for the baby haircut from noticing what was wrong with the heads of the elite wintering on the Riviera this past season.

One after the other of these slacks-clad ladies began shearing off their hair instead of bothering with it. "Not so bad in front," Antoine decided, "but in the back—not so good!"

The masculine shaved effect was just as unattractive as it has always been, even on a pretty neck. And on a scrawny neck or a fat bumpy neck! So he experimented with his uncannily expert barber's shears until he had worked out the baby haircut.

Women were apparently more than ready for a new idea in hair-dos.

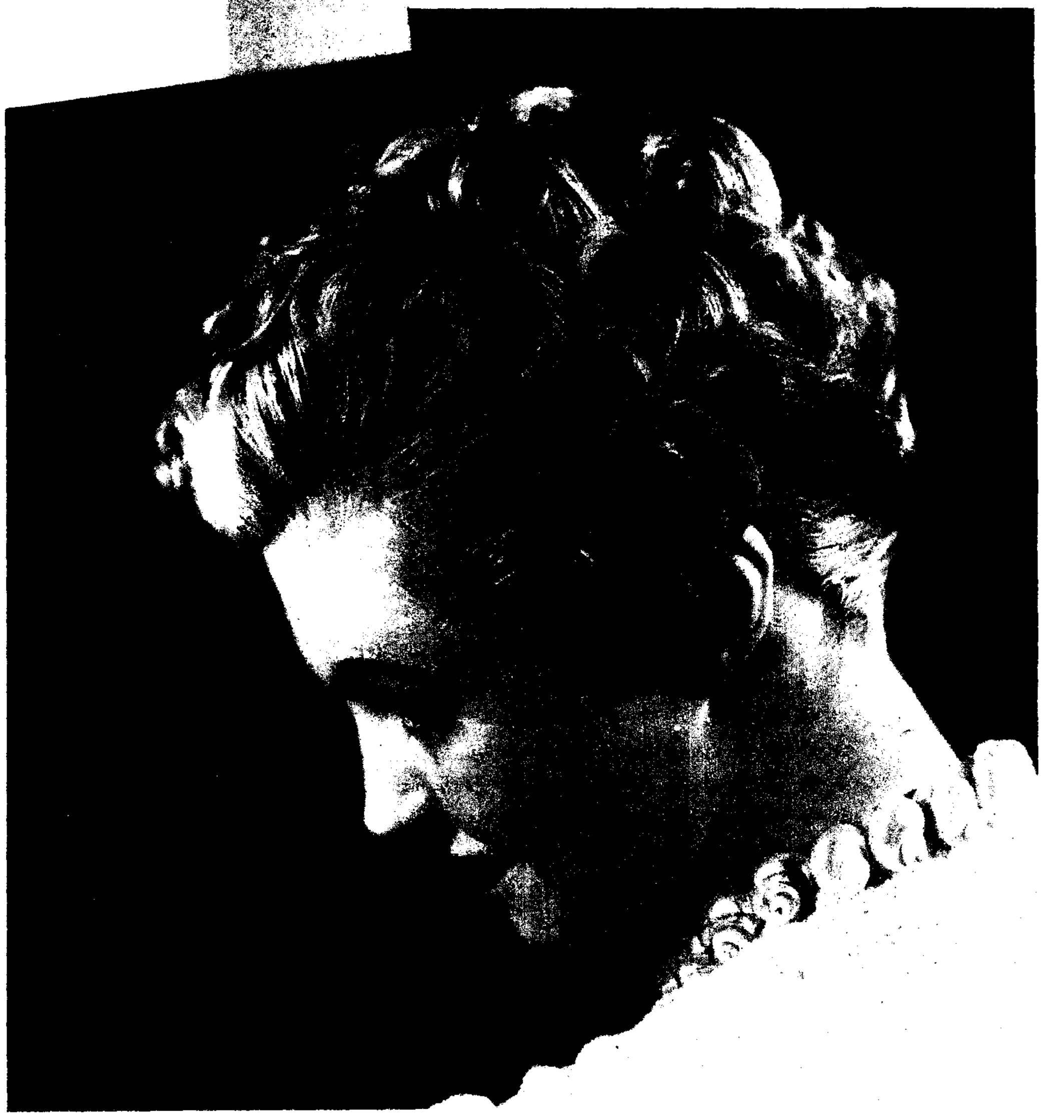
"I'm sick to death of the bother of wearing my hair up, trying to keep those straggly neck hairs pasted up somehow against all the laws of gravity," you'd been heard to complain.

But when the hairdresser dropped it down to last year's strangely colorless-looking length, you eyed yourself discontentedly in the mirror and said, "Oh, dear, that looks so old-hat, somehow. Sloppy, too. And where has my neck gone?" Because high hair did give your features and neckline a certain clean-cut distinction, for all that it was so formidably set-looking.

But a new hair-do had to be all these things: Completely and utterly new-looking; in the spirit of the new clothes. It must keep the high coiffure's effect of clean-cut cameo purity (this new beauty discovered, women would want to keep it)—and yet it must be as young and soft and easy to care for as the beloved

*(Continued on page 89)*

COIFFURE BY ANTOINE



THE first idea entered Firpo's head on the long dreary trip from Empire City back to the garage in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn. There were eight or nine other taxi drivers with him, all working night shift, too, so that they had been able to spend the afternoons at the track. Firpo sat scowling and silent among them, listening as they muttered, sighed and groaned. It was the last day of the racing season in the East and the atmosphere in the train now was full of remorse and a pessimistic philosophy. But the longer Firpo listened the more sensible his idea began to seem.

Brophy, sitting next to him, nudged with his elbow. "The only one," he lamented, "who didn't take a shellacking from the bookies is your sister's boy friend Ernest. That guy's not so dumb. When he ain't hacking in the cab, he might be fooling around with his dopey pigeons. He might be a dreamer like some nutty poet, but at least he don't hand out his pay to the bookies."

"Aw, shut up! Shut up!" Firpo rasped. "Don't bother me now with Ernest."

Brophy turned away. "You can't beat the bookies," he declared moodily to nobody in particular. "That's a simple fact."

"Ah, the whole damn' racket's crooked," another driver spoke up. "Those bookies work behind the scenes. They pull all kinds of gambling tricks. We're just a bunch of suckers on the outside and we ain't got a chance against them."

"We know it. It's obvious," another hackman grieved, "but does that stop us? It don't. We can't resist temptation. Next year we'll be giving our dough away just like before. We never learn."

A driver down the aisle in the train now leaned forward. "I just figured it out in my head," he said. "Over the season I gave those lousy bookies a hundred and thirty bucks, maybe more. For that kind of money I could've bought a race horse for myself."

Firpo brought his palm down sharply on his thigh.

"Listen," he ordered and waited for everyone to grow quiet. "Next year we'll murder all the bookies. I just found out a way."

The hackmen rose from their seats and slowly grouped around him.

"You got a system?" one man asked. "You know, all racing systems stink."

"It's not a system!" Firpo banged out. "To beat the bookies we got to work from the inside, too. We got to pull a fancy killing for ourselves. It's the only way."

"Easy to say," Brophy pointed out, "but hard to do." He was a chronic mourner. "How do bums like us get on the inside?"

"I got the details all planned out. It's like this," Firpo began and they listened carefully. "We organize every hackman in the garage in Greenpoint. We sign up at least fifty guys to chip in ten bucks apiece. That makes five hundred, and we can get a yearling at the auction in Kentucky for four hundred or less. You don't have to be a millionaire to own a horse and we can run one for ourselves."

"ALL right," Brophy argued, "we got the horse, so then what? How do we pay expenses?"

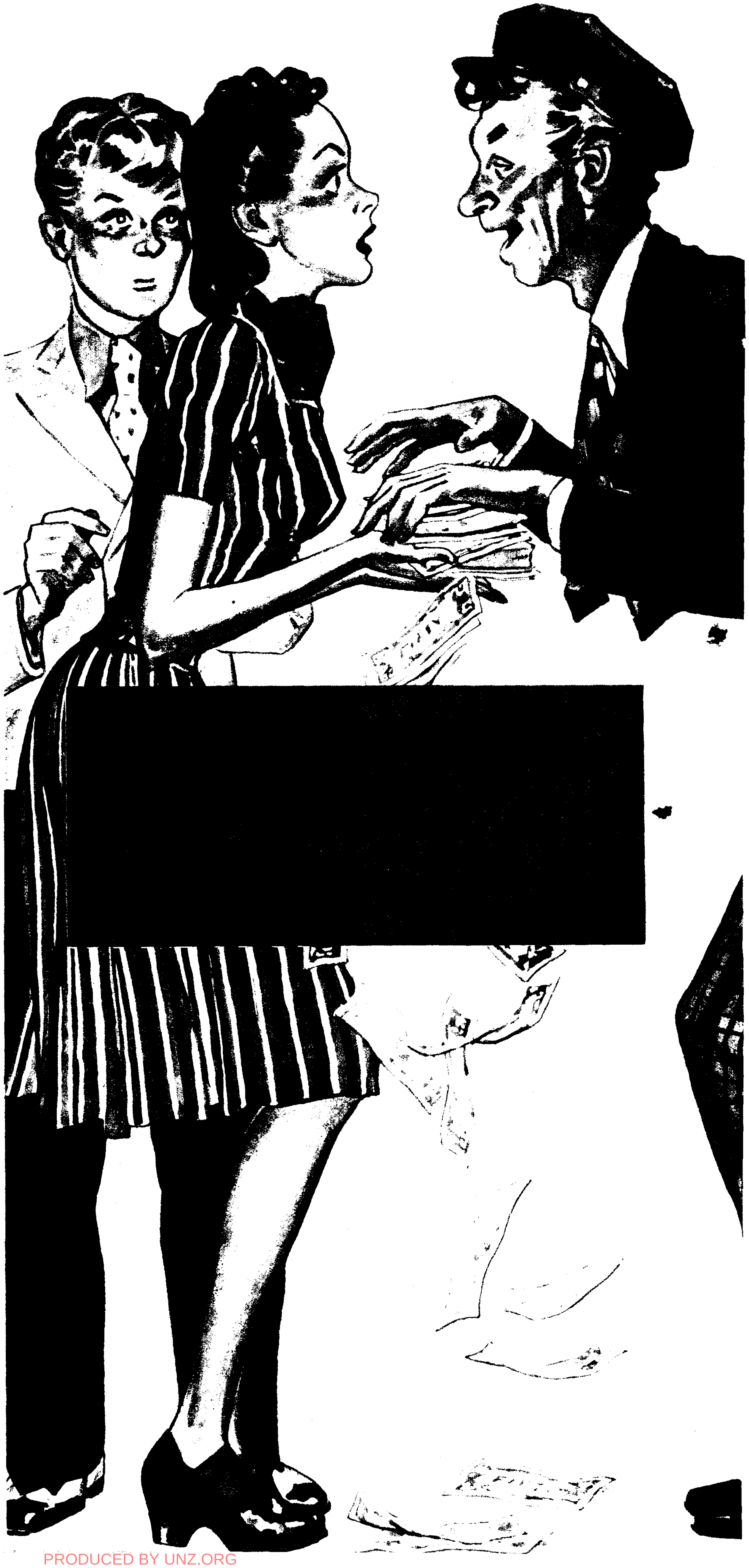
"That's easy," Firpo said. "We make a buck assessment on each hackman every week. That's enough for expenses, with a little extra besides, to get a kitty rolling up. We'll own the horse and we'll train him and we'll keep him under wraps until the proper time. Then when he's ready to win we lay down every penny in the kitty and we make a killing. That's the only way we'll ever murder all the bookies."

He finished and sat back, warm with satisfaction. The hackmen, standing before him, buzzed and scratched their heads. The gloom began to lift.

"What the hell!" one man cried, a sheepish grin on his face. "Why not? We can do it."

"Wait a minute," Brophy said. The drivers all stopped and listened. "We got to have a man to send down to Kentucky and we need a trainer." He turned wisely to Firpo. "Who?" he asked.

"I got that figured out too," Firpo answered. "Brophy, you tell me. Who's the best trainer today?"



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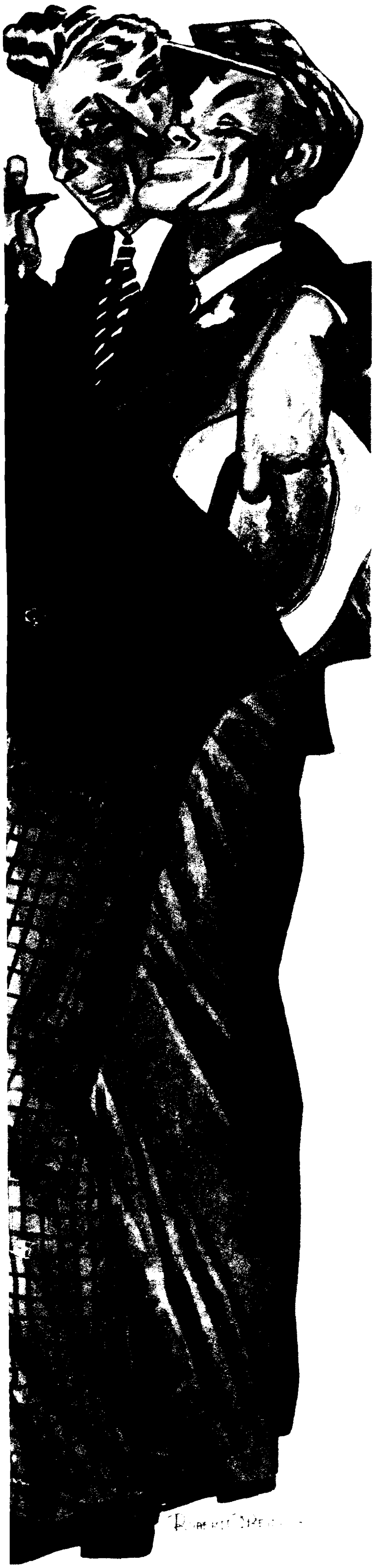


**The drivers bubbled with sheer excitement. "Here's the four hundred dollars you gave me," Firpo cried, putting the bills into her hand**

"Hirsch Jacobs, but we couldn't afford to hire him!" Brophy exclaimed. "That's nuts. He's too expensive for us!"

"Keep your shirt on. We're not hiring Hirsch Jacobs." He stared at Brophy in disgust and then continued. "Tell me, who was Jacobs before he started with the horses? Where did he get his knowledge and experience?"

"I don't understand it at all," Brophy said.

"He raised pigeons just like my sister's boy friend Ernest, didn't he?" Firpo demanded. "I'm sending Ernest down. If Jacobs could do it, then why can't he?"

"It don't necessarily follow," Brophy countered, growing more worried than ever now. "That guy Ernest is a prize-package screwball. Just because he's a wonder with the pigeons, that don't make him an expert on the horses too. He'll botch everything up!"

FIRPO lost patience all at once. "Aw, shut up! Shut up!" he bellowed. "Everything I say, you come up with a squawk. We can't pay a regular trainer's salary, but it don't take a college education to train a horse. Ernest can do it. He's a screwball, granted, but he's a genius with dumb animals. He understands them like a father and he's good enough for me." He looked up at the hackmen. "Well?" he demanded. "What do you say? You want to keep on losing fortunes to the bookies or are we going out to murder them?"

The hackmen took another moment to reflect. The idea of buying a colt, of owning him and running him for themselves, held forth attractions they found it hard to deny.

"Oh, what the hell!" one of them finally cried. "What are we waiting for? We can't make out worse, no matter what."

The others chimed in and agreed.

"Okay," Firpo said and crossed his arms over his chest. It was all settled.

"You start up with a screwball like Ernest," Brophy mumbled tearfully, "and we'll all live to regret it. He may be your sister's boy friend but I know him better."

Firpo didn't bother to answer. His head was full of plans and they rode in silence.

When they got out of the subway at Greenpoint, Firpo sent the hackmen to the garage. He wanted them to catch the day-shift drivers coming out of their cabs and collect the money right away. Then he took Brophy with him and the two walked to the house where Ernest kept his stock of expensive, blooded pigeons on the roof. They found him happy at work, chattering to his fantails as he waved the bamboo rod to keep them circling in the air.

"Is it time to go to the garage?" Ernest asked as he saw them. "I thought there still was time."

"You're not going to the garage tonight," Firpo said. "You're going to Kentucky."

The boy blinked his blue innocent eyes at them in wonder. "What law says I must go to Kentucky?"

"They're holding a horse auction down there at Lexington and I want you to get there early so you can take your pick. You're leaving tonight. See, Ernest, it's like this," Firpo said and then went on patiently to explain.

"AW, NUTS," Ernest cried, shaking his head. "I don't want to be a horse trainer. I'm satisfied the way I am, and besides I couldn't go to Kentucky anyway. I'm saving up for a pigeon farm in New Jersey."

"Don't be unreasonable," Firpo went on, still coaxing and gentle. "What's so urgent about a pigeon farm in New Jersey?"

"Because then," the boy said, and his voice fell to a whisper, "then Ina and me, we can finally go and get married. We didn't want to tell you yet, but that's the way we made it up between ourselves!"

Firpo's lips tightened into a straight line and he stared without speaking. Then he cleared his throat.

"Ernest," he said, grim and unfeeling, "you are going to Kentucky. Ina and you will just have to wait, and that is that!"

Ernest bit his lip, knowing that no matter how long he argued he would be finally forced to give in.

"All right, all right," Brophy was muttering to himself. "Send a screwball to Kentucky and he'll come back with a screwball horse, just you wait and see."

That night, while his pigeons rested alone in their shack on the roof, Ernest walked the block to Ina's home to say goodby. He knew she would be angry with him but he wanted her to take care of his fantails while he was away and the time was growing short.

"Oh, Ernest!" she cried as soon as he came in. She turned away from him.

"Your brother talked me into it," he faltered. "It really wasn't my fault."

"That's the whole trouble with you," she broke out. "You have no will power of your own. The way it looks to me we won't ever have your crazy pigeon farm in New Jersey. We won't ever get married now." She was crying broken-heartedly. Ernest looked at her in helpless misery. He touched her arm.

"It's not so bad," he said. "They'll pay me twenty dollars out of the kitty every week. I can keep on saving up, and when they make the killing, they say they'll cut me in for ten per cent. We'll get married then for sure."

"Nobody beats the races," she wept. "The whole thing's crazy. You're not practical! Sometimes, Ernest, sometimes you make me feel sick and tired of everything."

"Don't cry," he begged her. "Don't get mad at me. Ina, I'm going far away. I'll miss you. I'll be very lonely."

He held his arms out to her but she wouldn't come to him nor would she let him kiss her goodby. As he walked down the steps to the street he wondered how it could be that a girl like Ina had Firpo for a brother. He felt depressed and hopeless but there was nothing to do now but wait for the months to pass.

BARKIS was sired by Micawber for staying power, out of Queen Mab for speed. The brown two-year-old came up north to Jamaica and greeted the new season, now that spring was here, with a bright gay look in his eyes. He actually seemed to dance as Ernest led him out of his stall to warm him up for his maiden race. Firpo had come out to inspect the colt, bringing only Brophy with him. He had laid down the law at the garage that no hackman was to come out to the track. He knew how it was when a man saw a bookmaker and he didn't want to expose any of the boys to temptation. Now he took a long time to look at the trim little animal but he wasn't satisfied.

"Ernest, what's he got to laugh about?" he asked. "It looks to me like he is laughing. What's so funny?"

"He always laughs," Ernest said. "That's why I picked him out of the auction. He's got a cheerful disposition. He's always happy."

"See, there you have it," Brophy said in sad triumph. "Didn't I tell you?"

"I don't need him to be so happy," Firpo snapped out at Ernest. "I want him to win, that's all. We didn't drive those cabs all winter just so a horse could be happy."

Ernest lowered his head and didn't reply. His mind wasn't on hackmen or bookies or killings. He hadn't heard from Ina in the eight months he had been away, and when he asked how she was Firpo had only yelled at him to keep his mind on his work. She probably wasn't talking to him either.

As Ernest started to walk Barkis in a circle, Firpo turned around and suddenly caught sight of a stranger watching.

"Hey, you!" Firpo called out. "What the hell are you snooping around here for?"

The man gazed placidly at him for a moment and then, instead of answering, slowly walked away.

"I don't like his looks," Firpo said as he left. "Ernest, who is he? Do you know him?"

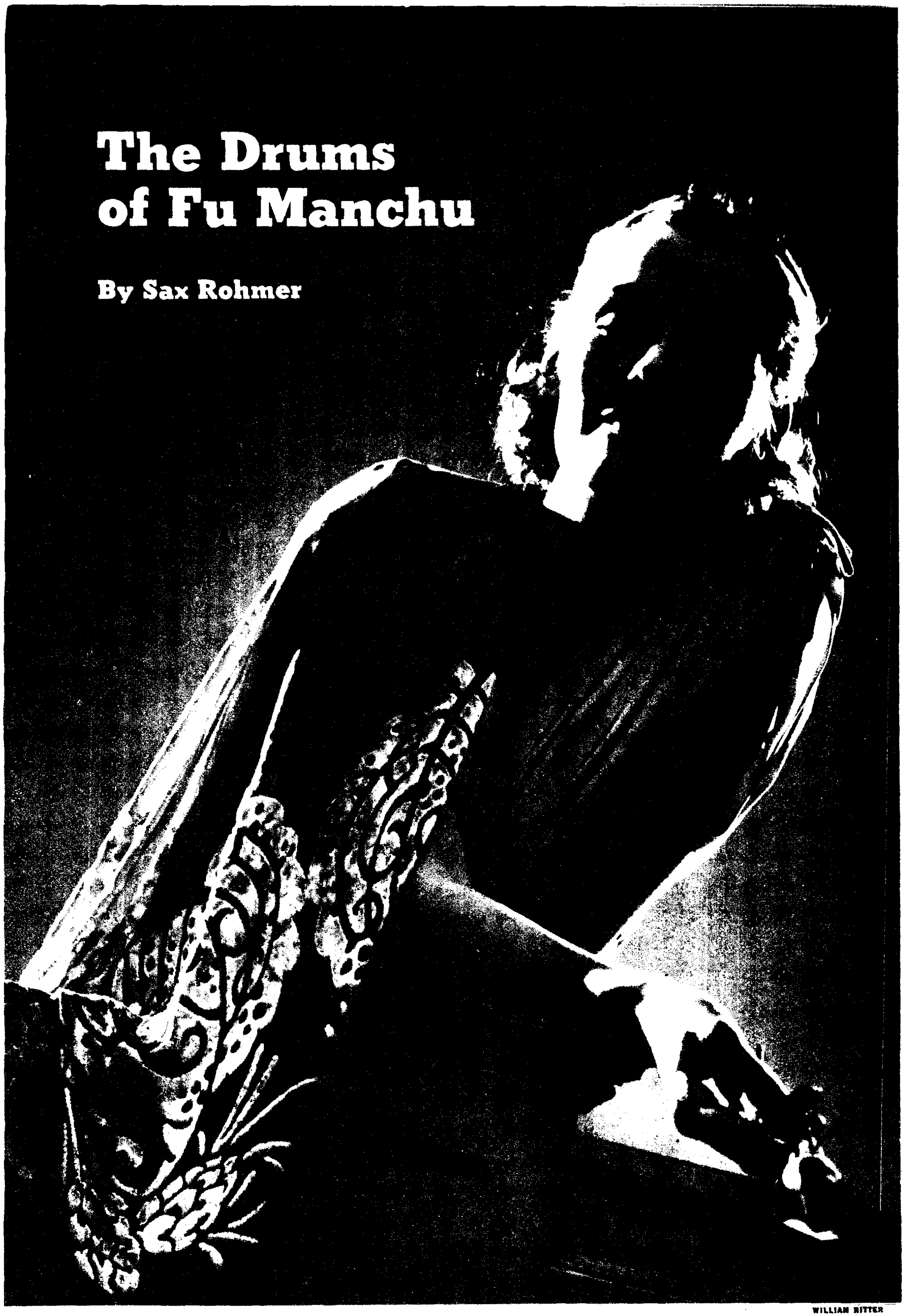
"Ah, it's nothing. He's just a clerk that works for one of the bookies. They follow me around with spies every place I go. They're afraid we got something good with Barkis. They think we're going to pull a killing."

"They're worried?" Firpo asked.

"Yes, they're worried. Maybe *(Continued on page 64)*

# The Drums of Fu Manchu

## By Sax Rohmer


WILLIAM RITTER

As I watched, the woman dropped a rose, to which, I was almost sure, a note was attached

*The Story Thus Far:*

WHILE investigating the mysterious death of General Quinto, in London, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, brilliant English detective, and his friend, Bart Kerrigan, make an astounding discovery: Dr. Fu Manchu, most sinister of criminals and the leader of the Si-Fan, a powerful secret society, is plotting to bring about world peace by the simple expedient of killing *all who may want war!* Quinto is his first victim.

Nayland Smith, though hating war, cannot stand by idly and see the world's leaders murdered. He leaps into action. . . . While searching for a powerful radio-television station that Fu Manchu has erected in Essex, Detective Sergeant Hythe is killed. Investigating the man's death, Kerrigan has a series of adventures, in the course of which he meets and falls in love with a girl known as "Ardatha." Ardatha is beautiful; unfortunately, she is one of Fu Manchu's spies.

Dr. Martin Jasper, a scientist, and a "Mr. Osaki" perfect a device that greatly increases the effectiveness of machine guns. Learning that Jasper has received some messages from the Si-Fan, Smith and Kerrigan feel sure that he is in peril. They rush to his laboratory. Before they arrive, Osaki—not Jasper—is murdered. Like Quinto, he is a victim of "The Green Death"; his lifeless body is green.

Jasper says that, yielding to the demands of the Si-Fan, he had handed over the plans of his invention and a working model to a mysterious "Mrs. Milton." . . .

Alone in Smith's flat, Kerrigan sees Fu Manchu's face appear on the television screen. The doctor addresses him on the subject of world peace. Mysteriously paralyzed, Kerrigan listens. A man slips into the room, attaches something to the telephone. As the man leaves, Smith comes in. Kerrigan warns him not to use the telephone. Whereupon, Smith finds a tiny bead of colorless poison (in gaseous form) adhering to the receiver. A government chemist analyzes the poison; he reports that it is deadly. Smith is certain that this is the poison used to kill General Quinto and Mr. Osaki; its victims imagine they hear drums beating, then turn green and die.

Smith believes that the next victim on the conspirator's list is Rudolf Adlon, head of a great European nation. Adlon must be protected; but he has refused to grant Smith an interview. He and Kerrigan discuss the situation. Smith says that he is being shadowed, night and day. He realizes that, like Adlon, he is in great peril.

## V

AN UNAVOIDABLE business appointment called me away that afternoon. My personal inclination was never to let Nayland Smith out of my sight; although heaven knows what I thought I could do to protect him. But as he never went about alone, and rarely failed to notify me of any move in the game in order that I might be present, we parted with an undertaking to meet at dinner.

My business took me to Westminster. Fully an hour had passed, I suppose, when I began to drive back, and I found myself in the thick of the afternoon traffic. As I made to cross toward Hyde Park, I was held up. Streams of vehicles coming from four different directions were heading for the gate. I resigned myself and lighted a cigarette.

Idly I inspected a quantity of luggage strapped on the rack of a big sedan. It was proceeding very slowly out of the park in that pent-up crawling line of traffic and had just passed my offside window. There were new labels over many old ones, but from my position at the wheel I could read none of them, except that clearly enough this was the baggage of a world traveler, for I recognized the characteristic hotel designs of Mount Lavinia in Colombo, Shepheard's in Cairo and others east and west which I knew.

The constable on the gate had apparently become rooted just in front of me with outstretched arm. Curious for a glimpse of these travelers who were presumably bound for Victoria Station, I leaned back and stared out at the occupants of the car. A moment I glanced—and then turned swiftly away.

A chauffeur whose face I could not see was driving. There were two passengers. One was a darkly beautiful woman; she was smoking a cigarette, and I could not fail to note her long ivory hand, her slender, highly burnished fingernails. In fact, except for their smooth beauty, those hands reminded me of the hands of Dr. Fu Manchu. But it was that one glimpse of her companion that had urged me to turn aside, praying that I had not been recognized. . . .

It was Ardatha!

Useless to deny that my heart had leaped at sight of her.

Somehow, I knew, I must follow that car!

ONCE at Victoria, it should not be difficult for a man with newspaper training to learn the destination of the travelers. If I failed to do so I could never face Nayland Smith again with a clear conscience. But here was a problem. I must enter the park, now, for I was jammed in the traffic stream and the car that contained Ardatha was leaving or waiting to leave! It meant a detour and I had to plan quickly. I must bear left, leave by the next gate (I prayed I might not be held up there) and make my way to Victoria across Knightsbridge.

This plan was no sooner formed than the constable moved and waved me on.

I proceeded as fast as I dared in the direction of the next gate—and I was lucky. Oncoming traffic was being let out, that from the opposite direction being held.

Last but one, I got through.

I was lucky on the rest of the way, too, and having hastily disposed of my car I went racing into the station. Turning up the collar of my topcoat, and pulling my hat well forward, I took a platform ticket and strolled among departing passengers and friends, porters, refreshment wagons and news vendors.

But never a glimpse did I obtain of Ardatha or her companion. I was almost in despair and was standing looking right and left when a conversation taking place near by arrested my attention.

"I've got an old lady going through to Venice. I noticed you had a party of two for Venice, so I wondered if you could arrange to give them adjoining places in the car. They might strike up an acquaintance—see what I mean?"

"You mean the two good-lookers—the redhead and the dark one—in D? Yes, they're booked to Venice but I don't know if they're going direct. Where's your passenger?"

"D. Number eleven. Do what you can, Jack."

"Right-o!"

I glanced quickly at the speakers. One was a Cook's man and the other the chief Pullman attendant. It was perhaps a forlorn hope, but I had known equally unlikely things to come off. I turned back and went to look at coach D.

One glance was enough!

Ardatha was seated in a corner reading. Her companion was standing up and placing something upon the rack, for I had a momentary impression of a tall, slender, almost serpentine figure. I turned away quickly and hurried back to the barrier.

The beautiful dark (*Continued on page 27*)

# Thrifty as Well as Smart

CONTAINS LEAD
CAL 1938
5N 88 88

**Plymouth is famous as a Big Money-Saver on Gas, Oil, Upkeep—**

## MOST FOR LOW PRICE

THE NEW PLYMOUTH offers the safety of time-proven Hydraulic Brakes...the smoothness of patented Floating Power engine mountings.

- ☛ Every Plymouth model has the same big, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine, giving full power plus economy.
- ☛ Of the leading low-priced cars, Plymouth is 5 inches longer than one; 6 inches longer than the other!
- ☛ The only low-priced car with the unmatched smoothness of coil springs as standard equipment on all models.
- ☛ The only low-priced car with steering-post gear shift standard equipment in De Luxe models at no extra cost.
- ☛ The only low-priced car with a revolutionary "safety signal" speedometer. It's another Plymouth "Safety First."
- ☛ The only leading low-priced car with a rust-proofed Safety-Steel body.

## Great Engineering Makes Plymouth the Year's Best Buy!

YOU CAN SEE at a glance that Plymouth is the smartest low-priced car ...and it's a *big money-saver!*

*Every* Plymouth model has the same great, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine which gives you the zest of live, full-powered performance...with great economy! More than ever, it's "the car that stands up best."

You'll find Plymouth is the biggest of "All Three" low-priced cars...its new Amola Steel coil springs and the famed Floating Power engine mountings give it the smoothest ride!

Plymouth brings you a new driving "feel" with True-Steady steering, easier clutch action and time-proven hydraulic brakes. Find out for yourself!

Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...with the balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments.

NO EXTRA COST!

STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "De Luxe" models at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Gear Shifting with Auto-Mesh Transmission. It's today's finest shifting.

**COUPES** START AT $645

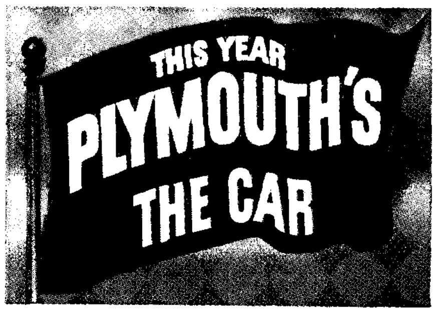
**SEDANS** START AT $685

—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P.M., E.S.T.

# PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

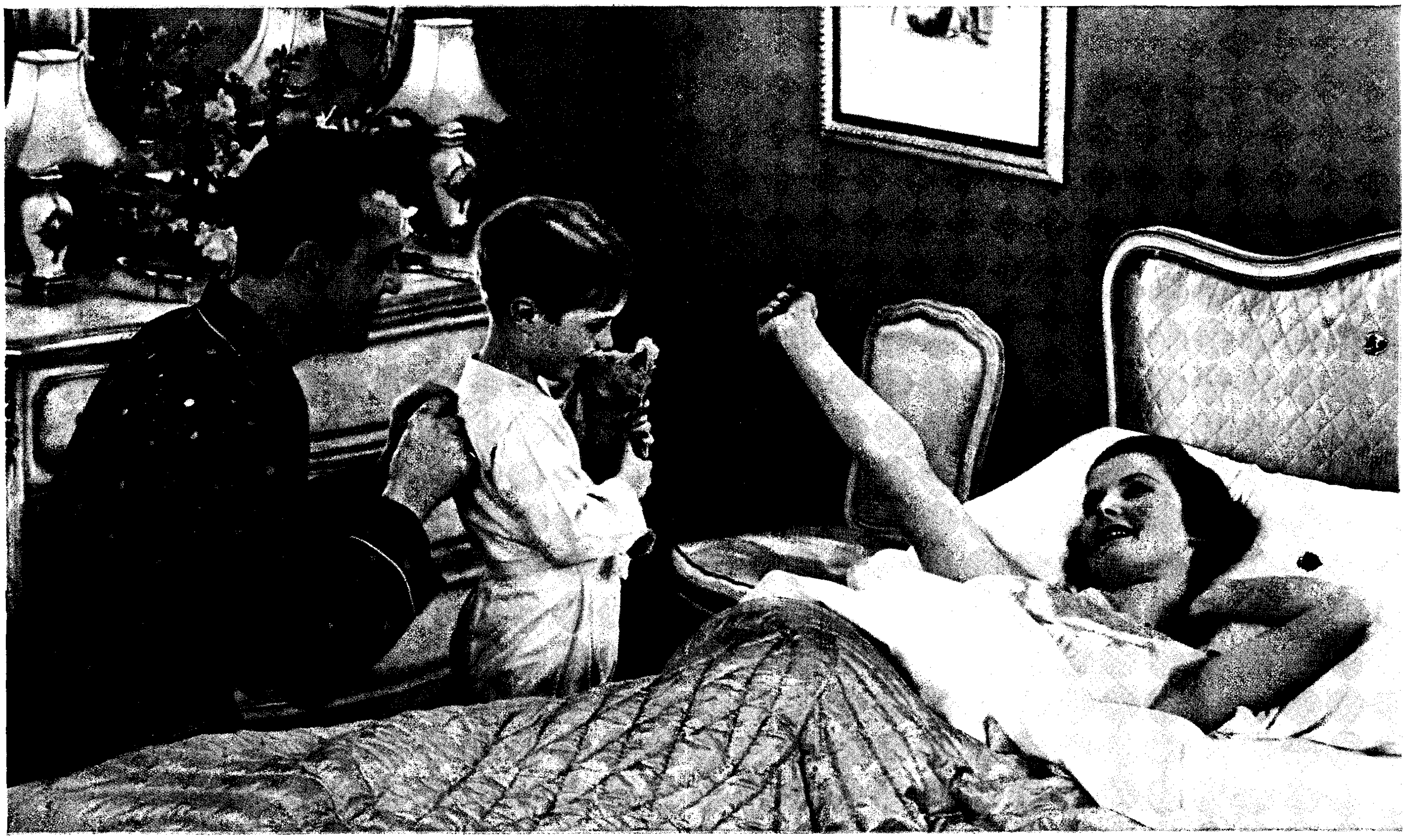
*THE "ROADKING"*
*THE "DE LUXE"*



SIMMONS INTRODUCES THE

# New, Deeper Beautyrest

**World's most comfortable mattress now even more comfortable—and guaranteed for twice as long!**



ONE of life's real thrills awaits you when you first crawl into bed and settle down on this NEW, deeper Beautyrest mattress!

What a joy it is just to lie there...every tired inch of you surrendering to the "feel" of this new, luxurious comfort—comfort even greater than former Beautyrests have given you! How much more gently this *new, deeper* Beautyrest yields to your body ...supporting you so softly that you forget you have hips, shoulders, elbows, knees!

Quickly you drowse off to sleep...to wake up the next morning surrounded by that same blissful comfort. You feel rested and refreshed...your whole body relaxed after deep, healthful, beauty-restoring sleep.

Your mattress can be the most important investment in comfort you will ever make. So we urge you to compare this new Beautyrest with other mattresses. Beautyrest has many imitators. But *no other* mattress has *ALL* its advantages.

FORMER BEAUTYREST
NEW, DEEPER BEAUTYREST

**Why the new, deeper Beautyrest is more comfortable!** The *whole* Beautyrest is deeper...not merely extra padding. Each coil spring in its soft cloth pocket is *deeper*. And because each spring is separated from all others and yields *independently* to the different weights of your feet, your hips, your body, your arms...Beautyrest gives exactly the PROPER support to *every* part of your body. Most mattresses have springs that are all TIED TOGETHER by wire. Therefore, the heaviest part of your body not only forces down the springs beneath you, but it forces down all the others, too...pulls them out of shape, forming slopes and hollows.

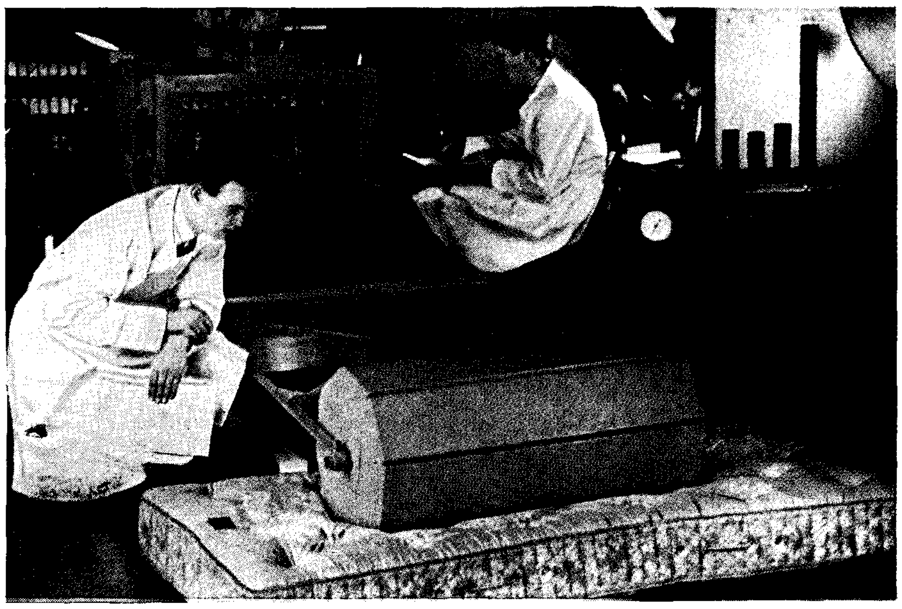
# Mattress

**Extra comfort for a cigarette a day.** The difference in price between the new, *deeper* Beautyrest and an ordinary mattress . . . is no more than the cost of smoking one cigarette a day . . . just a trifle when you consider the long years of luxurious comfort the new Beautyrest gives.

**Edges that will not sag!** You can even jump on the edges, but you won't break down or bend Beautyrest's patented, sag-proof edges. The sag-proof feature keeps the side walls erect and neat at all times . . . bringing "mid-mattress" comfort to the very edges of the bed!

**Far less turning with this new Beautyrest!** Because it stays clean and fresh inside . . . because it doesn't get lumpy . . . you do not *have* to turn your Beautyrest so often. Turn it according to your usual custom the first several months, until the felt padding has "leveled." After that, turn it only four or five times a year! Think of the tiring labor this saves you during the years!

**New Beautyrest stays clean and fresh inside!** Each new Beautyrest has eight ventilators. These ventilators *expel* stale air from inside. And *inhale* clean, fresh air! So the Beautyrest stays dry and sanitary inside.



**New Beautyrest lasts 3 times longer than other mattresses tested!** We guarantee the new Beautyrest for ten years, but believe its comfort will last far longer under normal use. Together with Beautyrest, four other types of mattresses retailing at $19.95, $24.75, $29.50 and $39.50 . . . were subjected to being squeezed, crushed, and pounded by a 200-lb. roller at the United States Testing Co., Inc. laboratory, Hoboken, N. J. Even after 489,000 poundings . . . the Beautyrest showed no signs of breaking down. None of the other mattresses tested stood up *even one-third as long!*

## Get the New, Deeper Beautyrest!

Visit any leading furniture or department store, today. Ask to see this new, *deeper* Beautyrest mattress. Sit on it! Jounce on it! Kneel on it! *Please . . . please* . . . lie on it! Compare Beautyrest with *any other* mattress!

Note the rich covering fabrics, colors, and designs. See how beautifully this new Beautyrest "makes up."

You get this supremely comfortable *new, deeper* Beautyrest at no increase in price. Only $39.50 (about a penny a night). Easy-payment terms may be arranged.

Don't be surprised when you are shown other mattresses supposed to be "just as good." But, remember . . . there is only ONE Beautyrest! It is made by the Simmons Company. To be sure you get it, look for this label. It is no economy to buy something cheaper . . . when you can have the long years of luxurious comfort you get with a Beautyrest.

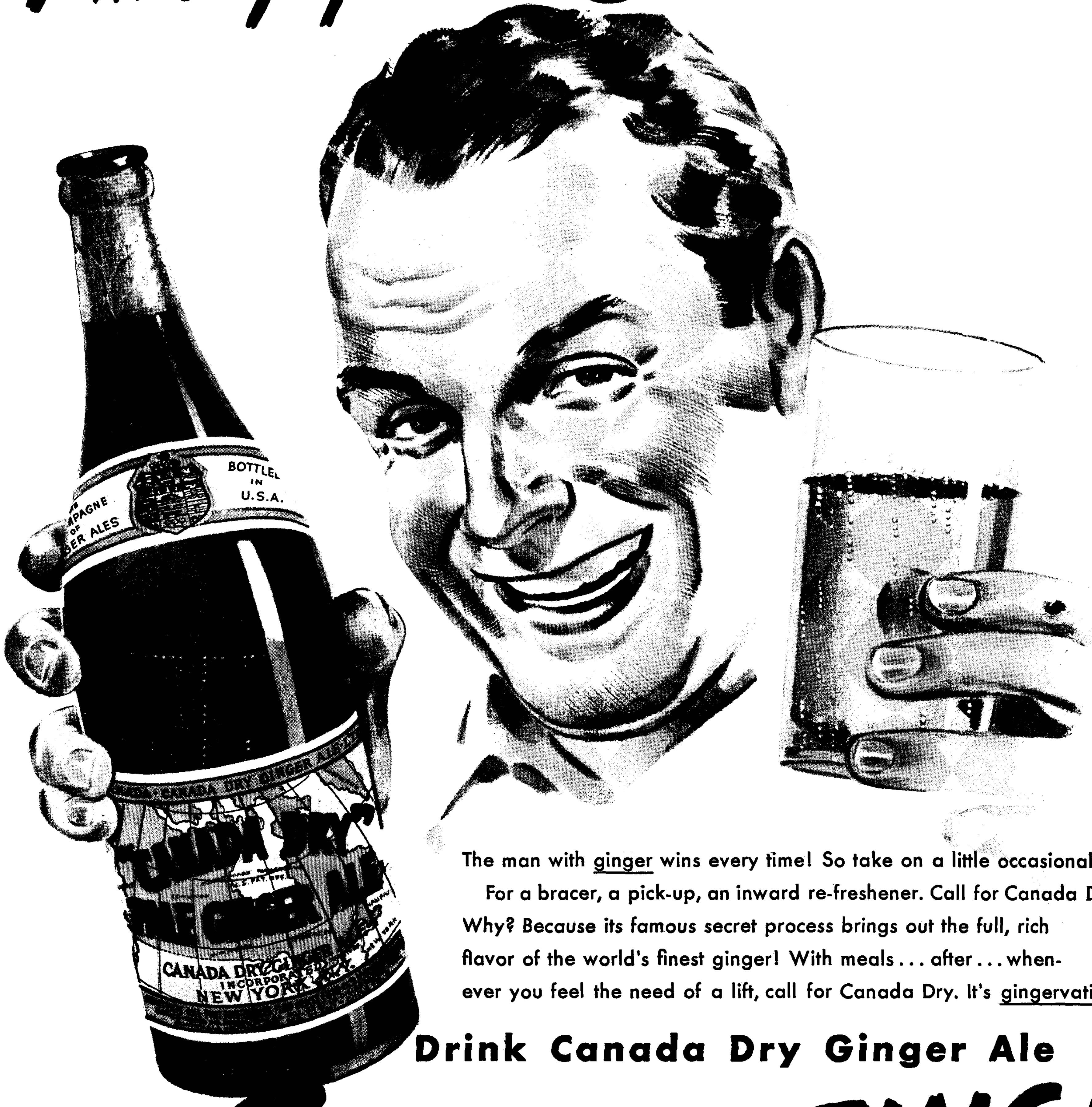
THE NEW
Beautyrest
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
SIMMONS COMPANY

The Beautyrest Box Spring is designed especially for use with the Beautyrest mattress. Tailored in new covers to match! Price $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring at $19.75. Simmons Company, world's largest makers of quality mattresses, springs, studio couches. Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill. New York—San Francisco—Atlanta.

**SIMMONS** *New, Deeper* **Beautyrest MATTRESS**

**"LUXURY COMFORT FOR A PENNY A NIGHT!"**

# *Full of pep and* GINGER!


BOTTLED IN U.S.A.
CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE INCORPORATED NEW YORK

The man with ginger wins every time! So take on a little occasionally. For a bracer, a pick-up, an inward re-freshener. Call for Canada Dry! Why? Because its famous secret process brings out the full, rich flavor of the world's finest ginger! With meals . . . after . . . whenever you feel the need of a lift, call for Canada Dry. It's gingervating!

**Drink Canada Dry Ginger Ale**

## IT'S GINGERVATING!

**Picks you up . . . aids digestion**

**"INFORMATION, PLEASE!"** Listen to the new Canada Dry Radio Hit. See your local paper for station and time.

**THIRST-AID at the FAIR!** Be *sure* to visit the Canada Dry Booth at the New York World's Fair, Food Bldg. N-7

# The Drums of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 22

mystery was undoubtedly the woman associated with the death of General Quinto—with the death of Osaki! The woman who had drugged Constable Isles and who had escaped with the model and plans of the vacuum charger! Although perhaps not blood guilty, Ardatha was her accomplice. It was an unhappy, a wildly disturbing thought. Yet, I must confess, so profound was my dread of the Chinese doctor that I rejoiced to know she lived! His words about retribution had haunted me. . . . But one thing I must do and do quickly: *I must advise Nayland Smith.*

"DINNER'S off, Kerrigan! We shall have to get what we can on the way."

"What!"

"Accident has thrown the first clue of many weary days and nights in your way, Kerrigan, and you handled it very cleverly."

"Thank you."

"My latest information, just to hand, explains why Dr. Fu Manchu's attention has become directed upon Rudolf Adlon. Adlon is on his way to Venice for a secret meeting with his brother dictator, Monaghani!"

"But that's impossible, Smith!" I exclaimed. I was still figuratively breathless from my dash to Victoria. "It's in the evening papers that Adlon is reviewing troops tomorrow morning."

Smith was pacing up and down in an old silk dressing gown and smoking his pipe. He paused, turned, and stared at me with raised eyebrows. His glance was challenging.

"I thought it was common knowledge, Kerrigan," he said quietly, "that Adlon has a double."

"A double!"

"Certainly. I assumed you knew; almost everybody else knows. Stalin of Russia has three."

"Three doubles?"

"Three. He knows that he is likely to be assassinated at almost any moment and in this way the odds are three to one in his favor. On such occasions as that which you have mentioned, when the director of his country stands rigidly at the salute for forty minutes or so whilst troops march by with mechanical accuracy, it is not Rudolf Adlon the First who stands in that painful position. Oh no, Kerrigan: It is Rudolf Adlon the Second! The Second will be there tomorrow, but the First, the original, the real Rudolf Adlon, is already on his way to Venice."

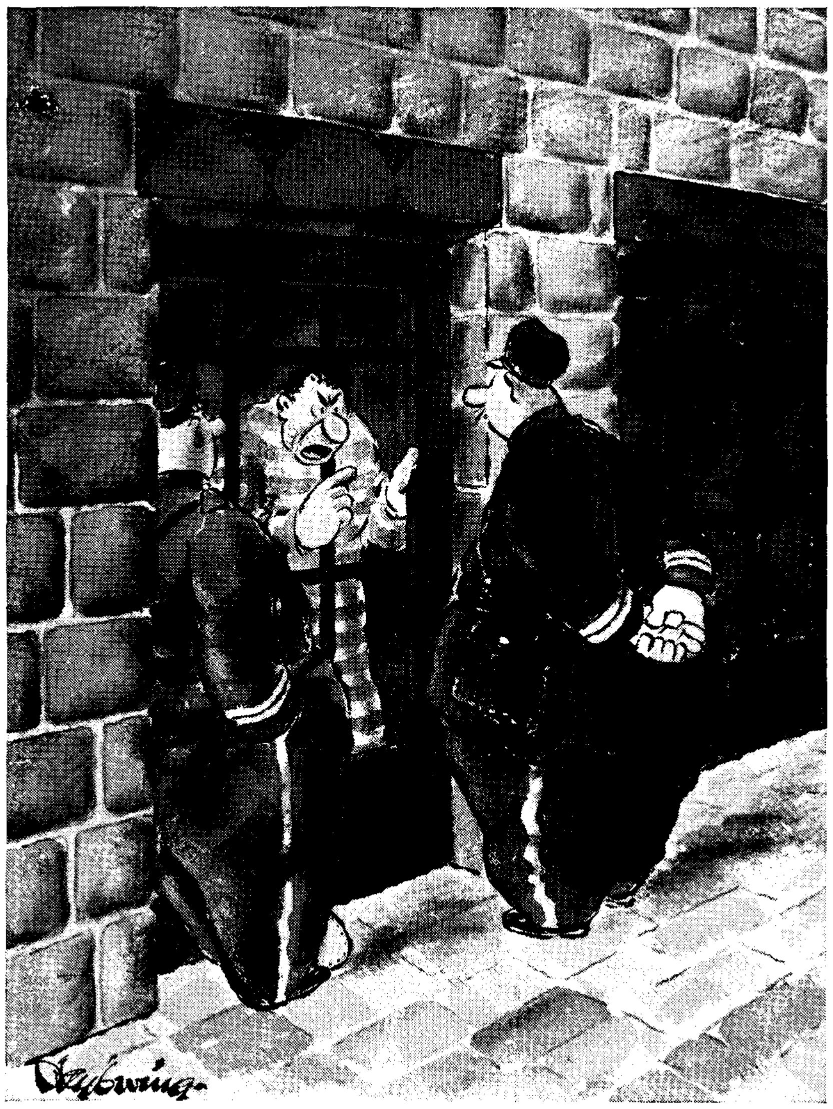
"Then you think that the fact of these two women proceeding to Venice means—"

"It means that Dr. Fu Manchu is in Venice, or shortly will be! Throughout his career he has used the weapon of feminine beauty, and many times that weapon has proved to be double-edged. However, we know what to look for."

"Surely you will take steps to have them arrested at Folkestone?"

"Not at all."

"Why?" I exclaimed in amazement.



"They are exploiting you, comrades! Do you not see? You are victims of a vicious system . . . sweatshop conditions . . . long hours . . . little pay . . ." JAY IRVING

Nayland Smith smiled, paused.

"Do you recall Fu Manchu's words on striking at the heart, the brain? Very well. The heart is the Council of Seven—the brain is Dr. Fu Manchu. It is at the brain I mean to strike; therefore we are leaving for Venice immediately."

WE TRAVELED by a Royal Air Force plane which performed the journey in little more than half the time of the commercial service.

As we entered the sitting room allotted to us in the Venice hotel, we found Colonel Correnti, chief of police, waiting.

Smith, dismissing an obsequious manager with a smile and wave of the hand, turned to the police officer.

He presented me.

"You may speak with complete confidence in Mr. Kerrigan's presence. Has Rudolf Adlon arrived?"

"Yes."

Smith dropped into an armchair and began to load his pipe.

"This is a great responsibility for you?"

"A dreadful responsibility!" the colonel nodded gloomily. "The greater because Signor Monaghani is expected on Tuesday morning."

"Also incognito?"

"Alas, yes! It is these visits of which so few are aware that make my life a misery. Our task is far heavier than that of Geneva. Venice is the favorite rendezvous of some of the greatest figures in European politics. Always they come incognito . . . but not always for political reasons! Why should Venice be selected? Why should this dreadful onus be placed upon *me?*"

His Latin indignation was profound.

"Where is the chancellor staying?"

"At the Palazzo da Rosa, as guest of the baron. He has stayed there before. They are old friends."

"Are there any other of Herr Adlon's friends in Venice at present?"

"But, yes! James Brownlow Wilton is here. He leases the Palazzo Brioni on the Grand Canal, at no great distance from this hotel. His yacht Silver Heels is in the lagoon."

"Will he be entertaining Herr Adlon?"

"I believe there is to be a small private luncheon party, either at the Palazzo or on board the yacht."

"You can arrange for Mr. Kerrigan and myself to be present?"

FOR a moment Colonel Correnti was taken aback. He looked from face to face in astonishment.

"Of course." He endeavored to speak easily: "It could be arranged."

Nayland Smith stood up and smiled.

"Let it be arranged," he said. "I have an appointment to meet Sir George Herbert who is accompanying me to see Herr Adlon. I shall be free in an hour. If you will be good enough to return then we can make all necessary plans. . . ."

During the next hour I was left to my own devices. That Dr. Fu Manchu, if not there in person, certainly had agents in Venice had made me so intensely nervous that I only let Nayland Smith leave the hotel when I realized that a bodyguard in the form of two plainclothes police accompanied him.

I tried to distract myself by strolling about those unique streets.

This was comparatively new territory. I had been there but once before and only for a few hours. Night had long fallen, touching Venice with its magic. Lights glittered on the Grand Canal, shone from windows in those age-

"I've never had heel-lifts last so long!"

WHEN last did you have leather heels or lifts put on your shoes? Only a few days ago—and they're frayed out and run over *already?*

Then try TAWPS* (pronounced TOPS)! They're the *new* Goodyear reenforced leather heel-lifts *that last at least twice as long* and keep their trim, neat appearance right to the very end. Yet, they cost only *a few cents per pair more!*

TAWPS have a tiny insert of tough, non-slip, resilient rubber that makes them wear level. And the special non-fraying backing on TAWPS prevents these smart heel-lifts from "squshing" out at the edges.

Any good shoe repairman can attach TAWPS to the heels of your shoes in just a few minutes.

Say TAWPS WHEN YOU WANT HEEL-LIFTS

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE WALK ON GOODYEAR RUBBER HEELS THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

• • •

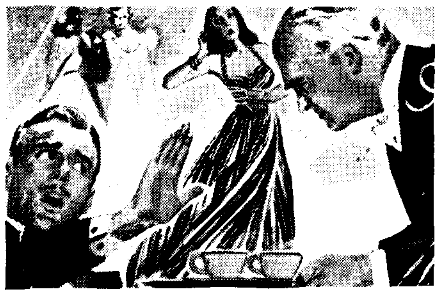
**FOR MEN: *Wingfoot** Heels** for men's shoes (and for women's walking shoes and children's shoes) are the longest-wearing, handsomest rubber heels—at their price—your money can buy. They wear *evenly*—help keep feet and shoes straight. Your shoe repairman has them for you.

*Trade-marks of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

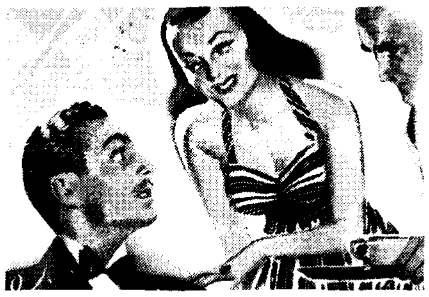
**GOODYEAR CORD SOLE.** Ask for it on new work and sports shoes. Doesn't buckle, warp or stretch. Made like the carcass of an auto tire.

"ME...I got the part!"

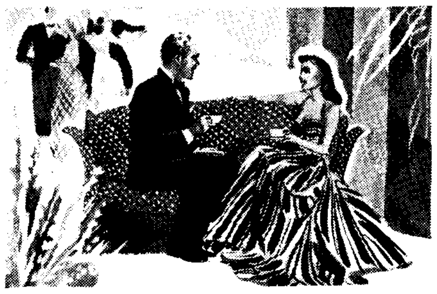
**1. Ever since I came to New York** to be a second Sarah Bernhardt, I've been trying to get in to see this producer. So when I finally spotted him at Vera's party, I was that excited I almost had stage fright.



**2. Just as I was working up nerve** to tell him how I'd played six weeks of stock in Center City, the coffee was served. "Take it away!" he groaned. "I love coffee like my own mother, but it won't let me sleep!"



**3. "But listen!" I broke in:** "Give friend Vera credit for being a considerate hostess. *This* is Sanka Coffee! It's 97% caffein-free . . . so it *can't* keep you awake!" He looked doubtful—but took a chance.



**4. "Superb coffee!" he cried** and reached for a second cup of Sanka. "Of course it is!" I came back, picking up my cue like an old trouper. "That's because *only* the caffein is taken out . . . the flavor *stays in!*"

**5. "What's more," I added,** "my doctor told me that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.' "

**6. Well, my producer** certainly gave me a hand! "You're a bright little girl," he said. "And you've got a great delivery. If you'd like a few lines in my new play, come up to my office tomorrow!"

DRIP GRIND
SANKA COFFEE
REGULAR GRIND
SANKA COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE . . . DRINK IT AND SLEEP

*"Drip" or "Regular" Grind. Get a Can at Your Grocer's Today!*

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE" . . . laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences! —Tuesday evening—*Columbia* Network—see your local paper for time and station.

old palaces, and a quarter moon completed the picture.

I found it impossible to relax. I recalled Smith's words: "Do as you please, Kerrigan, but for heaven's sake don't show yourself."

It was impossible, this walking in shadow, distrusting the moonlight, avoiding all places where people congregated, and slinking about like a criminal who feared arrest. I went back to the hotel and made my way to the suite reserved for Smith and myself.

I found the sitting room in darkness, but an odor of tobacco smoke brought me up sharply as I was about to cross the threshold.

"Hello!" I called, "is anyone there?"

"*I* am here," came Smith's voice out of the darkness.

He stood up and switched on the light, and I saw that his pipe was between his teeth. His grim expression told me all there was to know.

"Have you seen him?"

He nodded.

"What was his attitude?"

"His attitude you will be able to judge for yourself when you see him on Silver Heels tomorrow. He has gone so far, has risen so high, that I fear he believes himself to be immortal!"

"Megalomania?"

"Hardly that, perhaps, but he sets himself above counsel. He admitted, reluctantly, that he had received the Si-Fan notices—two at least. He merely shrugged his shoulders when I suggested that a third had come to hand."

He was walking up and down the room, now, tugging at the lobe of his left ear.

"If Adlon is to be saved, he must be saved against himself. If I had the power, Kerrigan, I would kidnap him and transport him from Venice tonight!"

"I COUNT upon you, Colonel," said Nayland Smith as the chief of police rose to go. "My friend and I will be present on Silver Heels tomorrow. I *must* have an opportunity of inspecting Mr. Brownlow Wilton's guests and of seeing in which of them Rudolf Adlon is interested."

When we were alone:

"Have the police obtained any clue?" I asked.

Smith shook his head irritably.

"Very rarely indeed does the doctor leave clues. And this is a major move in his game. I don't know if Monaghani is marked down, but Adlon admits that *he* is. We have yet to see if Monaghani arrives. But for tonight, I suppose my work is done. Have you any plans?"

"None."

"I wish I could find Ardatha for you," he said softly, and went out. "Good night."

As the door closed and I heard him walking along to his room, I dropped down onto a settee and lighted a cigarette. Although it was long past midnight, any idea of sleep I knew to be out of the question. Outside, divided from the window only by a narrow quay, the Grand Canal lapped its ancient walls. Occasionally, anomalous motorboats passed; at other times I heard the drip of an oar as some ghostly gondola crept upon its way. Once, the creaking of a boat as a belated guest returned to the hotel reminded me—terrifyingly—of the cellars under The Monks' Arms where I had so nearly come to an end.

I rang for a waiter and ordered a drink to be brought to my room; then, extinguishing the lights of the sitting room, I went along the corridor intending to turn in.

However, when my drink arrived and I had lighted another cigarette, I was overcome with restlessness. Crossing to the window, I threw open the shutters and looked down upon the oily glittering waters of the Canal.

Venice! The picture city, painted in blood and passion. The moon had disappeared; mysterious lights danced far away upon the water, beckoning me back to the days of the doges.

From my window I looked down upon a shadowy courtyard, a corner of the platform upon which the hotel (itself an old palace) was built. It could be approached from the steps that led up to the main door, but so far as I could make out in the darkness, it formed a sort of cul-de-sac. My window ledge was no more than four feet from the stone paving.

And now, in the shadows, I detected someone moving. . . .

I drew back. My hand flew to a pocket in which, always, since I had met Dr. Fu Manchu, an automatic rested. Then a voice spoke—a soft voice:

"Please help me up. I must talk to you."

It was Ardatha!

SHE sat in a deep, cushioned divan, a Renaissance reproduction, watching me with a half-smile.

"You look frightened," she said. "Do I frighten you?"

"No, Ardatha, it isn't that you frighten me; although I admit your appearance was somewhat of a shock."

She wore a simple frock and a coat having a fur-trimmed collar, which I recognized as that which I had seen in the car near Hyde Park Corner. She had a scarf tied over her hair; and I thought that her eyes were mocking me.

"I am mad to have done this," she went on, "and now I am wondering—"

I tried to conquer a thumping heart, to speak normally.

"You are wondering if I am worth it," I suggested, and forced myself to move in her direction.

Frankly, I was terrified as I never could have believed myself to be terrified of a woman. My own wild longing had awakened *some sort of response in* Ardatha! I had called to her and she had come! But as the lover of a girl so complex and mysterious I had little faith in Bart Kerrigan.

Tonight, it was my part to claim her—or to lose her forever. Her eyes as well as her words told me that the choice was mine.

I offered her a cigarette and lighted it, then sat down beside her. My impulse was to grab her—hold her—never let her go again. But I took a firm grip upon these primitive urges, and then:

"I saw you at Victoria," she said.

"What! How could you have seen me?"

"I have eyes and I can see with them."

She lay back amongst the cushions, and turning, smiled up at me.

"I had no idea you had seen me."

"That is why I am here tonight." Suddenly, seriously: "You must go back! I tell you, you must go back. I came here tonight to tell you this."

"Is that all you came for, Ardatha?"

"Yes. Do not suppose it means what you are thinking. I like you very much, but do not make the mistake of believing that I love easily."

She spoke with a quiet imperiousness of manner that checked me. My emotions pulled me in various directions. In the first place, this beautiful girl of the amethyst eyes, who, whatever she did, whatever she said, allured, maddened me, was a criminal. In the second place, unless the glance of those eyes be wildly misleading, she wanted me to make love to her. But, in the third place, although she said her nocturnal visit had been prompted by friendship, what was her real motive? I stared aside at her.

"I am glad you are a man who thinks," she said softly, "for between us there is much to think about."

"There is only one thing I am thinking about—that I want you. You are never out of my mind. Day and night I am unhappy because I know you are involved in a conspiracy of horror and murder in which you, the real *you,* have no part. If I thought lightly of you and merely desired you, then as you say I should not have thought. I should have my arms around you, now, kissing you, as I want to kiss you. But you see, Ardatha, you mean a lot more than that. Although I know so little about you, yet—"

"*Ssh!*"

Swiftly she grasped my arm—and I seized her hand and held it. But the warning had been urgent, and I listened.

We both sat silent for a while. My gaze was set upon a strange ring that she wore. The clasp of her fingers gave me a thrill that passionate kisses of another woman could never have aroused.

Somewhere out there in the shadows I had detected the sound of a dull thud—of soft footsteps.

Releasing Ardatha's hand, I would have sprung up, but:

"Don't look out!" she whispered. "No! No! Don't look out!"

I hesitated. She held me tightly.

"Why?"

"Because it is just possible—I may have been followed. Please, don't look out!"

I heard the sound of a distant voice out over the Canal; plashing of water . . . nothing more. I turned to Ardatha. There was no need for words.

She slipped almost imperceptibly into my arms, and raised her lips. . . .

FOR a long time after Ardatha had gone—I don't know how long a time—I knelt there by my open window staring out over the Canal. She had trusted herself to me. How could I detain her—how could I regard her as a criminal? Indeed, I wondered if ever I should be able so to regard her again.

The fear now burning in my brain was fear solely for her safety.

Always I had found it painful to imagine her in association with the remorseless murder group controlled by Dr. Fu Manchu, but now that idea was agony. I dared not imagine what would happen if her visit to me should be discovered, if the double part that she played came to the knowledge of the Chinese doctor . . . and I could not forget that queer sound down by the waterside; those soft footsteps.

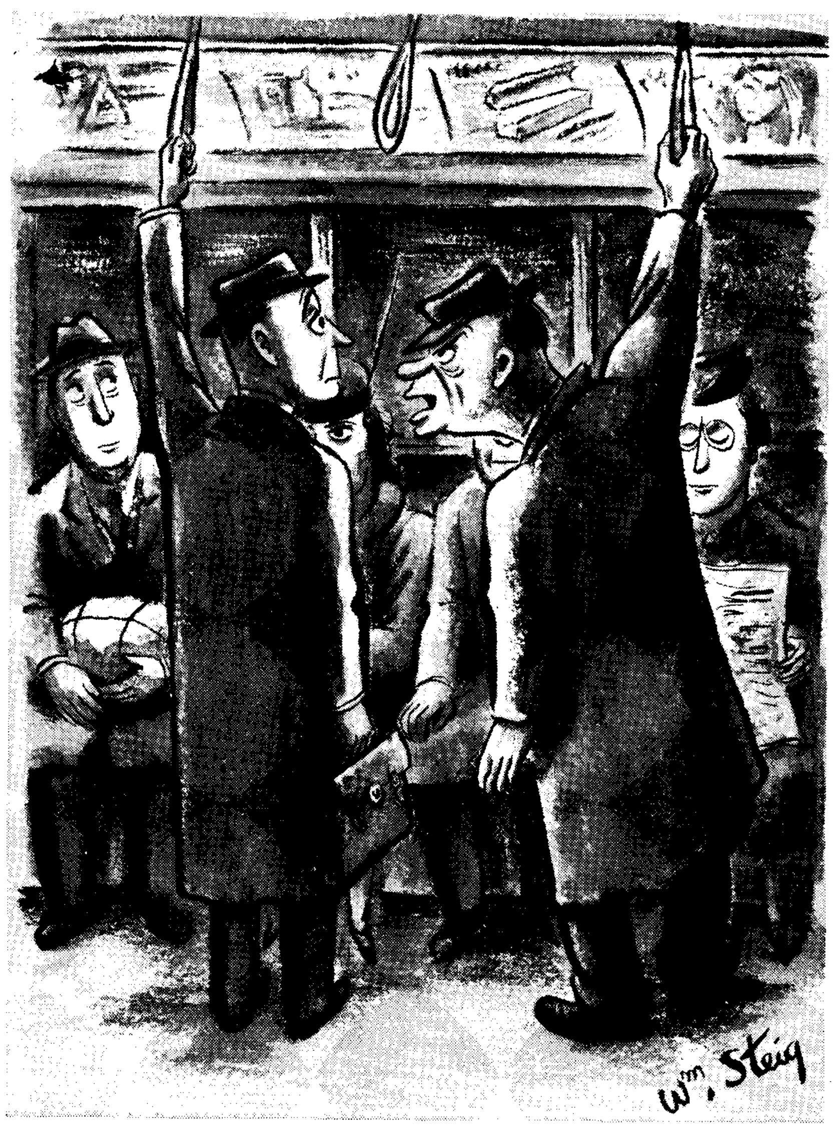
Ardatha suspected that she might have been followed. Perhaps her suspicions were well-founded!

I stared out intently into misty darkness. I listened. No sound could I detect anywhere about me; the Grand Canal was deserted, the moon partly veiled; but my thoughts had made me restlessly uneasy. I must make sure that Nayland Smith was safe.

Quietly opening my door, I walked along and switched up the light in the sitting room.

It presented exactly the same appearance as when I had left it. I moved on to Smith's closed door. I listened intently but could hear nothing. However, he was a deep, silent sleeper, and I was not satisfied. Very gently I moved the handle. The door was unlocked. Inch by inch I opened it, until at last, having made hardly any sound, I could creep in.

The room was in darkness, save for a dim reflection through the slats of the shutters. Yet I was afraid to switch up the light, for I had no wish to disturb him. I crept slowly forward in the direction of the bed; and my eyes growing accustomed to the semidarkness, by



"I don't like you, see?"

WILLIAM STEIG

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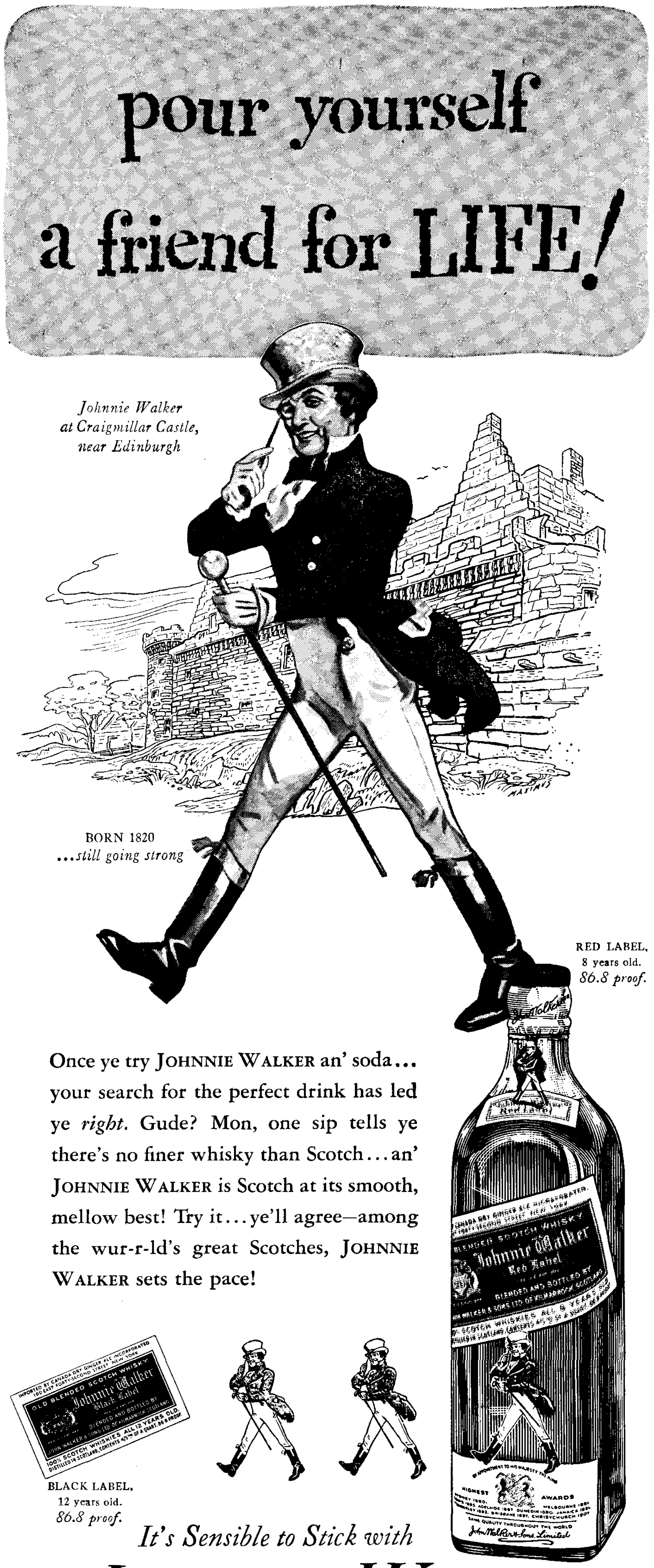
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the time that I reached it a startling fact had become evident:

The bed was empty! It had never been slept in!

I switched up the bedside lamp and stared about me distractedly.

He had not undressed!

I crossed to the shuttered window. The shutters were not fastened but just lightly closed. I pushed them open and stared out. I could see across to the landing stage. The ledge was not more than four feet above the pavement, as was the case in my own room. Why, I asked myself desperately, had he of all men, he, marked down as Enemy Number One by Dr. Fu Manchu, exposed himself to such a risk?

And where was he?

I pressed the night porter's bell, crossed to the sitting room and threw the door open. In less than a minute, I suppose, the porter appeared.

"Can you tell me," I asked, "if Sir Denis Nayland Smith has gone out tonight?"

"No, sir, he has not gone out."

The man looked surprised—in fact, startled.

"But I suppose he could have gone out without being seen?"

"No, sir. After midnight, except on special occasions, the door is locked. I open it for anyone returning late."

"And do you remain in the lobby?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did anyone return late tonight?"

"No, sir. There are few people in the hotel at the moment and all were in before eleven o'clock."

"When you came on duty?"

"When I came on duty, yes, sir."

"You mean that it is quite impossible for Sir Denis to have gone out without your seeing him?"

"Quite impossible, sir."

Although his room exhibited no evidence whatever of a struggle, one explanation, a ghastly one, alone presented itself to my mind.

He had been overcome, carried out by way of the window and so to the landing stage! Those movements in the night were explained. My lovely companion's coolness under circumstances calculated to terrify a normal girl assumed a different aspect.

My friend, the best friend I should ever have, had been fighting for his life while I clung to the lips of Ardatha!

A POLICE officer was an almost unendurably long time in reaching the hotel. When at last he arrived, a captain of Carabinieri, he brought two detectives with him. His English was defective but fortunately for me one of the men spoke it well.

When I had made the facts clear and a search of the room had taken place:

"I fear, sir," said the English-speaking detective, "that your suspicions are confirmed. I am satisfied that your friend did not leave by the front door of the hotel. As he evidently did not go to bed, however, there is a possibility, is there not, that he left of his own free will?"

"Yes." I grasped at this straw. "There is! Why had I not thought of that?"

There was a brief conference in Italian between the three, and then:

"It has been suggested," the detective went on, "that if Sir Denis Nayland Smith, for whom a bodyguard had been arranged by order of Colonel Correnti, had decided to go out for any reason, he would probably have awakened you."

"I was not asleep," I said shortly.

Where did my duty lie? Should I confess that Ardatha had been with me?

"It makes it all the more strange. You were perhaps reading or writing?"

"No. I was thinking and staring out of the window."

"Did you hear any suspicious sounds?"

"Yes. What I took to be footsteps and a faint scuffling. But I heard no more."

"It is all the more curious," the man went on, "because we have two officers on duty, one in a gondola moored near the steps, and the other at the back of the hotel. Before coming here I personally interviewed both these officers and neither had seen anything suspicious."

The mystery grew deeper.

"My own room was lighted," I said. "Are my windows visible from the point of view of the man in the gondola?"

"We will go and see."

We moved along to my room. One of the detectives glanced out of the window and reported that, owing to the wall of that little courtyard to which I have referred, this window would be outside the viewpoint of the man in the gondola.

"But the window of Sir Denis' room—this he could see."

Another idea came.

"The sitting room!"

"It is possible. Let us look."

WE LOOKED—and solely because, I suppose, no one had attached any importance to the sitting room, it now immediately became evident that one shutter was open.

It had not been open when I had parted from Smith that night!

"You see!" exclaimed the detective, "here is the story: He was overcome, perhaps drugged, in his room, carried in here and lowered out through that window!"

"But"—I was thinking now of Ardatha—"how could the kidnapers have got him away without attracting the notice of one of your men?"

Another consultation took place. All three were becoming wildly excited.

"I must explain—" a half-dressed and bewildered manager had joined us—"that passing under the window of your own room, Mr. Kerrigan, it is possible—there is a gate there—to reach the bridge over the Rio Banieli—the small canal."

"But you say"—I turned to the detective—"that you had a man on duty at the rear of the hotel?"

"True, but there is dense shadow at this hour of the night. It would be possible—just possible—for one to reach and cross that bridge unnoticed."

In my mind I was reconstructing the tragedy of the night. I saw Nayland Smith, drugged, helpless, being carried (probably on the shoulder of one of Dr. Fu Manchu's Thugs) right below my window as I lay there intoxicated by the beauty of Ardatha. I felt myself choked with rage and mortification.

"But it is simply incredible," I cried, "that such a crime can be committed, here in Venice! We must find Sir Denis! We must find him!"

I turned and walked back to the sitting room. I stared dumbly at the open window through which my poor friend had disappeared, probably forever.

The police left the suite, in deference, I think, to my evident sorrow, and I found myself alone.

The girl to whom I had lost my heart, my reason, was a modern Delilah. Her part had been to lull my suspicions, to detain me there—if need be with kisses—whilst the dreadful master of the Si-Fan removed an enemy from his path.

My thoughts tortured me—I clenched my teeth; I felt my brain reeling. In every way that a man could fail, I had failed. I had succumbed to the wiles of a professional vampire and had given over my friend to death.

There were perhaps issues greater than my personal sorrow. The life of Rudolf Adlon hung upon a hair. Nayland Smith was gone!

Venice, queen of the Adriatic, the city

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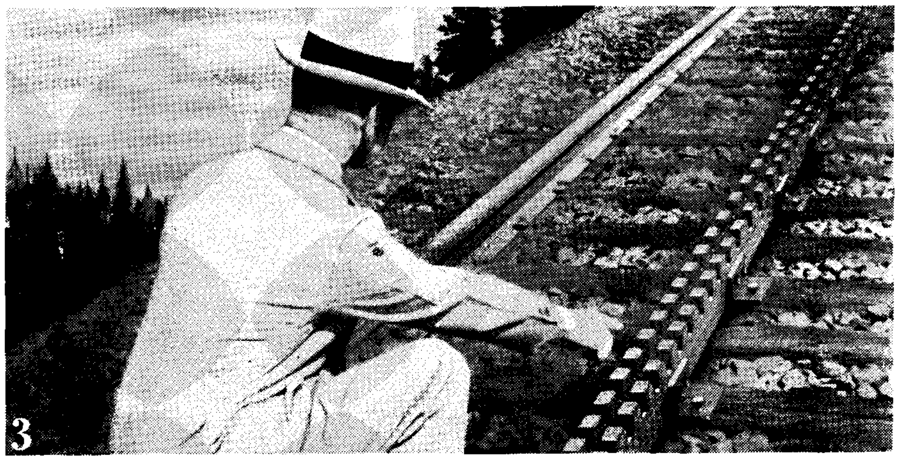

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of the doges, had claimed one more victim. . . .

Dawn was creeping gloriously over the city when the first, the only clue, came to hand.

A Carabinieri patrol, returning at four o'clock, was subjected, in common with all others who had been on duty that night, to a close examination. He remembered (a fact which normally he would not have reported) that a girl, smartly dressed and wearing a scarf over her hair, had hurried past him at a point not far from the hotel. He had paid little attention to her, except that he remembered she was pretty . . . but his description of her dress strongly suggested Ardatha!

Twenty yards behind, and, as he recalled, seeming deliberately to keep in the shadow, he had noticed a man: an Englishman, he was confident, tall, wearing a tweed suit and a soft-brimmed hat.

The time, as nearly as I could judge, would have corresponded to that at which I had parted from Ardatha. . . .

The detective's theory had been the right one. Something had drawn Smith's attention to the presence of the girl. He had not been kidnaped—he had watched, and followed her. To where? What had become of him?

That sense of guilt that weighed heavily upon me became heavier than ever. I was, indeed, directly responsible for whatever had befallen my friend.

I was already at police headquarters when this report came in. The man was sent for and through an interpreter I questioned him. Since I knew the two people concerned more intimately than anyone present, his answers to my questions removed any possibility of doubt.

The girl described was Ardatha: Nayland Smith had been following her!

Even at this stage, frantic as I was with anxiety about Smith, almost automatically I compromised with my conscience when Colonel Correnti asked:

"Do you think this girl is someone known to Sir Denis?"

"Possibly," I replied. "He may have thought he recognized an accomplice of Dr. Fu Manchu. . . ."

WHEN I left police headquarters to walk back to the hotel, Venice was bathed in its morning glory. But I moved through the streets and across the canals of that fairy city in a state of such utter dejection that any I passed surely pitied me.

Of Smith's plans in regard to the luncheon party on Silver Heels, I had very little idea; but I had been fully prepared to go with him: I was anxious to see Rudolf Adlon in person. It seemed to me to be pointless to go alone. What he had hoped to learn I could not imagine. James Brownlow Wilton, the New York newspaper magnate, would seem to have no place in this tangled skein. It was a baffling situation and I was hopelessly worn out.

I tried to snatch a few hours' sleep, but found sleep to be impossible. Sir George Herbert called at ten o'clock; an old young man with Foreign Office stamped indelibly upon him. His expression was grave.

"This is a great blow, Mr. Kerrigan," he said. "I can see how it has affected you. To me, it is disastrous. These threats to Rudolf Adlon, who is here, incognito, as you know, are backed by an organization that does not threaten lightly. General Quinto has been assassinated—why not Rudolf Adlon?"

"I agree. But I know nothing of Smith's plans to protect him."

"Nor do I!" He made a gesture of despair. "It had been arranged for him to go on board Mr. Wilton's yacht during today's luncheon; but what he hoped to accomplish I have no idea."

"Nor I."

I spoke the words groaningly, dropped onto a chair and stared I suppose rather wildly at Sir George.

"The Italian authorities are sparing no effort. Their responsibility is great, for more than the reputation of the chief of police is at stake. If any news should reach me, I will advise you immediately, Mr. Kerrigan. I think you would be wise to rest."

THE human constitution is a wonderfully adjusted instrument. I had no hope, indeed no intention, of sleeping. Venice, awakened, lived gaily about me. Yet, after partially undressing, within five minutes of Sir George's departure I was fast asleep.

I was awakened by Colonel Correnti. Those reflected rays through my shutters, which I had not closed, told me the truth.

It was sunset. I had slept for many hours.

"What news?"

Instantly I was wide-awake, a cloak of sorrow already draped about me.

He shook his head.

"None, I fear."

"The luncheon party on the yacht took place, I suppose? Sir Denis feared that some attempt might be made there."

"Rudolf Adlon was present, yes. He is known on these occasions as Major Baden. My men report that nothing of an unusual nature took place. The dictator is safely back at the Palazzo da Rosa, where he will be joined tomorrow by Pietro Monaghani. There is no evidence of any plot." He shrugged his shoulders. "What can I do? Officially, I am not supposed to know that the chancellor is here. Of Sir Denis no trace can be found. What can I do?"

His perplexity was no greater than mine. What, indeed, could any of us do?

I forced myself to eat a hasty meal. The solicitude of the management merely irritated me. I found myself constantly looking aside, constantly listening; for I could not believe it possible for a man so well known as Nayland Smith to vanish like a mirage.

Of Ardatha I dared not think at all.

To remain there inert was impossible. I could do nothing useful, for I had no plan, but at least I could move, walk the streets, search the cafés, stare up at the windows. With no better object than this in view, I set out.

Before St. Mark's I pulled up abruptly. The magic of sunset was draping the façade in wonderful purple shadows. I was torn between two courses. If I lost myself in this vain hunt through the streets of Venice, I might be absent when news came. In a state of indecision I stood there before the doors of that ornate, ancient church. What news could come? News that Smith was dead!

FROM these ideas I must run away, must keep moving. Indeed, I found myself incapable of remaining still; and now a reasonable objective occurred to me. Since Rudolf Adlon was staying at the Palazzo da Rosa, this certainly would be the focus of Dr. Fu Manchu's attention. Actually, of course, I was seeking some excuse for action, something to distract my mind from the ghastly contemplation of Nayland Smith's fate.

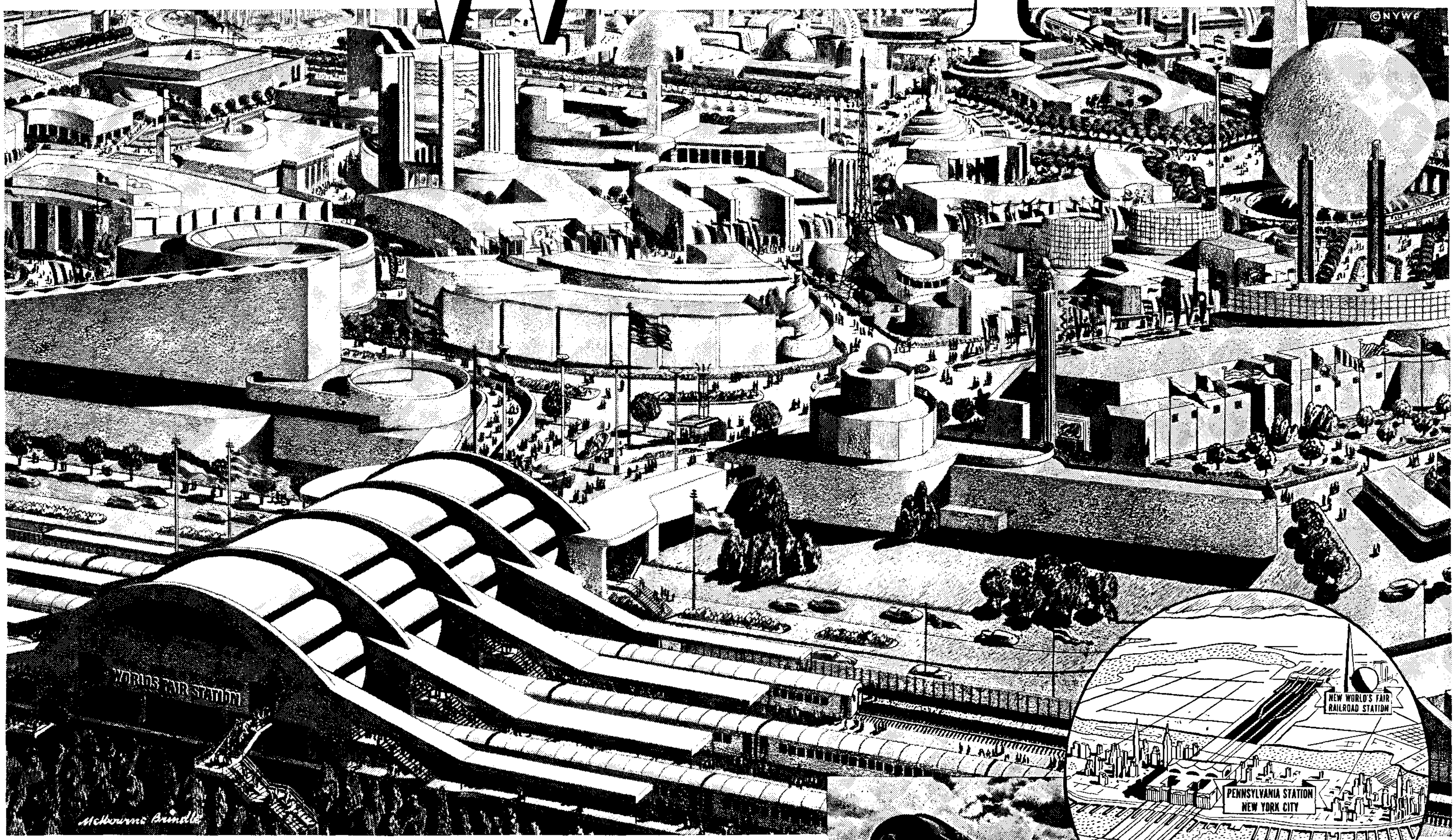
I hurried back to the hotel and learned from the hall porter that no message had been received for me. Thereupon I walked out and chartered a motorboat.

A gondola was too slow for my humor.

"Go along the Grand Canal," I directed, "and show me the Palazzo da Rosa."

We set out, and I endeavored to compose myself and to submit without undue irritation to the informative re-

# ....*How are you planning to go to the* NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR ?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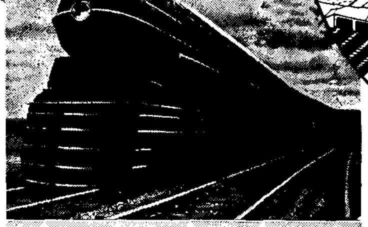

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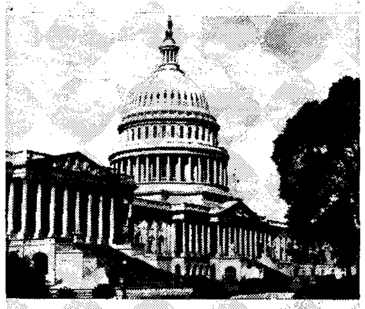

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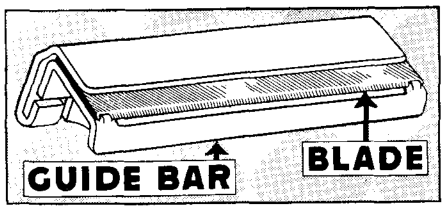
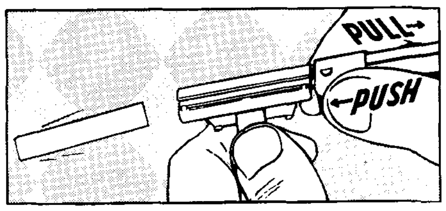
MORE THAN 2,000,000 MEN HAVE SWITCHED TO THE SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR



This is the Schick Injector Razor's solid guide bar that stretches the skin and holds it *flat* in front of the blade edge. Note that it has no "teeth" to rake skin furrows that often get nicked and scraped. Note particularly the two "stops" which shield the sharp corners of the blade from nicking and scratching your skin.



This is how you change blades in the Schick Injector Razor. A pull and push on the Injector cartridge shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *automatically*. You never handle blades—never have to fuss with messy paper wrappings. There's nothing to take apart or reassemble! Saves minutes every day.

SCHICK
Injector
RAZOR
12 BLADES
Injector BLADES
12 BLADES

REDUCED PRICE!

Now only $1.00 Including a Cartridge of 12 Schick Blades

THE "POPULARITY" KIT

Volume makes value! This low price is the result of a record demand. Exactly the same razor that sold in the De Luxe Kit for $2.00 last year. Pigskin-grain case with cartridge of 12 blades. Your dealer has it now.

• This guarantee is stamped into every box. Did you ever hear of a razor that was guaranteed for twenty years! Could there be any broader evidence of the manufacturer's confidence in this product?

TWENTY YEAR GUARANTEE (1939)

This Schick Injector Razor is intended to give at least 20 years shaving service to the purchaser. If it gets out of order within that time, no matter what the cause may be, it will be reconditioned or replaced free of charge when returned to:

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn. and Niagara Falls, Ont.
(*Same prices now prevail in Canada*)

marks of the man who drove the motorboat. He wished to take me to the Rialto Bridge, to the villa where Richard Wagner had died, to the palace of Gabriele d'Annunzio; but finally, with a great air of mystery, slowing his craft:

"Yonder," he said, "where I am pointing, is the Palazzo da Rosa. It is here, that Signor Monaghani, himself, stays sometimes when he is in Venice. Also it is whispered, but I do not know, that the great Adlon is there."

"Stop a while."

Dusk had fallen, and light streamed from nearly all the windows of the palace. I observed much movement about the water gate; many gondolas crowded against the painted posts; there was a stir and bustle that told of some sort of entertainment taking place.

A closed motorboat, painted black, and apparently empty, passed almost silently between us and the steps.

"The police!"

We moved on. . . .

Two seagoing yachts were at anchor and out on the lagoon we met a freshening breeze. One of the yachts belonged to an English peer, the other, Silver Heels, was Brownlow Wilton's beautiful white cruiser, built on the lines of an ocean greyhound. All seemed to be quiet on board, and I wondered if the celebrated American was being entertained at the Palazzo da Rosa.

"Where to now, sir?"

"Anywhere you like," I answered wearily.

The man seemed to understand my mood. I believe he thought I was a dejected lover whose mistress had deserted him. Indeed, he was not far wrong.

We turned into a side canal, where there were ancient windows, walls and trellises draped in clematis and passion flower; a spot, as I saw at a glance, perpetuated by many painters. In the dusk it had a ghostly beauty. Here, the motorboat seemed a desecration, and I wished that I had chartered a gondola. Even as the thought crossed my mind, one of those swanlike craft, carrying the bearings of some noble family, and propelled by a splendidly uniformed gondolier, swung silently around a corner, heralded only by the curious cry of the man at the oar.

My fellow checked his engine.

"From the Palazzo da Rosa!" he said, and gazed back fascinatedly.

Idly, for I was not really interested, I turned, and stared back also. There was but one passenger in the gondola. . . .

It was Rudolf Adlon!

"Stop!" I ordered sharply as the man was about to restart his engine. "I want to watch."

For I had seen something else.

ON THE balcony of a crumbling old mansion, once no doubt the home of a merchant prince but now falling into ruin, a woman was standing. Some trick of reflected light from across the canal made her features clearly visible. She wore a gaily colored shawl which left one arm and shoulder bare.

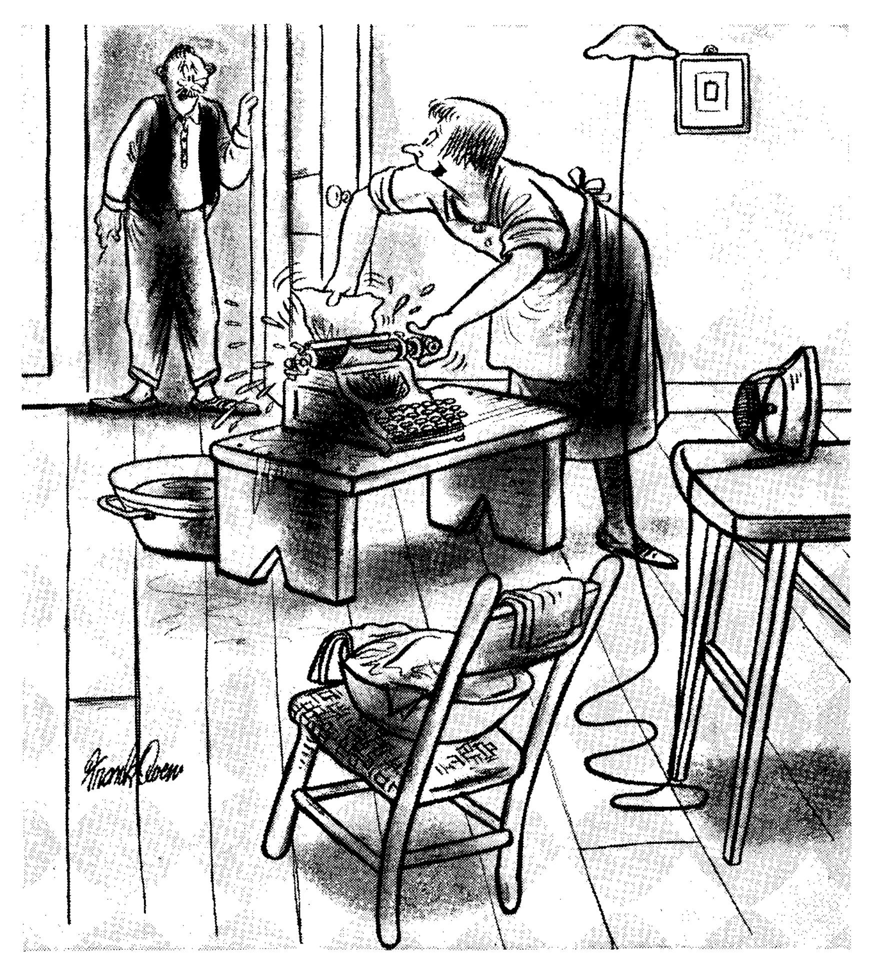
She was leaning on the rail of the balcony, staring down at the passing gondola—and as I watched, eagerly, almost breathlessly, I saw that the gondolier had checked his graceful boat with that easy, sweeping movement that is quite beyond the power of an amateur oarsman. Rudolf Adlon was standing up, his eyes raised. As I watched, the woman dropped a rose, to which, I was almost sure, a note was attached!

Adlon caught it deftly, kissed his fingers to the beauty on the balcony, and resumed his seat. As the gondola swung on and was lost in deep shadows of a tall old palace beyond:

"Ah!" sighed the motor-launch driver—and he also kissed his fingers to the balcony—"a tryst—how beautiful!"

She who had made the assignation had disappeared. But there was no possibility of mistake. She was the woman I had seen with Ardatha—the woman whom Nayland Smith had described as "a corpse moving among the liv[illegible]a harbinger of death!"

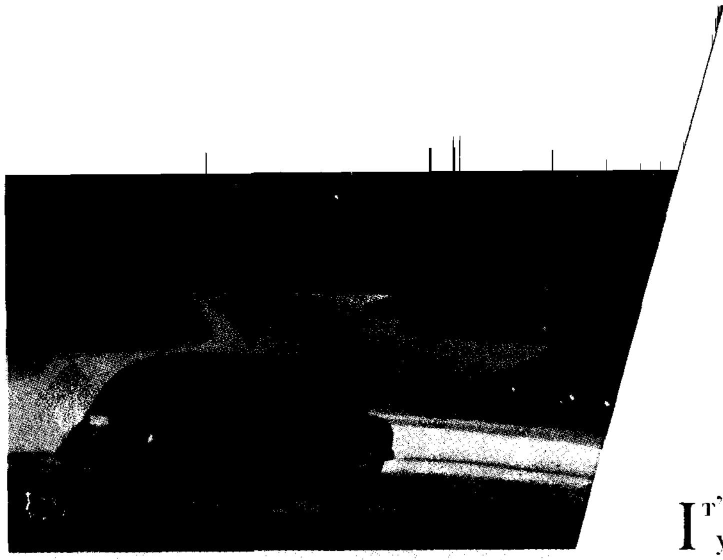
(*To be continued next week*)



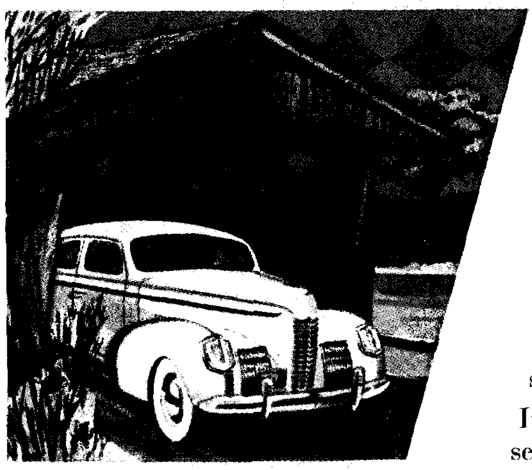
"Don't get excited! I'm only wringing out a few handkerchiefs!"

FRANK OWEN

# YOU'RE GOING TO *Take a Journey*



**NO CHILLY NIGHTS!** **Nash's automatic "Weather Eye"* ends drafts . . . keeps fresh "conditioned air"—as warm as you dial it—inside your car. You can drive all day over dusty roads, and stay spotless . . . keep rain, drafts and insects closed out.**



**IN YOUR STRIDE!** **That new Nash engine laughs at hills, roads, "tough going". And pick-up? Even lowest-priced models flash from 15 to 50 MPH in *high*, in 13 seconds!**

IT'S WRITTEN IN THE STARS—this month you're in tune with a disturbing vibration.

Be doubly careful, if your orbit crosses a Nash showroom. For then—a dark car will come into your life—and you're going to take a long journey.

Neither wife nor family nor business can hold you back. You'll want to know if it can really be true—if any car can deliver what the bullet-like grace of this new Nash promises.

So—obey your destiny like a man. Get in and see.

There's a sweet little swish from the engine. *Click . . . click . . . click . . .* and gears shift from a steering post lever*. Then, as you try to catch your breath, a miraculous new gear* cuts in—the engine seems to stop, but the Nash shoots forward like a greyhound unleashed.

In ghost-like silence, you flick past other cars seemingly chained to the ground. Steep hills turn into flat country. Rutted roads become smooth as glass.

Suddenly you realize—it's cold outside . . . and dust is swirling ahead . . . but you don't feel it.

That's the Nash "Weather Eye*" keeping Spring in your car . . . and dust and drafts out.

It's uncanny . . . exhilarating . . . this feeling of floating away from the worries of the world.

Only when you touch the brake and feel the tires dig in do you realize that this is what some people call an "automobile"!

What a mighty insignificant word to describe a Nash!

• • •

Don't be surprised if—a few days from now—you wake up in your Nash bed a million miles from nowhere.

For it's that way about owning a Nash. It just coaxes you to travel.

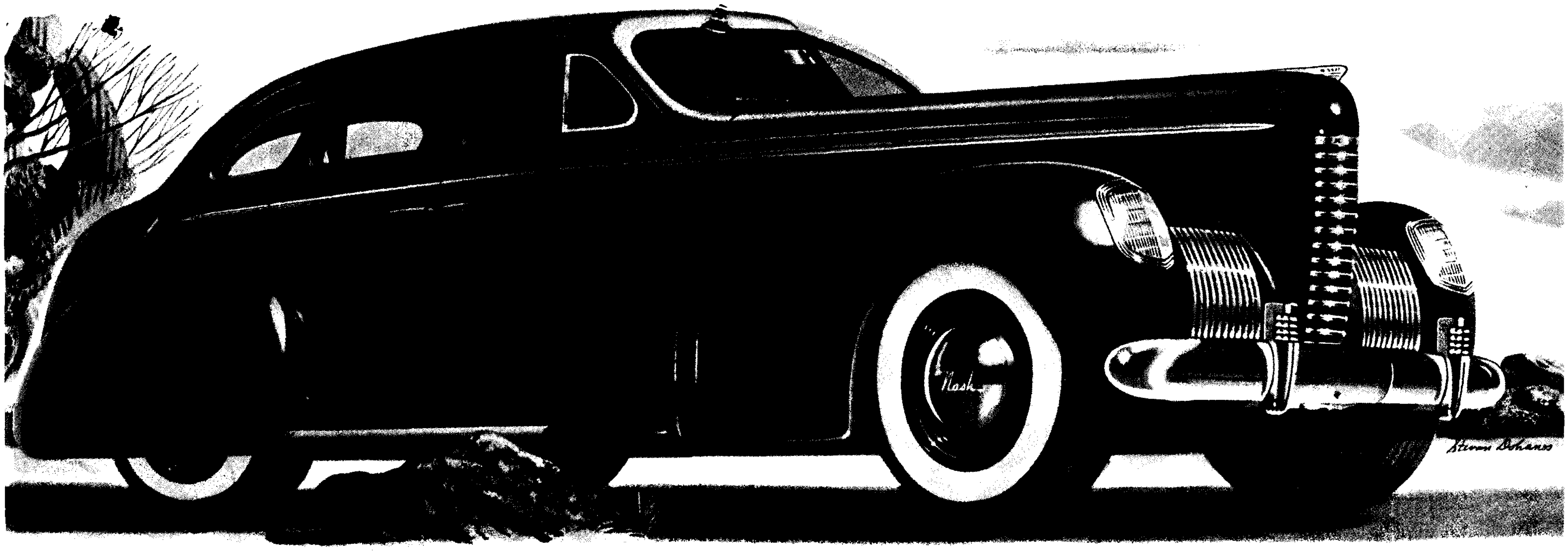
It's almost sacrilege to mention the price. If you really care—your Nash dealer will tell you that ten models are priced *next to the lowest*, and cost about the same to run!

Why spend this wonderful Spring day in a steam-heated house? Let's go for a ride.

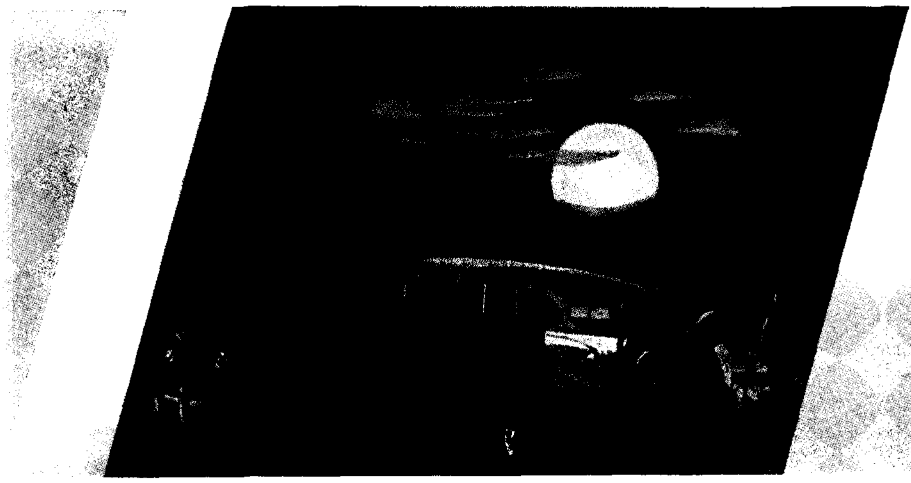
*Four Series of Great Cars, 22 Models . . . 10 Priced Next to the Lowest . . . delivered at Factory . . . as Low as $770, Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included*

**$770**

*(*Optional Equipment—Slight Extra Charge)*



*The 4-Door Sedan, 117-inch Wheelbase, is $840 delivered at Factory, with Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included. (White Sidewall Tires and Rear Wheel-Shields are Optional at Extra Cost.) 1800 Dealers from Maine to California to serve you.* NASH MOTORS DIVISION, *Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.*

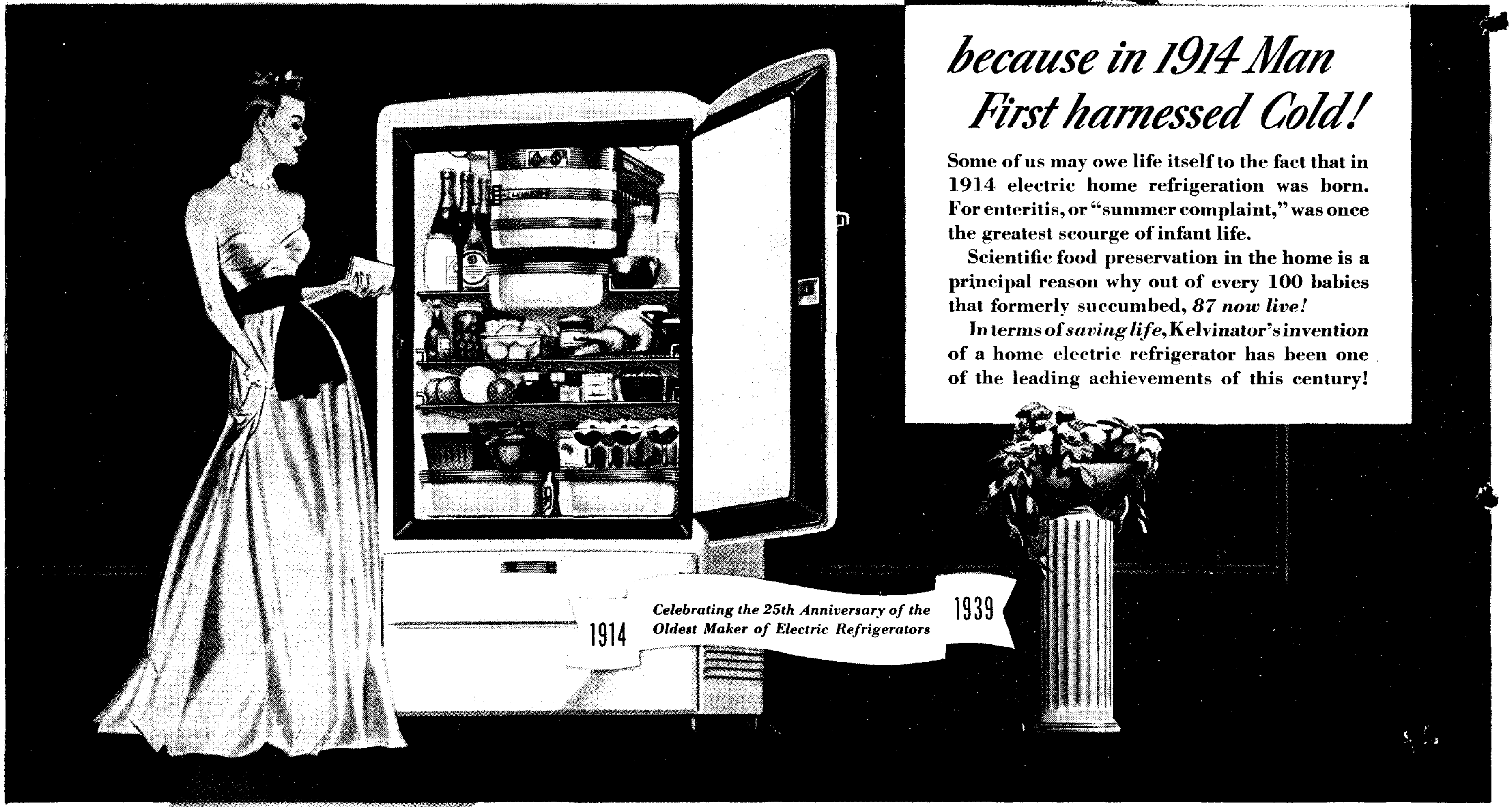


**VAGABOND KING!** **By day, roaming over the untried, exciting places of the world. And a convertible double bed in your Nash ready in five minutes, when the moon comes up! Sleep anywhere under the stars.**

## *It's that New* NASH

THE CAR EVERYBODY LIKES

# Thousands Are Alive Today . . .


1914
Celebrating the 25th Anniversary of the Oldest Maker of Electric Refrigerators
1939

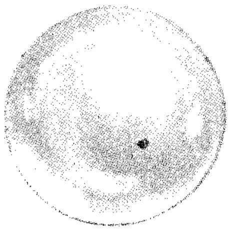
## *because in 1914 Man First harnessed Cold!*

**Some of us may owe life itself to the fact that in 1914 electric home refrigeration was born. For enteritis, or "summer complaint," was once the greatest scourge of infant life.**

**Scientific food preservation in the home is a principal reason why out of every 100 babies that formerly succumbed, 87 *now live!***

**In terms of *saving life*, Kelvinator's invention of a home electric refrigerator has been one of the leading achievements of this century!**

# Now Comes *Today's Cold-making Marvel! The Silver Jubilee Kelvinators with Amazing Polarsphere*



The new Polarsphere . . . most efficient of all refrigerating units. So trouble-free it is sealed away from dust, air. Uses only a thrifty trickle of electricity!

When, twenty-five years ago, Kelvinator gave to America the first electric refrigerator . . . its makers were pardonably proud of their achievement.

Today, Kelvinator celebrates another history-making event . . . the presentation of the Silver Jubilee Kelvinator—perfected product of a quarter-century.

If you would know how far ahead of its time it is . . . compare it with the "modern" refrigerator of just a few years ago!

*It freezes in one-third the time, costs 50% less to run, and offers you 40% more refrigeration.*

Thanks to the silent Polarsphere—a miracle mechanism sealed in a gleaming steel globe—today you get 72 big ice cubes for one penny at national average electric rates! Power enough for *five* refrigerators . . . with cold capacity equal to more than half a ton of ice per week!

Look inside. You'll find the Silver Jubilee Kelvinator has *more room* . . . more usable food-storage space . . . through more flexible shelf arrangement.

Twin lights inside give you shadowless brilliance. Two large vegetable crispers are glass-topped for see-at-a-glance convenience . . . and a Cold Chest seals in the juicy flavor of meats for *days*.

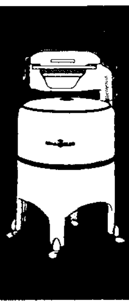
Best of all, the Silver Jubilee Kelvinator is *easy* to have . . . you can own it for just a few cents a day. *Be sure to see these new models today!*

KELVINATOR, Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

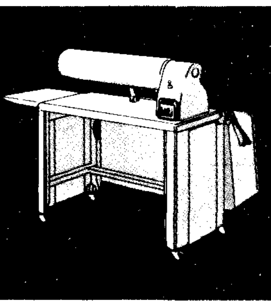
## *Silver Jubilee* KELVINATOR

**SEE THESE OTHER SILVER JUBILEE HOME APPLIANCES**

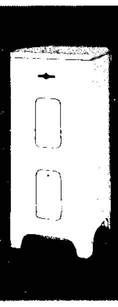
**Kelvinator Electric Ranges for 1939—more economical than ever—with faster heating ovens . . . oversize broilers . . . two types of sturdy high-speed cooking units.**



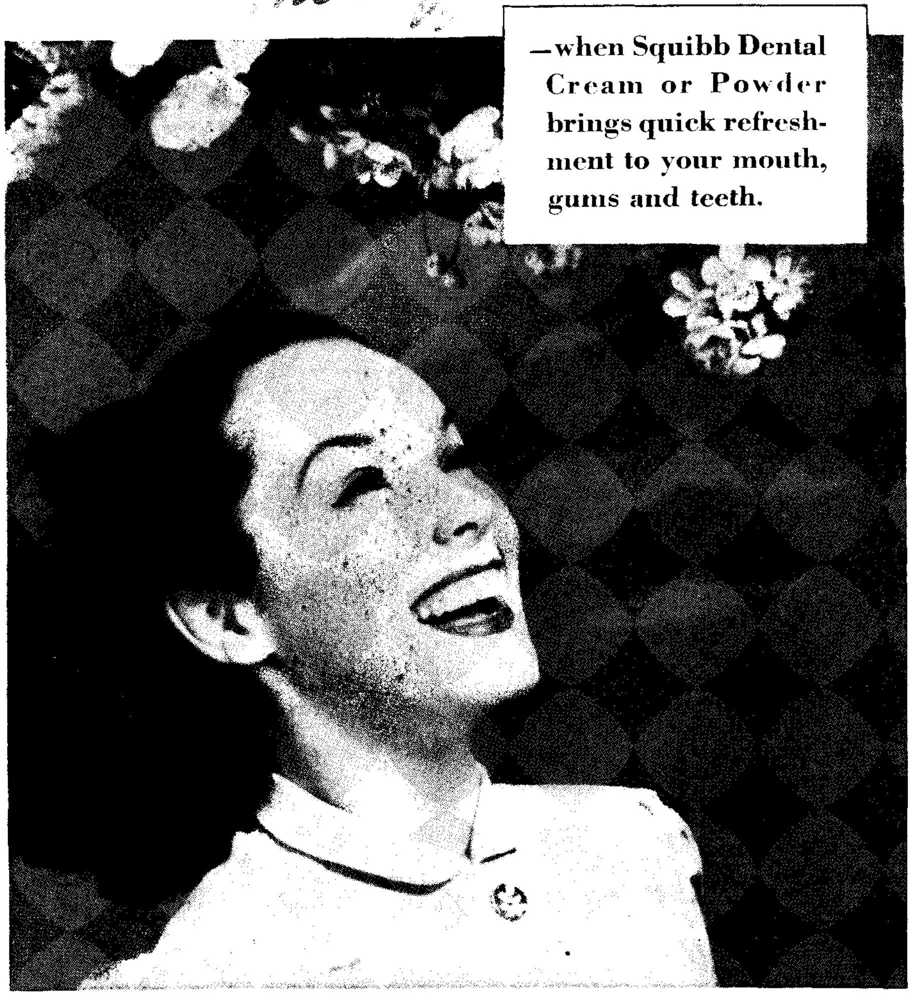
**Kelvinator Electric Washers: Fin-Flex Agitator "bends" and flushes dirt out of delicate fabrics. Fabric-Saver Wringer has the new Automatic Pressure Pilot.**



**Kelvinator Electric Ironers: to ease you through the family ironing quickly, economically—2,736 square inches of material per minute! New ease of operation!**



**New Kelvinator Electric Water Heaters are trim in design, with all plumbing and wiring concealed. They're completely automatic, economical, never-failing.**



–when Squibb Dental Cream or Powder brings quick refreshment to your mouth, gums and teeth.

when you brush your teeth!

SQUIBB DENTIFRICES do more than cleanse and polish. They contain a proven antacid that neutralizes harmful mouth acids wherever it comes in contact with them.

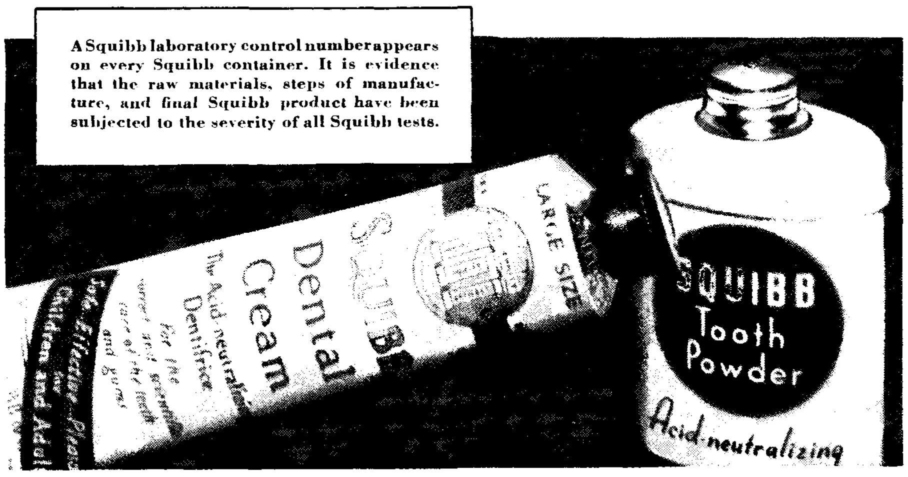
These acids are a daily menace. They are apt to form after meals when food particles ferment between the teeth, or in crevices beyond the reach of ordinary brushing. Here they may attack enamel, and thus be factors in tooth decay.

Fight acid when you brush your teeth!

Buy Squibb today. Use it at least twice daily. At night, massage your gums with it and allow it to remain to secure its full benefit.

You will be delighted with the new sense of quick refreshment.

*The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker*



A Squibb laboratory control number appears on every Squibb container. It is evidence that the raw materials, steps of manufacture, and final Squibb product have been subjected to the severity of all Squibb tests.

miles for a stove, you can scalp me. Abe here was worn to a shadow, near dead when he got back. His harness was patched with horse tails. If I had a woman like—"

Abel prodded a long finger in Alf's ribs. "Easy now—" Alf struck the finger away.

There was sudden pounding on the door and loud cries outside. A lad, half-grown, stumbled in. "Cap Jim," he panted. "Cap Jim's comin'. Squaw Annie, she sneaked ahead an' told. He's got whisky—"

Abel and Alf took charge. Alf bellowed, "That cussed, gol-darn Rogue. We should've hung him out of hand. Out to the horses, all. We're runnin' women and children to the blockhouse. Then we'll tend to him and his—"

There was no uproar. The house cleared swiftly. Oustide the hoofs of restless horses thudded.

Ailse stood by her stove. Methodically she pushed the taffy back, so it wouldn't boil over. Abel had the big needle gun down. He sorted, packed his linen cartridges.

"Do we have to run?" Ailse asked. "Can't you—fight the Indians?"

The ring in Abel's voice surprised her. "We can fight 'em. But not here, where women and children are like to get arrows in 'em. Get your coat before I grab you."

SIX days later Ailse, mounted on Duke, rode behind Abel down the trail from the blockhouse on the rimrock. The men had returned from the Rogue River country, grim and silent because one of their number was missing. The little fiery, leathery man.

Abel said nothing about it, but Ailse knew from the whispers of the women. Somewhere in the forest Cap Jim and his renegade band of Rogues swung limply from trees.

"Abel," she said. "Our house is burned. We saw the smoke."

"Houses ain't nothin'," Abel said. One thing, you didn't have to send to Philadelphia for houses. Not while he had hands on his wrists.

"Why did it have to be our house!" the girl cried. "The only one—the only one they burned. . . ." But she knew. The women had whispered about that, too. Accusingly. Some even gloatingly. Cap Jim, begging for his life, had said his bucks didn't intend to burn the house. Only steal. They'd smelled the sweet taffy and when it burned their fingers they'd scattered hot stove lids, coals, prying into the strange stove. And the house had caught fire.

Abel pulled Ned back, put an awkward arm around the girl. "Don't worry none. Houses grow on trees out here, hon."

But she wasn't thinking of houses. She was thinking of her Philadelphia Comforter.

AILSE, on her knees before the cooking fire, shifted from one knee to the other. The ground about the fire bed was stony hard and she had been kneeling there, she thought, most of every day for long, stony weeks. Once she had had the best fireplace on the Umpqua, and once she had had the only stove. Now she was the poorest of the women; she cooked like a squaw, on her slender knees before a campfire.

Alf Calahan's armful of a wife sat on a log near by. She didn't offer to help; she watched. Nearly every day she came over with Alf, who was helping Abel fall and hew timbers for the new house. When she talked, she didn't talk about anything. Mostly her eyes were fastened on Ailse's back and Ailse felt them. Ailse had been guilty of putting on airs. Mrs. Alf was rubbing in the salt.

Axes rang in an even rhythm, on the side hill above the clearing. Abel and Alf were falling a giant, straight-hearted cedar that had long dominated its near-by world. Ailse sank back on her heels, watched the giant. It towered motionless, as if no pygmies were hacking at its base. When the end came for the cedar it would come all at once. Grandly.

Ailse had heard Abel say he would rive smooth odorous cedar boards for shelves and closets from the tree, would split shingles from it and shave them by hand. It seemed incredible that he could do these things.

The tree shivered—or her eyes were tricking her, staring at its outline against the sky. Suddenly Ailse was on her feet, running toward it, tripping and falling as she watched tree instead of earth.

She screamed, "Abel, Abel! It's leaning! It's going to fall right on the hog house! It will kill those mother hogs—"

Abel stood several paces from the tree, his eyes aloft on it while Alf's ax delivered the final deft, delicate cuts—a light stroke here, a deep blow there. Abel didn't bring his eyes down to Ailse, but he said: "No. She'll land right where you're at, with the top down that sort of groove in the ground. I don't want to bust her up bad. She'll land like a kitten. Come over by me."

She ran to him. "But it's leaning the other way! Abel! The hogs—"

Abel said shortly, "No. It's got a double lean—maybe like people. It's the lean you can't see that'll throw it."

"She's agoin'." Alf shouldered his ax, turned his back on the six-foot butt and walked to them. "You building such a big house, Abe, you must figure on havin' you a pack of brats."

Abel grinned. "How many you got?"

Alf shouted to his wife: "Woman! How many brats you had so far? Hey? . . . She don't know—that's a woman all over. Come saltin' time I'll whistle 'em out of the brush and count 'em. They was one in my beard the other day and I didn't know it till I felt the [illegible] devil ticklin'."

AILSE heard that horseplay dimly, in a secondary sort of way. She thought dimly, too, that Abel never used to let Alf say such things before her—or wasn't it really about her? . . . The great tree hypnotized her. There were cracks like shots, as fibers remaining uncut at the heart were stretched by the strain and broken.

Then it was falling, its top arcing through all the sky, and Ailse knew there was ruin in its path. She found herself leaning against Abel's ribs, pressing. The trunk gathered speed and a storm of jagged sounds exploded. The underbrush that had thrived in the cedar's shadow was crushed and Abel watched shrewdly for flying branches. The limbs of the cedar snapped off with the crackle of gunfire. A culminating crash shook the earth, and dust and debris sprang into the air. The cedar lay still, in the long groove where Abel had thrown it.

Ailse got back her breath, and her knees began trembling. The sun stood overhead; the men moved toward the clearing.

"You figured out when you want the house-raisin'?" Alf was asking. "I'll round up the folks for you."

Abel said, "I'm freightin' a load of pork to Jacksonville to the mines, first."

Alf stopped, suspiciously. "More fantods, ay?"

Abel grinned a little. "There ain't any fantods at those mines. They eat their meat raw."

"That's so." Alf waggled his beard, considered. "I reckon you can go."

"True words," Abel said.

That night Ailse lay close to him under the purple sky. Shooting stars angled across the void, disappeared.

# An Errand for the Wife

Continued from page 15

Abel waved his hand. "No harm to try. Weigh out the dust, friend."

When Abel went out he had the five-hundred-dollar poke in his pocket and the rest of his gold dust well hidden. He located the Desert Rest and Madame's dance hall beside it. He had come for Ailse's Philadelphia stove and these folks ought to understand it.

ABEL CHOTTAW laughed at one of Madame Paulette's sallies. It was dark outside, brightly lighted inside Paulette's parlor. Abel sat on a sofa, scrubbed and his whiskers clipped short, and Paulette perched beside him, sizing him up for pickings. Abel asked about her new stove.

"No!" Paulette said flatly. "I won't sell it. But you can see it. Everybody does. What would you want it for—your squaw out in the mountains?"

She led him through the kitchen, with its wide cooking fireplace. Behind that was a new lean-to. "I had it built for the stove. There—there it is. Isn't it a beauty?"

She stood close while he admired the stove, and her educated fingers estimated the weight of the gold-filled poke sagging in his hip pocket. Abel was all eyes for the stove. Shiny black, it stood on flared legs. Curlicues swarmed over all the parts save the smooth, four-lidded top. Enclosed in scrollwork on the oven door were the words, "Philadelphia Comforter."

Abel thought, "So she can have the stove and Ailse can't." . . . He asked, "You come from Philadelphia, ma'am?"

Paulette laughed, squeezed his arm. "Never! They are narrow-minded in Philadelphia. . . . You can call me Paulette."

She ordered drinks in her little parlor. Abel dawdled over his. Once she left him, mixed special drinks herself. Abel managed to switch those drinks around so that she got his.

After that he grew garrulous, then sleepy. Mumbling something, he toppled over on the sofa, snored steadily.

Fingers pried gently in his pocket, nipped the poke. Paulette stood up, the poke went into the front of her gown and she summoned a beefy, black-browed man.

"Toss him out under a sagebush," she ordered. "Don't let him back in when he comes to."

The little cinder cone jutted from the desert, three or four times the height of Abel Chottaw's wagon. It looked like a leaning tower about to fall. It had leaned that way through long ages.

Men seldom investigated cinder cones—they housed only rattlesnakes and lizards, nothing of interest to men. But this one was different. It had a crumbling blowhole at its base and in that hole cold water burbled, sank back on itself. There was belly-deep grass. Quaking aspens, leaves dancing like mad, thrust their roots in the rich lava soil.

Ned and Duke stuffed on the grass till Abel sang out: "Lay down and roll for a change. The green slobber's spillin' out your mule ears."

Abel was stretched on the top of the cone, partly in the shade of a stunted sagebush that clung there. His long needle gun lay beside him, linen cartridges ready. He squinted at a dust cloud in the north. It moved swiftly, as if a cannon ball skipped along. Mounted men scouring the desert.

The cone was well south of where they would expect Abel Chottaw to be. Egg McBride had whispered to him about it last night. During the cool night hours he had pushed the team to it, promising them a day's rest and the best feed in Oregon Territory when they had reached it.

The horsemen came on in a loose fan and it appeared they would split on the cone. Abel balanced the heavy rifle in front of him. If they fanned around the cone they would see the wagon in the depression, with the cookstove sticking up in it, shiny black as a nigger's heel.

The gents forking those ponies would then figure that the stove was as good as back in Paulette's lean-to, but it wouldn't be.

Then Abel saw the line swing a point or two east. The end of the line pounded under him, perhaps two rods from the stove. He looked down on hunched riders, lathered mounts.

That was Egg McBride bending the line eastward and away. Abel grinned a little, slid down from his perch, spread his blankets on green grass. He pulled his hat over his eyes, but left it so he could see the Philadelphia stove up above in the wagon bed. He hoped Paulette's knockout medicine hadn't made her too sick when she woke up this morning. That and the sale of her stove, for a poke weighing up five hundred dollars and a couple of pinches of profit thrown in. Paulette could buy another stove when Egg McBride's shipment came in. She didn't have to cross any mountains to buy a stove. And then she would know better than to knock herself out and leave the door unbarred on the lean-to where she kept the Philadelphia stove. Or to roll the poke off a gent from the Umpqua.

"You, Duke, you loafer," Abel admonished. "You eat some more now. Come dark we're headin' for home."

AILSE CHOTTAW'S sociable was ruined by frost, though Ailse fought the frost with all her weapons. It was a coming-out party for her new stove and she stood beside it, demonstrating its shiny doors and lids and drafts to the neighbor women. They were dressed stiffly, as for a wedding or a funeral. Ailse stirred the makings of taffy in a pan. It was long since these women had reveled in a taffy pull.

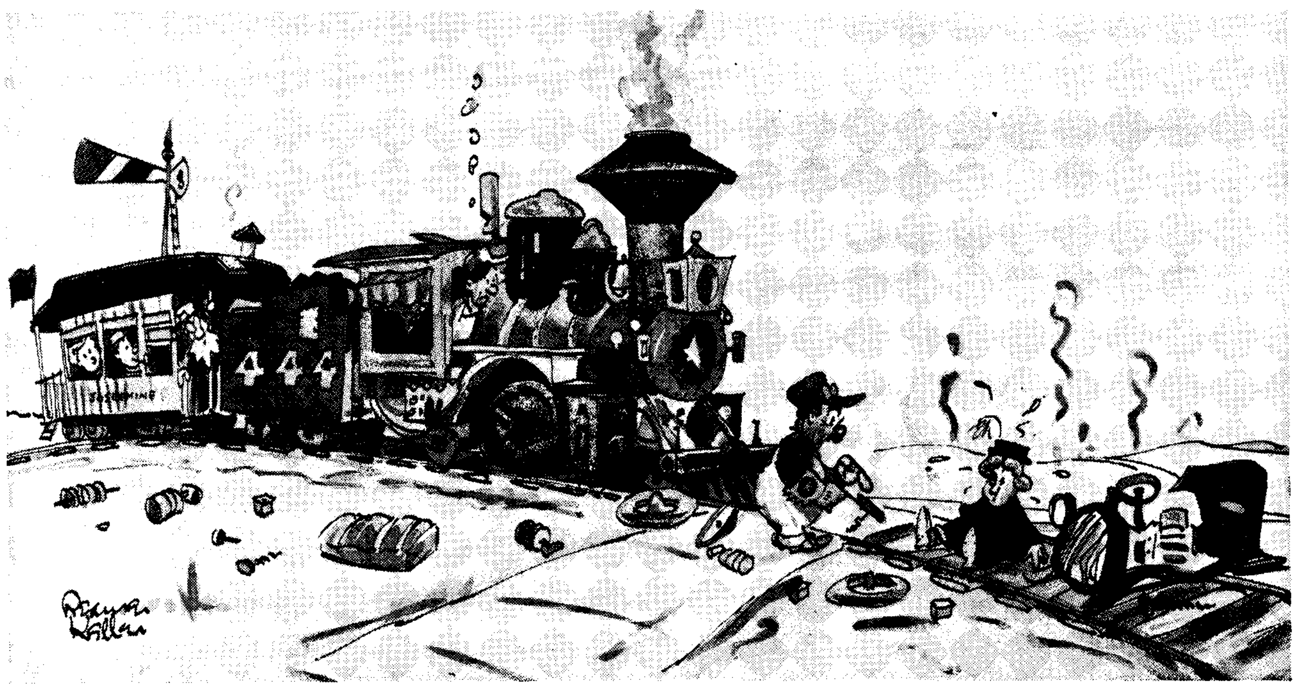
Mrs. Alf Calahan, in her rusty green, chattered: "We had one just like it in Kentucky. It was a dandy baker—it baked the dandiest cake." Her chattering couldn't hide a suspicion of tears. The stove had brought the lost East back to them.

Other women, some angular, some dumpy, all brown and strong, took it differently. Their eyes narrowed, calculating, fixing firmly on inner resolves they'd never give up.

Their husbands across the room knotted about Abel and there wasn't the usual guffawing and knee-slapping. "Abe," Alf Calahan accused, "if I'd knowed what you was fetchin' back, I'd have pounded your head off."

A leathery little man spat bitterly, "There won't be no peace on the Umpqua now. They won't be nothin' but hell, hell, hell. Mornin', noon and night. A man can fight everything else—he can't fight things like this."

"For me," Alf crackled, "any time you ketch me freightin' six, eight hundred



"Just so you'll know the next time, ma'am, this is the accelerator, not the brake" REAMER KELLER

YOUR TIME IS MONEY
...this book saves it
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECT
Refrigerators—Electric
KELVINATOR ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS
"THE CHAMPION ICE MAKER"
Kelvinator
"WHERE TO BUY THEM"
DIRECT FACTORY BRANCH
KELVINATOR DIVISION
NASH-KELVINATOR CORP
DEALERS
APPROVED APPLIANCES CO
GENERAL REFRIGERATION SERVICE INC

Quickly find where to buy that product or service you want. Just look it up in your Classified. Listed there are nearby dealers, in a great variety of classifications — carefully selected for your convenience.

Note reference to Classified in Kelvinator advertisement on opposite page.

Like the half-formed thoughts jostling, shuttling in her head. . . . Bright parlors on Walnut Street, Philadelphia, and dancing school . . . Rain on the street, rattling trams . . . Strangeness here, where the forest rolled over the next range to the froth of the Western Sea.

She wanted to talk but Abel was snoring when he tumbled into the blankets. Somewhere a cougar screamed, a wail that crescendoed suddenly and shattered. If she didn't talk she would go bitter. Yet if she talked it would come around to where Abel would say, or worse, he would silently feel, that she had had better things than the other women. That he was slaving to give her better things again. A bigger house . . . and Alf and his wife rubbing in the salt.

Abel was slaving every daylight hour and he was silent. How could she talk to him, about the things inside her. . . . She couldn't sort them out properly. She couldn't even scream, like the female cougar in the night. She knew it was a female and was glad it was dark. . . . The night wheeled over the tiny clearing and soon she would be on her knees on the sharp earth before the fire. At any moment then she might hurl the hot spider at his head. What would he do this time? Mrs. Alf had said he ought to beat the hide off her.

Next day was punctuated with squeals from the butchering shed down the creek. Ailse tended a roaring fire, heated water interminably for the scalding vat. The men worked naked to the belt. Alf with his red beard done up in a piece of old dress goods. As though blood wouldn't match that beard . . . where the little devil had hidden and tickled him.

Abel never rested. He was gaunter, Ailse saw, than he had been even at the end of the trip to Prineville. Mrs. Alf had told the girl all about that trip, but Ailse set her firm little jaw. She couldn't cook like a squaw—there was something inside her that couldn't. Mrs. Alf muttered, "The best man on the Umpqua and he gets the worst." Ailse heard that, and Abel was near by and must have heard it too.

Abel packed his pork in the wagon bed, a layer of salt and a layer of pork. He would lose no time curing it—it would cure while he was freighting it to the Jacksonville mines. The miners would celebrate when he and Ned and Duke pulled in. Tired of elk steak and salmon, they would pay a dollar a pound in red creek gold for civilized pork. A couple of trips would fill his poke to the drawstring.

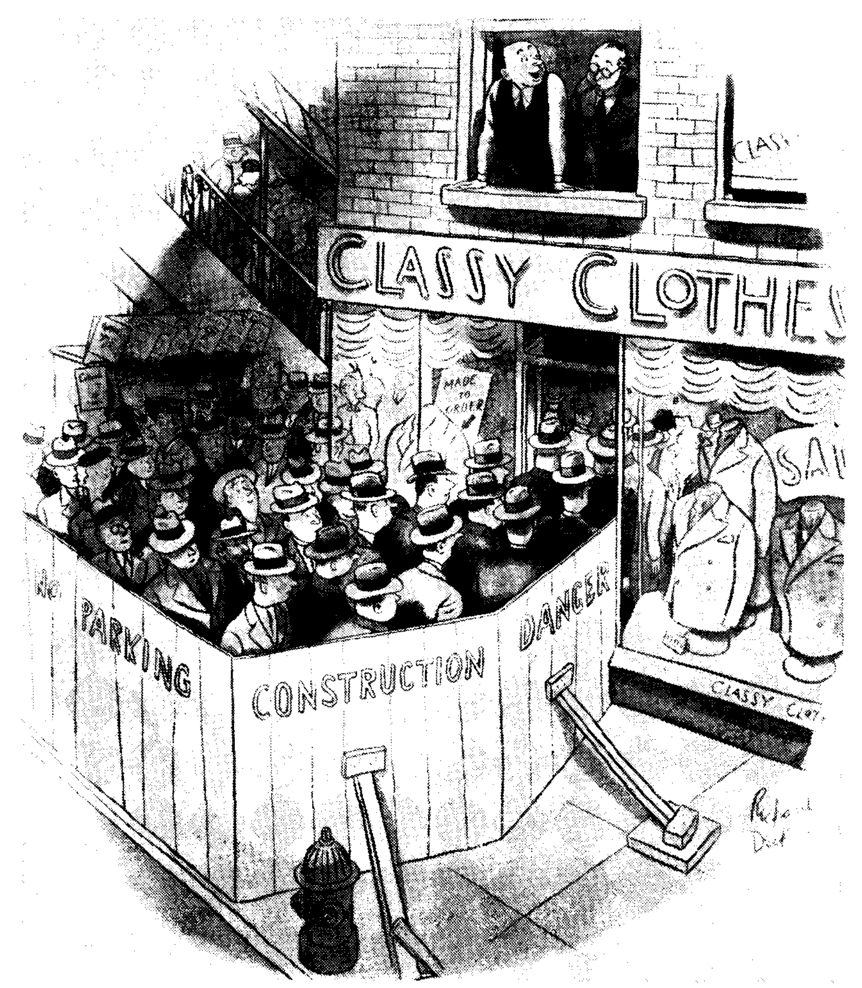
ABEL'S house-raising was different than Ailse's sociable had been. The frost was gone. Big men who looked awkward laid the hewn joists, ran up the notched-log walls, swarmed over the pole rafters. A house—a sturdy, mighty house for the wilderness, sprang up before Ailse's wide eyes. Wild horseplay was continuous and Ailse stopped blushing, bustled with the women fixing victuals around the fires.

There wasn't any frost for Abel, and Alf crackled out: "You going to need help to fill this house as well as build it? An empty house ain't nacheral in nature."

And the women were better, if no more subtle than their men. They inspected the new fireplace, not yet completed. Mrs. Alf nodded approval. "It's wider than mine; it'll be real handy. But then Abel, he likes the best. He's the hustlin'est man on the Umpqua."

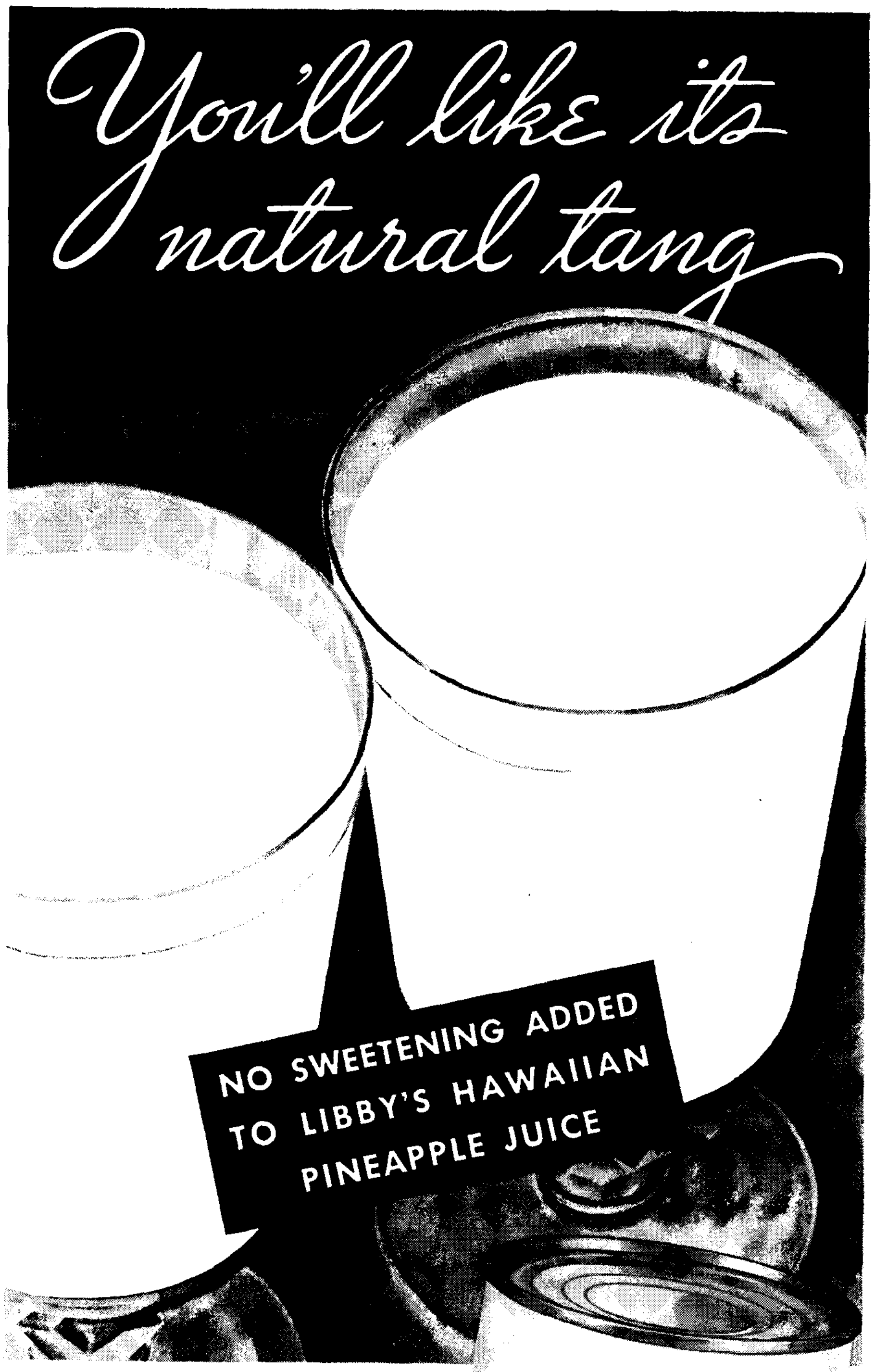
Oh, they could ease up on the Philadelphia bride, now that she was taken off her high horse, no better than her neighbors. Now that she, like they, must cook over the coals. And Ailse had twin red spots blazing on her cheeks, but she guarded her lips. "I knew a girl when I was a girl," Mrs. Alf chattered. "A stuck-up spitfire. And you know what come of her? . . ."

They were gone, after an eternity, the guffawing and knee-slapping died out of the new house and night rolled over the



"This'll be a good idea until the Street Commissioner hears about it!"

RICHARD DECKER


You'll like its natural tang
NO SWEETENING ADDED TO LIBBY'S HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE JUICE

Libby's
PURE UNSWEETENED HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE JUICE

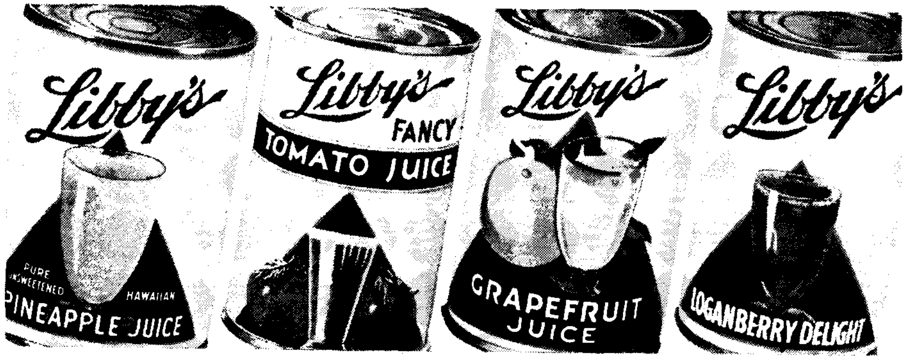
THAT'S WHY Libby's Pineapple Juice is so refreshing—there's no sweetening of any kind added to it; you get the full natural tang.

You get, too, a most thrillingly delicious flavor . . . the winy zest of really ripe Hawaiian "pines." Libby permits only selected, field-ripened fruit to be pressed for juice; packs the fresh juice right there, in on-the-spot Hawaiian kitchens.

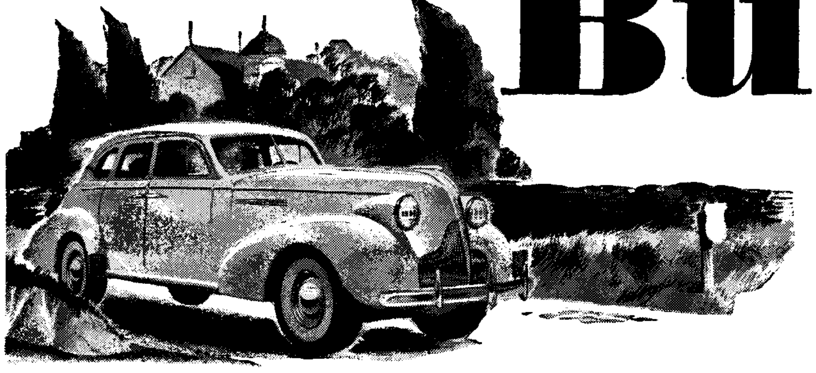
Won't you try this tangy juice of Libby's soon? It has the vitamins and minerals you expect in a fruit juice.

1939 WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS! *See Libby's Treasure Ship in the Foods Building at New York and San Francisco*

LOOK! A FAMILY OF LIBBY'S JUICES



# An Extra Trifle
# Buys this Ey



STREAMING along in all the glory of its seventeen feet of sparkling beauty, you might guess at first that this gorgeous Buick wasn't meant for you right now.

It's plenty *big*—plenty rich-looking and luxurious — there's a fine-linen look about it that you're likely to associate with *expensive* things.

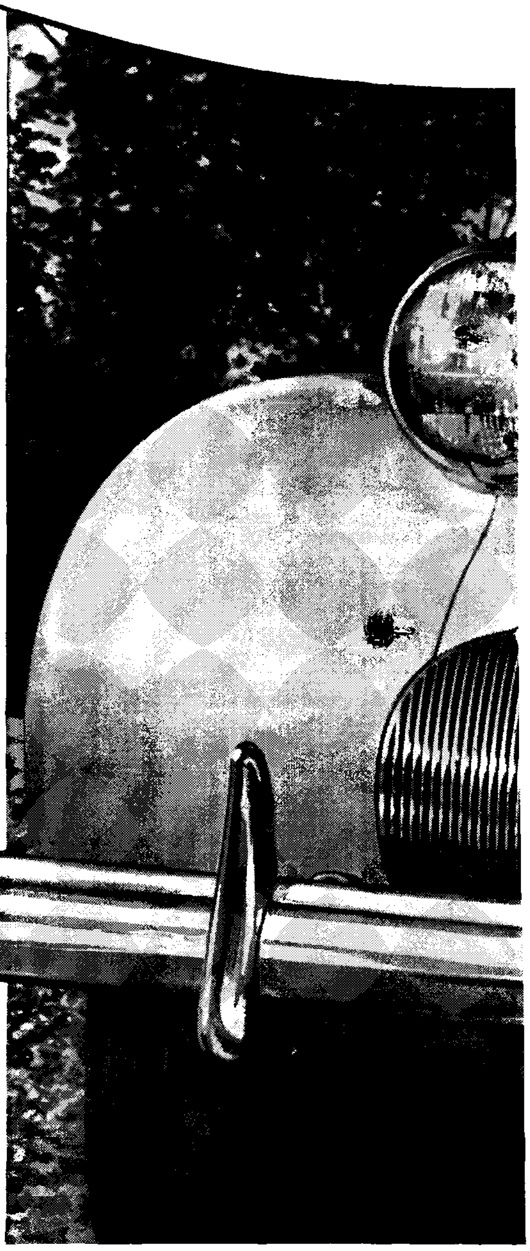
Even what you hear about its inner workings — eight cylinders instead of six, a hundred-plus horsepower, performance like a custom-built job—might lead you to classify this traveler as something to look forward to when your ship comes in.

Well, we'd like to point out that jumping at such conclusions can cost you a lot of gorgeous fun!

The facts are that even Buick's lower-than-some-sixes prices do not tell the whole story of how easy this powder-quick stepper is to buy!

At best it will cost you only a trifle over cars you're considering principally out of habit.

But it comes standard-equipped with so many things you'd normally buy as extras* that it can easily cost you *less* in reality than some cars of *lower* advertised price!



And while it's lavishly brilliant in action — and amazingly frugal in habit — the *big* thing is that this Buick-bargain is *fatter* in the things you deeply want in a car!

*Styling* that's straight out of tomorrow.

*Spirit* and *life* and *action* — there's a tiny cyclone in each cylinder to put ginger in your going!

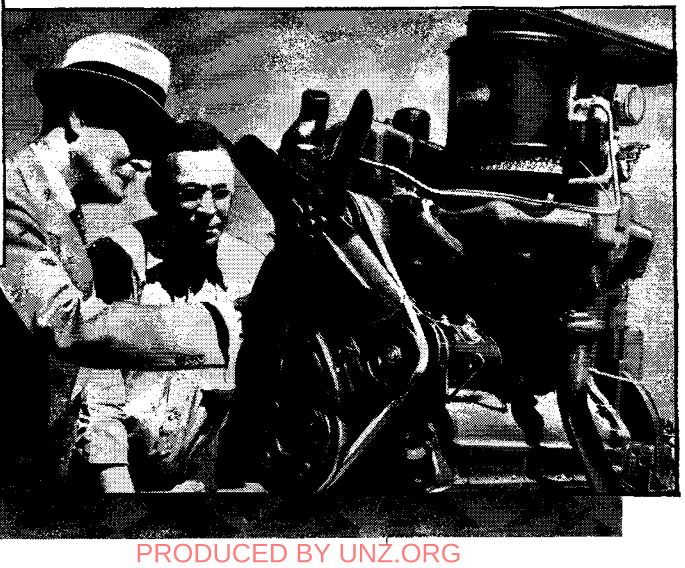
The downy *comfort* of cushiony coil springs both front *and* rear!

A *view,* and what a view, from as much as 412 more square inches of window and windshield opening!

**NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES**

★DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE ★ BUICOIL TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING ★ GREATER VISIBILITY ★ HANDISHIFT TRANSMISSION ★ ROOMIER UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER ★ TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE ★TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES★ CROWN SPRING CLUTCH ★ "CATWALK-COOLING" ★ OPTIONAL REAR AXLE GEAR RATIOS ★ FLASH-WAY DIRECTION SIGNAL ★ SELF-BANKING KNEE-ACTION FRONT SPRINGING

*When better automobiles are built Buick will build them*



**ABLEST OF THE EIGHTS** is this mighty Buick Dynaflash Valve-in-Head Straight-Eight, with a cyclone in each cylinder to squeeze full power from every drop of fuel.

---

*Such as the Flash-Way direction signal, exclusive to Buick; three bumper guards; dual windshield wipers, sun visors and taillights; automatic electric lighters; locks on both front doors; lighted luggage compartments—all *included in the price* on Buick!

# ful!

U S A 1939
BUICK
EIGHT

*The model illustrated is the Buick* SPECIAL *model 41 four-door touring sedan $996 delivered at Flint, Mich.*†

All together here's *the kind of car you've hoped for*—and every penny you pay for it comes back a thousand-fold in the extra fun it provides!

At prices lower than a year ago, lower than you expect, lower than some sixes, plenty of folks figure it's too good a buy to pass up. Drive it once and see why!

**$894**

**and up**

delivered at Flint, Mich.

†*Subject to change without notice. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra.*

# “Better buy Buick!”

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Three ways to lose your best girl

**METHOD 1:** Wear shirts whose collars sprawl all over your neck. Be sure *never* to wear Arrow Shirts—their collars have the perfection acquired by 78 years of fine collar-making.

**METHOD 2:** Keep her waiting because you have to replace missing buttons on your best shirt. Warning: Steer clear of Arrows—their buttons are *anchored* on by Arrow's patented button stay.

**METHOD 3:** Wear shirts that shrink till your gullet grumbles. Don't expect Arrow Shirts to do this for you: They're Sanforized-Shrunk, fabric guaranteed not to shrink more than a measly 1%!

**OR, IF YOU'D RATHER HOLD THE GAL:** Make America's favorite shirt a habit. Go to your Arrow dealer's today and get the ideal spring-and-summer shirt, Arrow Gordon, made of fine oxford. $2.

ARROW SHIRTS

*Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit*

clearing. Ailse slumped in a window innocent of glass, stared out. Abel stretched on his back on the floor. Later he'd build chairs, a bed.

The girl went outside and stood a long time. The night trembled around her. She felt small, surrounded by the bigness and rawness of this new world. Her hands were little fists and they were rough-blackened now, from poking the cooking fire. She thought of Abel lying on the floor, remembered the gay young trapper in St. Louis. . . . Some tiny creature scuttled in the grass and she started, walked slowly to the blackened ashes down closer to the creek, where the old house had stood.

It wasn't so dark that she couldn't have made out the lump of twisted metal that had been her Philadelphia stove—if she had looked at it. But she stared instead at the fire-split rocks where the fireplace had been.

The cranes and pothooks of the old fireplace had lain among those rocks. They weren't there now. They were hidden under a rotting log in the forest, where Abel couldn't find them.

Ailse moved to that log like a sleepwalker. She searched in the rotting wood with a stick, at length, on her knees, she clawed with her hands. There was nobody to see or hear. . . .

Abel sat up, staring at the fireplace that needed completing. He couldn't find the answer. Couldn't decide which of two things he must do. It was one of those problems that must be answered by something surer than his dulled brain.

There were steps behind him. Ailse stood beside him and she held the cranes and hooks from the old fireplace.

She said, "Abel—put them in the fireplace—set them in strong in the rocks—"

She got down beside him and he put an arm around her.

It was an hour until moon time but when the moon was up, Abel stirred. "You got some spare eggs, hon? Them dominicker hens been layin' good?"

"Two dozen, Abel. What—"

Abel chuckled. "I'm takin' 'em to a friend of mine."

He went out and she heard him dropping things in the wagon bed, harnessing the team. Then she ran out, suddenly, fearfully.

"Abe! Abe!"

"I'm goin' to Prineville, hon. I'll be back. You be good."

"Oh, no. No! You mustn't! Abel—oh, don't you see—I don't want a stove! I don't want you to go! I want you—"

Ned and Duke moved into a trot and she ran after the wagon. Abe half-turned, talking back to her: "I got the damnedest wife ever. She's got the damnedest house on the river and she's goin' to have the damnedest stove. . . . Duke, you loafer!"

Ailse stood still. Team and wagon were a blur, then only fading sounds, as wheel hubs chucked on axles. The terrible trip; trip that men never made alone—only Abel, because his neighbors would never go with him—for a silly fantod. The pass and the desert and the murderous Klamaths . . . The things inside her had sent him once, twice. . . . Two months alone and maybe forever. . . .

Ailse screamed then and the scream broke. Her fists beat together.

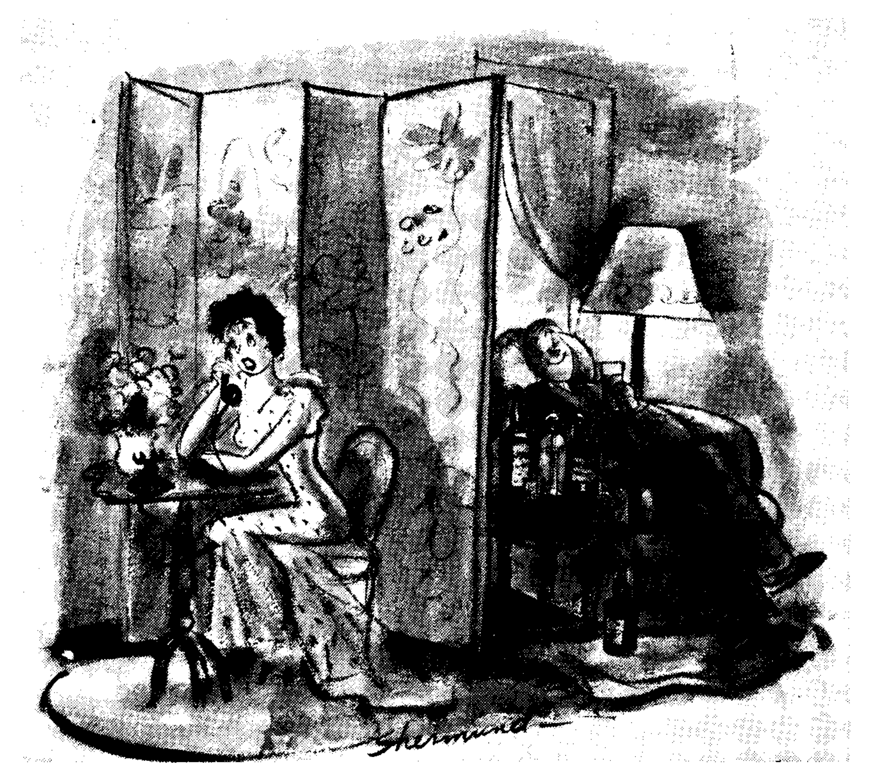
DUKE, the loafer, stirred his shanks as the outfit rattled the last few miles to home. A westering sun shafted on the red paint of the roadside maples and manzanita. There would be October frost on the stones tonight.

Below the road the Umpqua glinted in pools or riffled over shallows. It zigzagged in its valley, searching out the rich pockets where settlers lived. There were some half-wild pigs on the road ahead and they lunged into the brush.

Abel straightened on the wagon seat. This country wasn't like the country he had been seeing for two slow months—country to be passed through. This was country to stop in—and stay.

He thought of Prineville, Egg McBride and the beatitude in McBride's eyes as he had gazed on two dozen brown ranch eggs, thirty-four days old, packed in damp moss. Of McBride laughing till the amber whisky slopped from his glass, as he tried to repeat Madame Paulette's comments the morning after the magic disappearance of her Philadelphia stove.

Of the two Klamath warriors with the painted hides. The needle gun had laid them in the greasewood, to poison coyotes. Duke had got an arrow in his rump and hadn't loafed for a while. . . . Abel put those thoughts away, to chew on at leisure. Now he was home and there was a new, black, gleaming stove behind him in the wagon, with stove-



"And how is your husband meeting the European crisis?"

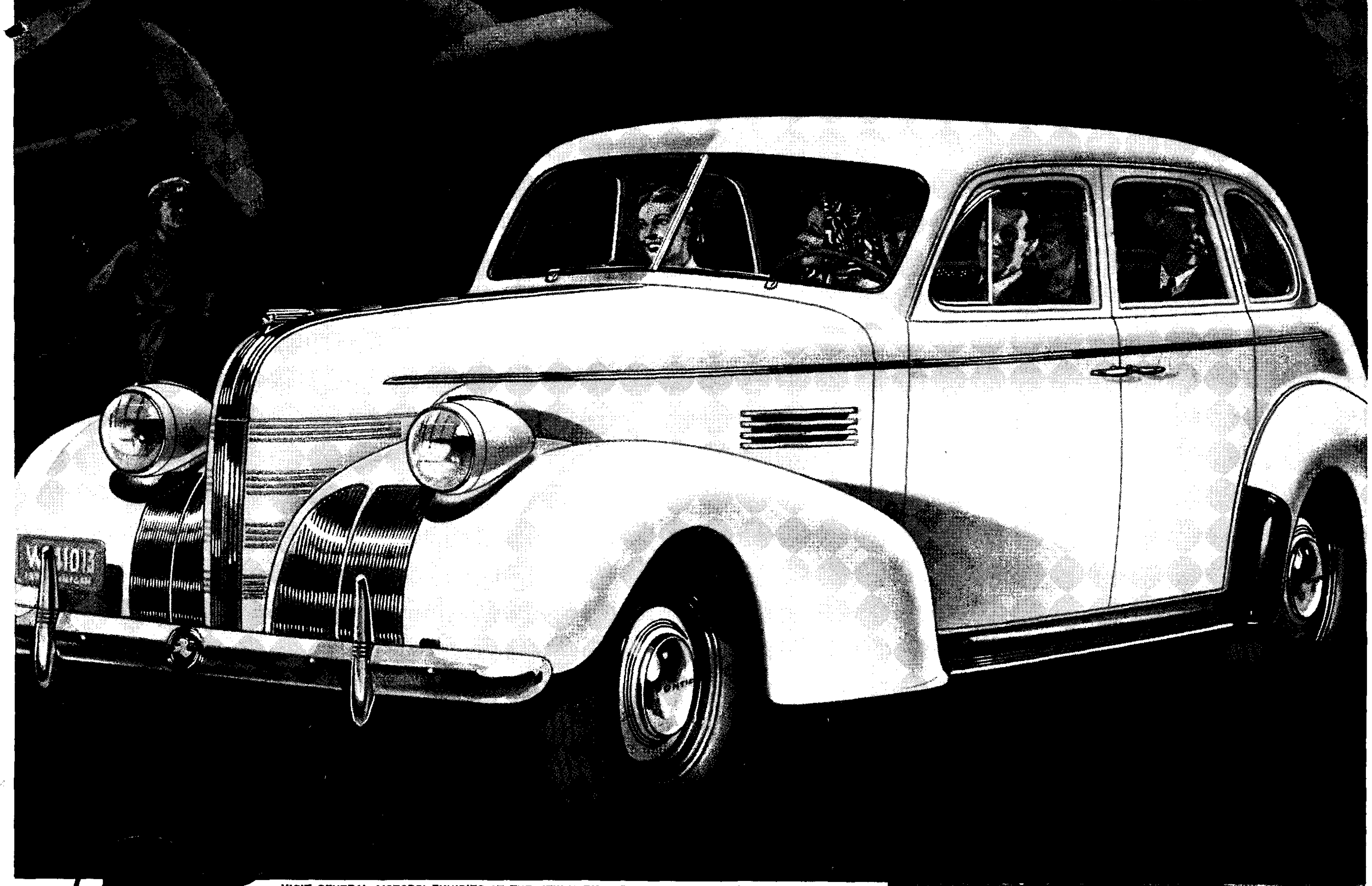
BARBARA SHERMUND

# Perhaps this is something you've never heard

This may be something you have never heard. It takes a certain minimum amount of money to build a car which the American people will buy. A manufacturer can't go much *below* that figure because of certain basic costs. However, he can *add* just a few dollars to this amount—and make a remarkable advance in his car. He can provide a lot more of everything—comfort, wheelbase, safety, beauty and performance. That's what we have done with Pontiac. It costs a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars—but what a difference in quality!

**GENERAL MOTORS' *SECOND* LOWEST-PRICED CAR**

*Illustrating De Luxe 120 Six 4-door Sedan $922**



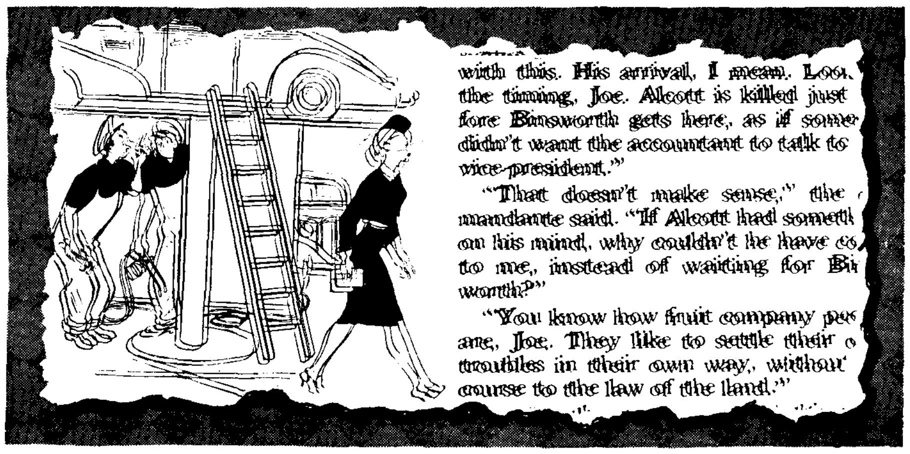
VISIT GENERAL MOTORS' EXHIBITS AT THE NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO WORLD'S FAIRS.

# PONTIAC $758

**AND UP,** **delivered at Pontiac, Mich. Prices subject to change without notice. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra.*

**AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR**

# Suppose Collier's looked like this!



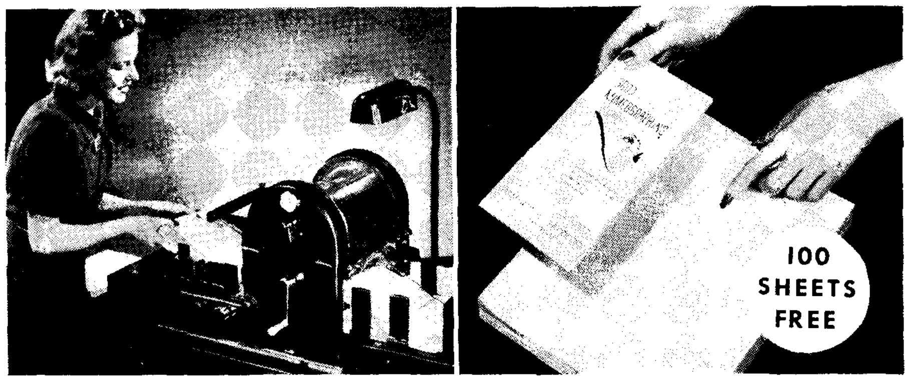
with this. His arrival, I mean. Loo. the timing, Joe. Alcott is killed just fore Binsworth gets here, as if some didn't want the accountant to talk to vice-president."

"That doesn't make sense," the mandante said. "If Alcott had someth on his mind, why couldn't he have co to me, instead of waiting for Bi worth?"

"You know how fruit company pe are, Joe. They like to settle their o troubles in their own way, without course to the law of the land."

**Suppose** your copy were so fuzzy and blurred you could hardly make out the words. You'd be pretty sore, wouldn't you? But Collier's don't make any such mistake, because they use a paper suited to the printing process they employ. That same sort of judgment is necessary in your purchases of paper for office use.

**When you** send out a mimeographed letter that is blurry and hard to read, what do you think happens to it? Right . . . it lands in the wastebasket—unread. So isn't it worth a minute—right now—to check up and see that every message from your mimeograph machine is as clear as it *can* be? Here's what to do . . .



**Mail the coupon,** and we'll send you a generous supply of Hammermill Mimeograph Paper free. Run these sheets on your own machine. Compare them with your present paper. Chances are 99 to 1* you'll say Hammermill Mimeograph is better. Attach coupon to your business letterhead and mail now. We'll also send you "Good Mimeographing"—tips on how to get better results from your stencil equipment.

* *Based on verdict of other businessmen who have made this test.*

HAMMERMILL MIMEOGRAPH PAPER

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF HAMMERMILL BOND

*Send this coupon!*

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, Erie, Pa. C-4-29

Please send 100-sheet packet of Hammermill Mimeograph and booklet, "Good Mimeographing." We operate model__________Stencil Duplicator

Name__________Position__________

*(Offer applies only within U. S.)* (Please attach to your *business* letterhead)

LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK IT IS HAMMERMILL'S WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

pipe, pots, pans and newfangled sadirons. He was home and he wouldn't be mentioning Paulette aloud.

About Ailse . . . but who could know about Ailse? She'd be back in her cocoon. She'd popped out of it for one big minute and he wouldn't forget that. By now she'd be back in it, all wrapped up.

The leaning cedar was ahead and under it waited Alf Calahan on his sorrel mare. Alf climbed from the saddle and Abel pulled up the team.

"Get down from that wagon," Alf said.

Abel stood up, stepped on the wagon tongue, jumped stiffly to the road. Alf hit him and he hit back. Everything was silent save for the thud of terrific blows.

Alf caught Abel with a windmill ox-killer to the side of the jaw. Abel hit the dust, rolled onto his knees. A fine line of red trickled from one side of his mouth.

"I warned ye," Alf said savagely, "not to bring in no more fantods." He looked at Abel, shaking his head to clear it. He went on, something of bewildered defeat in his words: "Now my woman an' all the women will have to have stoves. Abe, it won't stop with stoves. Next your wife'll be squealin' about other trimmin's—rocker chairs and winder curtains and—my God—carpets to tromp on. We don't want no civilization on the Umpqua, we come here to get away from it—Abe!"

Alf stared at Abel, now on his feet, stepping on the wagon tongue. Something else had crossed Alf's mind, crowding out his grievance.

"Abel! You can lick me; you always could. Why'd you let me lick you, Abe?"

Abel picked up the lines, shook his head again. "That I don't know, Alf. Everybody, I reckon, has got to be the way they are."

AILSE was in the door and Abel knew suddenly she'd spent a lot of hours in that door. He sprang down and grabbed her and it was all right. "Stop your blubbering, hon," said Abel.

It was more than all right. Ailse wasn't wearing her black alpaca—saving it for weddings and funerals, likely. She wasn't wrapped in fourteen petticoats and she wasn't even wearing her corsets with their cast-iron breast guards. He could feel her soft body. Lost her cocoon for sure, the girl had.

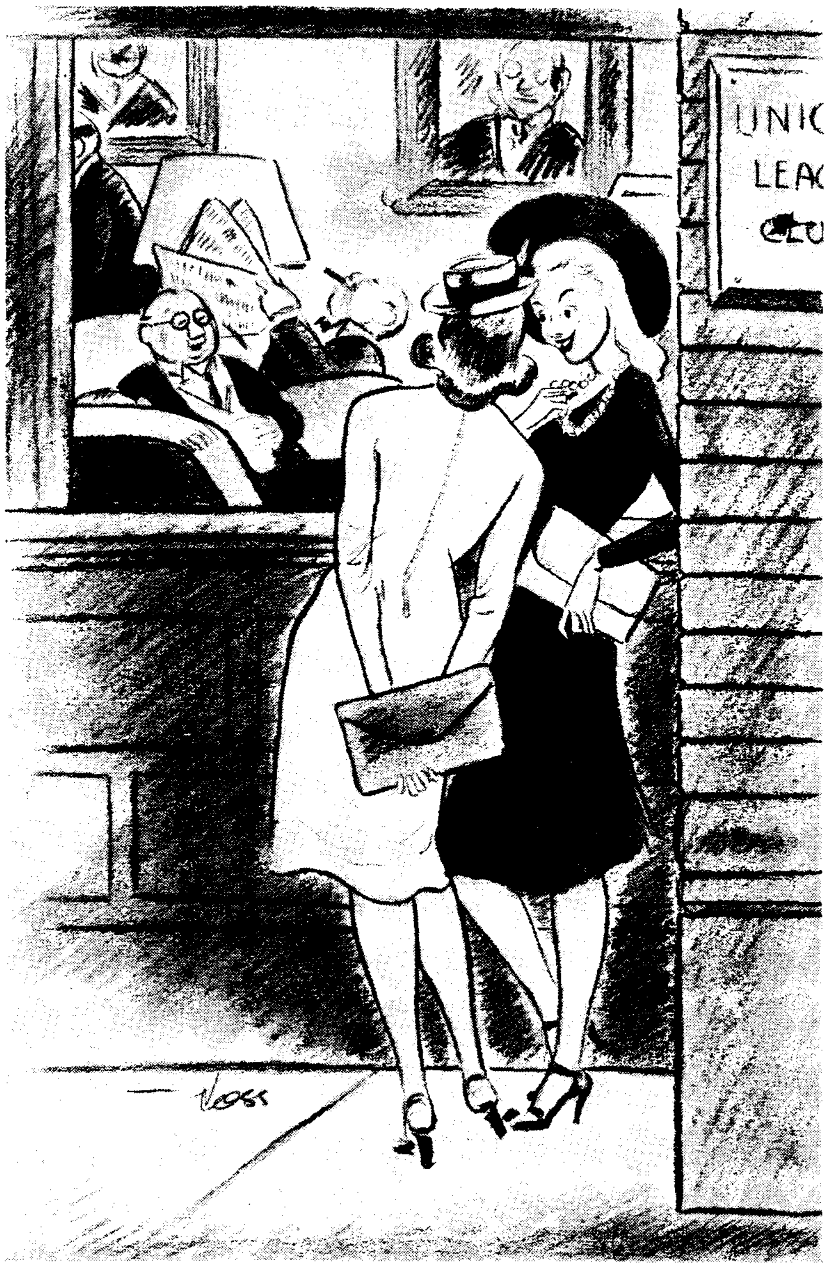
"Stand one side," said Abel importantly, "so I can unload this ornery cookstove. Then you cook me a meal on it, woman."

It was late that night when the knock sounded on the door. Abel called from the blankets, "Who's there?"

"It's Alf. I ain't gone home yet. I been roamin' the brush. Abel, you wouldn't no way sell that damned stove of yours? . . . No, I didn't hope you would. They got any more just like it?"

"They got 'em at Prineville, Alf," Abel said.

Outside they heard a terrible, gusty sigh. Then slow, defeated footsteps retreated. Under the blankets Ailse giggled against Abel's gaunt shoulder.



**"Second from the left is kinda cute!"**

A. ROSS

# Out-Accelerates...Out-Climbs and OUTSELLS the Field!

## *It's the LIVELIEST of all low-priced cars!*

CHEVROLET

***No other car combines all these famous features:***

- EXCLUSIVE VACUUM GEARSHIFT
- NEW AERO-STREAM STYLING, NEW BODIES BY FISHER
- NEW LONGER RIDING-BASE
- 85-HORSEPOWER VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX
- PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES
- NEW "OBSERVATION CAR" VISIBILITY
- PERFECTED KNEE-ACTION RIDING SYSTEM with Improved Shockproof Steering *(Available on Master De Luxe models only)*
- TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH

**More nimble in traffic . . . more powerful on the hills . . . and *the fastest-selling car in America!***

If you want to "go stepping" in a big way this spring and summer—*and for many a month to come*—here's your "car-key" to the city and the entire country!

You'll lead the way in a Chevrolet—the biggest-selling car in America during seven out of the last eight years—*and the liveliest of all low-priced cars!*

It's faster on the getaway—it's better on the hills, and *more economical all the time,* than other cars in its price range . . . because it alone is powered with Chevrolet's famous Valve-in-Head Engine, the master motor of the low-price field!

It's the best performer in the entire field of economy cars, and the *only* low-priced car combining all the beauty, comfort and safety advantages listed on this page.

But *riding beats reading,* so please visit your Chevrolet dealer and sell yourself a new Chevrolet *today!*

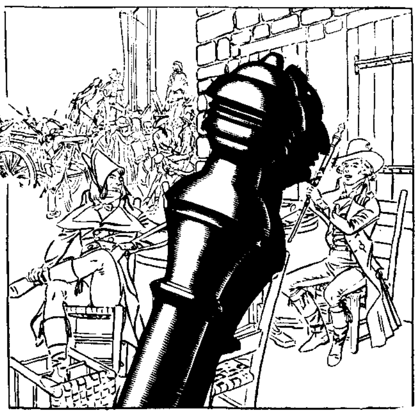
CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation,* DETROIT, MICHIGAN
*General Motors Instalment Plan—convenient, economical monthly payments. A General Motors Value.*

ALL CHEVROLET PRICES ARE MUCH LOWER!

# CHEVROLET

The only low-priced car combining "ALL THAT'S BEST AT LOWEST COST!"

# Strange facts ABOUT Symbols



One afternoon during the Reign of Terror, two men sat at separate tables on the terrace of a modest Parisian cafe.

From the crowded streets came shouts of violence. Cries of "Death to the aristocrats" rose from the ragged mob behind the tumbrel cart and its royalist victims riding to the guillotine.

"Citizen!" smiled one of the men, as he lifted his staff, "I drink to the soul of France!"

There came a long roll of distant drums.

"Citizen," answered the other, lifting his staff in turn, "My heart echoes your prayers."

Not one treasonable word had been spoken—yet each knew that the other was not a revolutionary, but at heart a loyal subject of king and queen. What unknown symbol did they exchange? Their secret was so simple, so obvious, that no one had ever noticed—it was merely that the heads of their walking sticks were oddly shaped. Even if you examined them, you would find nothing wrong with the sticks—but hold them in the light, cast their shadows on the wall and then you could see for yourself the profile of Louis XVI or Marie Antoinette. Symbols of loyalty!

A symbol is defined by the Columbia Encyclopedia as a visible object representing to the mind the sem-

---

# *Back of this Label is that Famous Flavor**

## *...FOUND ONLY IN SCHLITZ*

All beers contain hops and malt. Yet some brands seem bitter; others sweet. *That famous flavor* found only in Schlitz embodies the tang and goodness of true beer without the bitterness of the hops or the sweetness of the malt. For almost a century America has preferred this crowning achievement of the brewing art—a beer so fine that it made a city famous.

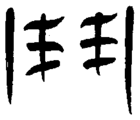
Copyright 1939 JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

***THE BEER THA***

blance of something which is not shown but realized by association with it. A precise way of describing a colorful and stirring phenomenon.

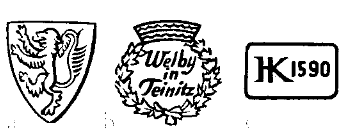
For thousands of years the Chinese have used a symbolic alphabet. Their characters do not stand for letter-sounds as our letters do, but for ideas; and often their symbols are not only appropriate but rich in ironic wisdom.

Take, for example, this figure —



an ideograph that stands for "trouble." Can you fancy why? It is a symbol of two women under one roof, and to Oriental experience that has spelled trouble for uncounted centuries.

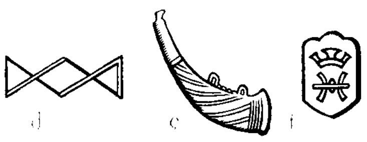
We in the Western world have put many of our ideals into symbols. To



(a) *A lion rampant, one of the earliest armorial symbols in heraldry.* (b) *Welby, a potier of 1790, his mark.* (c) *Insignia of Hans Kraut, builder of fancy furnaces in 1590.*

us, white means purity; the lion, courage. The dove stands for peace and the wedding ring is a symbol of endless felicity.

Long before the era of automobiles and airplanes, a now universally known symbol came into being. Quickly Americans learned to trust it and believe in its meaning—a token as trustworthy as the hall marks of fine silver, representing the maker's pride as truly as the marks of master builders



(d) *Symbol of Mylne family, famous castle builders of 15th Century.* (e) *Frankish drinking horn, symbolizing abundance.* (f) *An early silvermaker's "hall mark."*

carved in the stones of old cathedrals.

Millions of people all over the world see in the Schlitz globe the pledge of uniform quality and that famous flavor. It has become one of the oldest, best-known emblems of good faith between seller and buyer, the sign and seal of quality.

For almost one hundred years this famous beer has stood for modern perfection in the ancient art of brewing — skill and experience and infinite attention to detail, united in the blending of *that famous flavor* — pledged and identified by the familiar symbol that makes you confident when you serve Schlitz.

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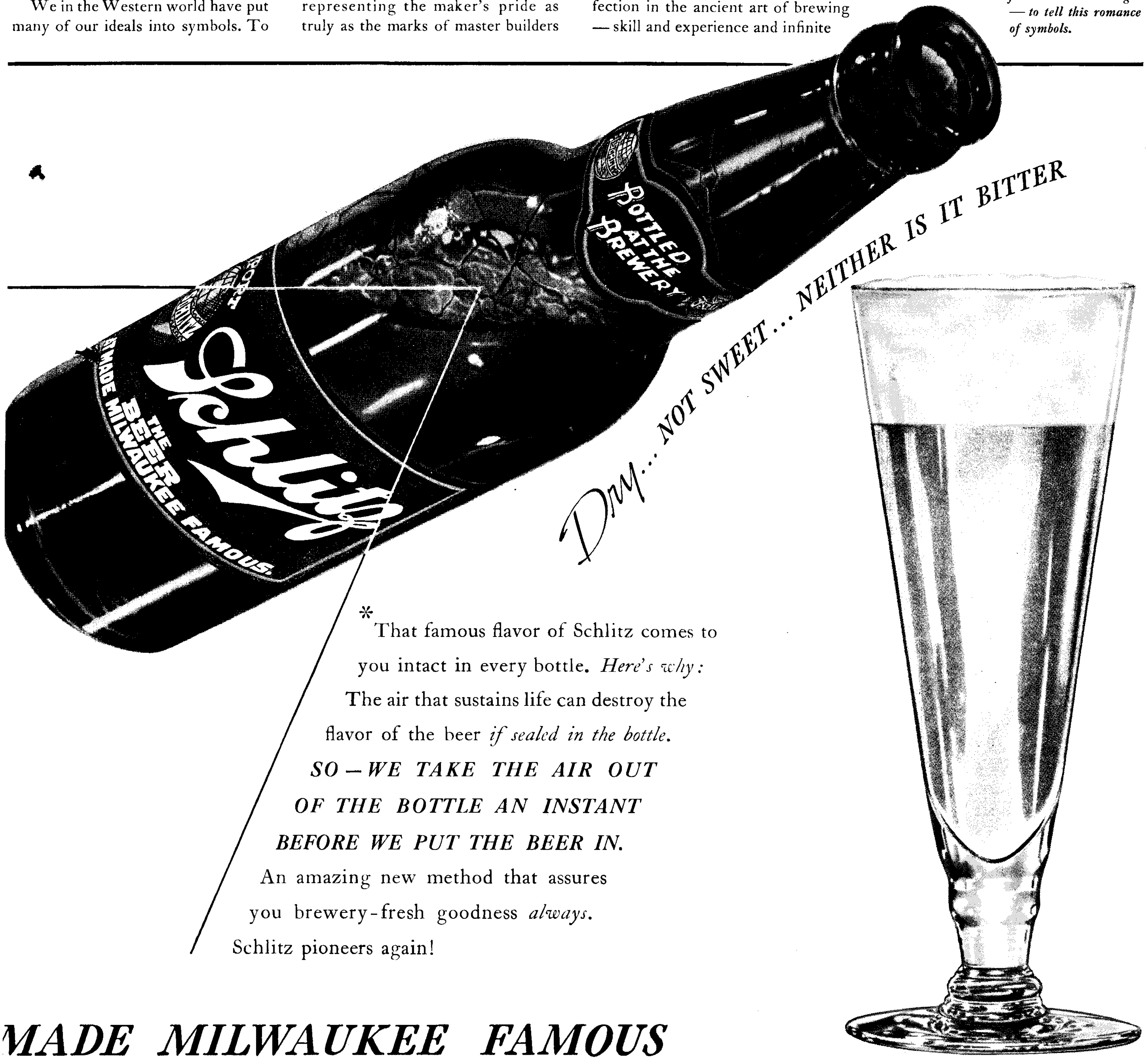
*The makers of Schlitz asked one of America's top-ranking editors — an author of best-selling fiction in his own right — to tell this romance of symbols.*



Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY
Dry... NOT SWEET... NEITHER IS IT BITTER

* That famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* The air that sustains life can destroy the flavor of the beer *if sealed in the bottle.* *SO — WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN.* An amazing new method that assures you brewery-fresh goodness *always.* Schlitz pioneers again!

***MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS***

HE TAKES HIS RISK KNOWINGLY
TIME TO RE-TIRE
GET A FISK
FISK SAFTI-FLIGHT

GAMBLING with fate is this man's *job* . . . but every motorist occasionally takes a gamble almost as great when he drives on wet, slippery roads with tires whose treads won't stop him in an emergency. Fisk Safti-Flight is different from any tire made by any other manufacturer. The tread has hundreds of flexible "braking-blocks" which function independently and give you faster, non-skid, straight-line stopping than you ever dreamed possible.

The white cross-strips which you see are inserts of soft but very tough rubber, which extend *below the ribs.* Their purpose is to make the tread flexible and thus to increase its stopping and non-skid efficiency. While the ribs actually are continuous, without break or cut, the *effect* of the gum inserts is to divide the tread into hundreds of deep, flexible blocks.

THE FISK TIRE CO., INC.
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

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FISK

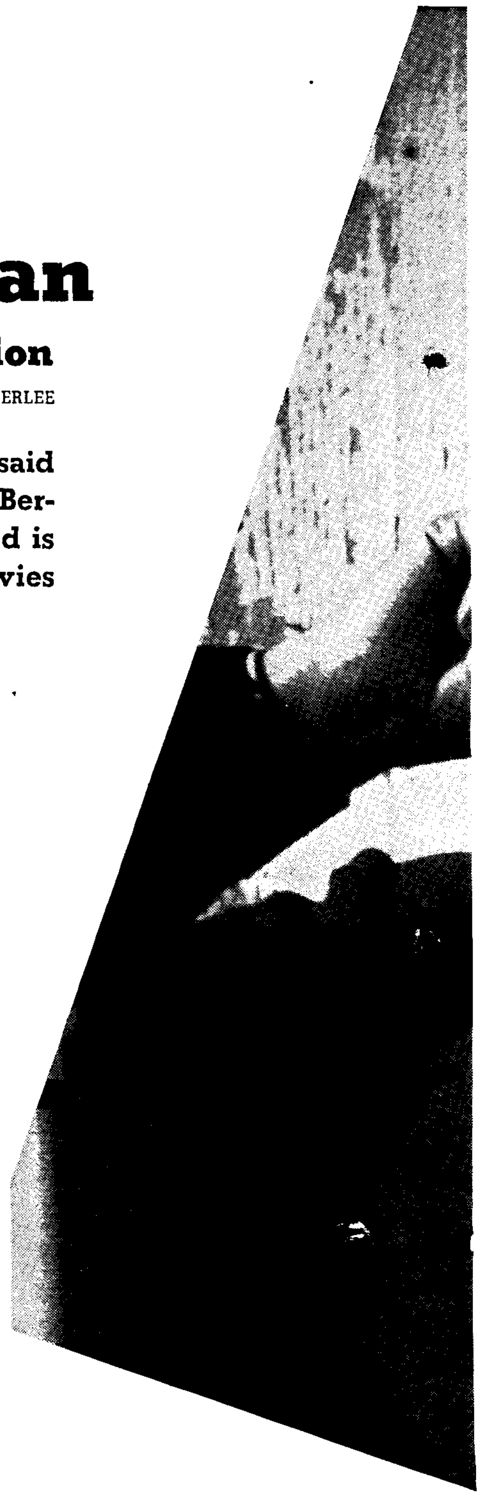
PLUS-*Protection* IN THE SKID ZONE ★ ★ PLUS-*Protection* IN THE BLOW-OUT ZONE

# Shaw Man

## By Frank Condon

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KERLEE

**"Take it or leave it," said Mr. Pascal. George Bernard Shaw took it and is doing well in the movies**



**Gabriel Pascal, producer of Pygmalion, is the man who succeeded in persuading George Bernard Shaw that good movies could be made of his plays. He has proved it with Pygmalion**

A MOTION picture called Pygmalion opened up in Los Angeles at the Four Star Theater on Wilshire Boulevard and set the industry by the ears. . . . Everywhere you went, you heard people talking about it—even persons who don't customarily talk about motion pictures, like Gene Fowler, Gene Buck, Harry Brand, Jim Denton and Bill Henry. . . . The reason it did this ear-setting is quite simple—you couldn't get in. Twice I tried and those in the waiting line gave me the stony stare that is part pity, part sneer.

Citizens of high and low degree could be seen nightly in a line winding around behind the parking lot, and if you don't believe this is a joyous spectacle in Hollywood, you err seriously. Presidents (of other and envious studios), vice-presidents, general managers, supervisors and other lofty officials all wished to see Pygamalion, first, because the movie workers were discussing it and, second, because you couldn't get in. This can't-get-in condition is a rare one in California and everywhere else.

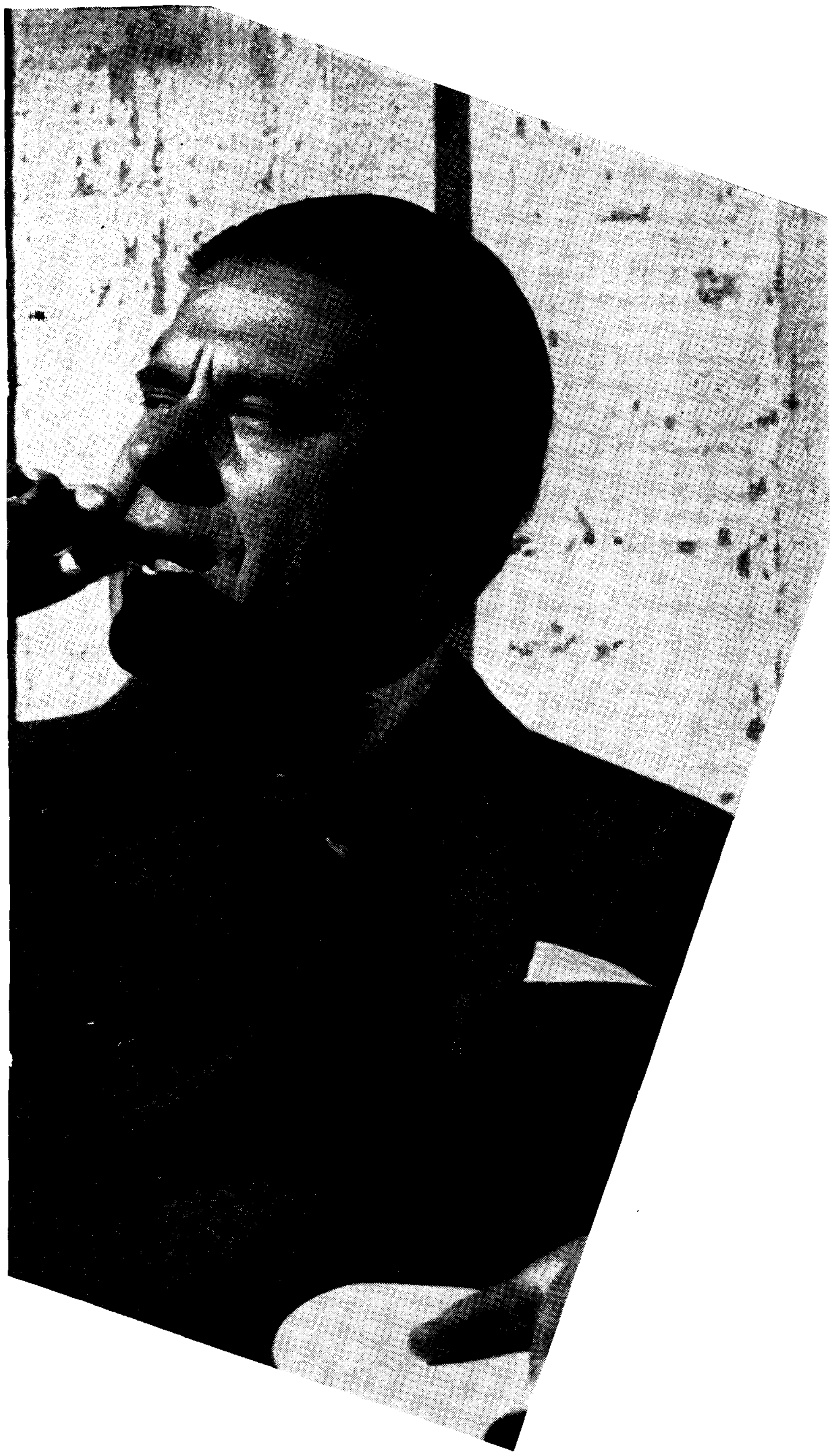
When these curious executives expose one of their own pictures in a theater, you can get in. Yes, indeed. . . . You can likewise take along Paul Whiteman's band, the Boy Scouts of Harlem and the Harvard crew and find seats for one and all, so there is a vast official anxiety to worm inside and see what sort of movie fare it is that makes a line on a sidewalk.

Gabriel Pascal produced the picture in London, polished it up in Hollywood and is now getting his breath back in a Beverly Hills hacienda. George Bernard Shaw had his finger in the pie, but refrained from making a nuisance of himself, so here we have a brand-new team—director and scenarist—and maybe that's what the ailing business requires.

Gabriel Pascal isn't interested in money or in making money. He says so himself. He believes that money means nothing, has no actual value and that the commercial history of both Germany and England proves it. Gabriel Pascal is interested only in art, in making fine, intelligent motion pictures, in providing the masses with entertainment that contains nothing but the truth, and when you listen to him pounding home his convictions you feel that here is an earnest soul who is going to get a good thumping in the next few years. Hollywood is a cynical town and is likely to shove Gabriel around extensively before he works his way through the impressive list of Mr. Shaw's plays.

At any rate, he is a lively figure in motion pictures, for he took an old piece by Bernard Shaw, an actress out of a London play, and Leslie Howard, and with this ancient play and Wendy Hiller, and Mr. Shaw writing all the words, he produced that most alluring and provocative sight—a curlicue of citizens on the curbstone, trying patiently to inch into the theater lobby and hand the yellow-haired girl fifty cents.

This young Gabriel Pascal looks a little like a fighter, is forty-seven years old, comes from Basque people in Hungary, can cure sick horses and was himself an actor for fifteen years at the Imperial Theater in



Vienna. He directed pictures in Austria, France and Germany and says he speaks better German than the Germans themselves, as they know nothing about speaking German.

He produced and directed Pygmalion, assisted by Leslie Howard and Anthony Asquith. . . . George Bernard Shaw bossed the job, but did not hang around the set or try to stick his nose into the day's work. The venerable Mr. Shaw came over evenings and looked at the daily rushes. A rush is a hollow weed growing in a swamp, and is used to strew on damp floors, so the movies call their daily scenes rushes.

In the case of Pygmalion, whenever Bernard Shaw noticed anything that offended, he mentioned the matter and at once the boys did the job over. Pygmalion is already listed as one of the emphatic bell-ringers of the new season and G. B. S. is delighted, but not surprised, as he knew about the whole thing in advance. He says so.

Pascal will next make The Doctor's Dilemma and follow with The Devil's Disciple, and by that time everyone hopes the Hollywood picturemakers will have learned how to shoot a camera at moving objects and come forth with drama that, as Gabriel says, "is not as superficial as a mock wedding at a children's party." He will shoot the Dilemma picture in Hollywood for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and go back to London, where the third Shaw opus will be shot for General Films.

At forty-seven, Gabriel Pascal is a healthy, bronzed, thickset man, not very tall, making you think of Mayor La Guardia. He has coal-black hair and while in discourse he continually wiggles, squirms, ges-

YOU A COOK! BOB, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
SO IS SPAGHETTI WITH HORMEL SPAM
PARADE OF PROGRESS
NATIONALLY KNOWN GROCERY PRODUCTS
IT'S SPAM AND EGGS!
WHAT A GRAND IDEA!
WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE DINNER?
BAKED SPAM
IF IT DOESN'T COME IN THIS HANDY CAN—IT ISN'T SPAM
THE MEAT OF MANY USES BY HORMEL
NET WEIGHT INCLUDING JUICES 12 OZ.
Recommended Good Housekeeping Bureau
THE NEW HORMEL MEAT OF MANY USES

**HERE'S THE SECRET** of Bob's success. First he cooks up a package of spaghetti, drains it, swirls it around with lots of melted butter, and heaps it high in the middle of a big platter. Then he surrounds the spaghetti with quarter-inch-thick slices of SPAM, browned quickly in a hot frying pan. A bit of green stuff on the side, a shower of Parmesan cheese on top—and *there's* a meal. Serves four for a dime apiece!

SPAM, the Hormel meat of many uses, comes only in handy 12-ounce cans that need no refrigeration. It's made of pure pork by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn. *Marple, Jones & Co., Ltd., Liverpool, agents for the U. K.*

To every man who lives two lives

EVERY intelligent man lives two lives.

The first is his regular routine. It keeps him busy selling something, making something, *doing* something all day long—and at evening it picks him up and sends him home to rest until it's time to start again.

This life is filled with a man's daily work. In it, the task of earning a living is all-important.

But nearly every man lives a *second* life, as well. And this is a life filled with his ambitions and his dreams. In them, he sees himself as he *hopes* to be—a few years hence. He sees himself spending his later years as he chooses—unhurried, contented, and financially secure.

He sees himself, perhaps, actually fishing in waters which used to be no more than glamorous names. Or puttering around a garden—tramping down a fairway—or simply contemplating the blueness of the sky from the depths of a hammock.

It is a pleasant life, that second one—and more easily realized in America today than in any other country or in any other age. But, a man can realize it *only* by planning for it during his productive years.

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ticulates, gets up, sits down, and moves parts ordinarily immovable in the human frame. He speaks rapidly, using English with an accent that might come from any one of six European tongues, and at first you think you are going to be able to understand him. Then he suddenly shifts gears, his voice rises to a leonine roar and you find yourself in the middle of the conversational stream with no boat. His butler is George, very thin and stern, and his secretary is an ascetic-looking woman who resembles Mrs. Patrick Campbell and appears worried.

Whenever Gabriel Pascal thinks of anything, he shouts for George and keeps on shouting until George emerges. Even when George is off the property, Gabriel shouts for him and is never disturbed when nothing happens. The secretary spends much time each day assuring people that Gabriel is always late, and when her anxiety mounts he tells her not to make a tragedy of it.

The newly arrived director of motion pictures doesn't use alcohol, but likes coffee and drinks it freely. He is not particular about his coffee and neither is George, so anything goes. He smokes cigars and not cigarettes. First, he lights the cigar and lets it go out. After it is lighted and gone out twice it is ripe and ready to smoke. He believes liquor gets in a man's way, so he abjures it, although he was once a noted elbow-bender in the Hungarian Hussars.

In a Paris school of dramatic instruction in the year 1913, Gabriel used to sit beside a thin-faced lad who was trying earnestly to understand the meaning of a motion picture. That would be Lubitsch. Gabriel met him the other day on the boulevard. He says the little story that he didn't have a shilling when he first met G. B. S. is a concoction. Gabriel says he had money in his pocket that morning—not any five thousand dollars, but still money—and that some British journalist made it up about Shaw's handing him a pound note with the remark: "Now you're not broke."

Gabriel Pascal could and still can recite and go through all the lines and parts of all Shaw's principal characters. He can do the same with Shakespeare. He had already directed a cluster of pictures in Vienna and Paris and he claims they were good movies—all but the ones frankly designed to make money; so old man Shaw knew from the jump-off that he was not dealing with a wild amateur.

This is the same genial Shaw who has scorned and sneered at the Hollywood producers for twenty years. This is the same Shaw who told Sam Goldwyn they couldn't do business, as he, Shaw, was interested only in money, whereas he, Goldwyn, was interested only in art. This quip has been bouncing ever since.

### With His Own Hands

Knowing of Mr. Shaw and his chill attitude toward persons who desired to experiment with the Shaw plays, Gabriel Pascal said to him in London: "I shall wait one, and only one, week. This is Friday, the sixth, and I shall wait until Friday, the thirteenth, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and if I don't receive from you at that hour all the contracts authorizing me to make your plays into motion pictures I shall consider the matter a closed incident." He probably added to himself "And the hell with you."

From there, Mr. Pascal trudged homeward to his lodgings in No. 16 Duke Street and waited quietly, never saying a word or betraying impatience. A steamer was leaving Plymouth on Saturday, the fourteenth, for Shanghai and Gabriel had his cabin reserved, for in Shanghai there was a wealthy British manufacturer and promoter. This man had ready for Gabriel a business proposition that would whisk him out of the movies forevermore.

At three-thirty on the afternoon of the thirteenth, Gabriel Pascal sat waiting in his rooms—very modest rooms—with never a word or sign from G. B. S. and finally the Hungarian actor gave up hope and began packing his bag for China. . . . Sure. Just like a regular movie scene. . . . At four o'clock, yes, even unto the very second, a messenger lad rang the bell at 16 Duke Street and Gabriel received from him a bulky packet and in the packet were all the precious signed documents and likewise a photograph of the Irish playwright, with friendly words scrawled in a lower corner.

Gabriel Pascal expects to make other Shaw pictures in London, using the finest actors to be had in Hollywood, and in Hollywood, importing the best actors from London. Shaw will rewrite his plays when necessary, toss in fresh dialogue, add characters, sharpen up scenes and aid with his advice. He will direct nothing; he says he is too old.

### Knows People and Life

In Pygmalion they determined to run in a ballroom scene or royal reception, there being no such in the play, and Mr. Shaw agreed to this lollipop diversion. Only he said firmly that nobody would be permitted to make a Coney Island holiday out of his play. If there was to be a ballroom scene, he would write the same with his own hands, which he did. . . . He admits he knows nothing about writing scenarios. All he claims is that he knows more about people and life and art than anybody else, and when a man is that way, he doesn't have to understand the wistful whimsicalities of scenario writing. Gabriel Pascal thinks Mr. Shaw is the greatest living human and next to him, Toscanini.

Wendy Hiller, who plays the draggle-tailed guttersnipe (a couple of Shaw words) in Pygmalion, was pried out of a London stage thing called Love on the Dole, written by her husband. She had never before acted in front of a camera and was unknown along Hollywood Boulevard. Shaw and Pascal decided she was the one to play the part and now Mr. Pascal has her name on a five-year contract.

Shaw is 83 and admits he will likely die before he can polish up the Hollywood gang and set them on the right road. He contends they need something and so does the Hollywood Reporter, which in a recent issue declared: "The greatest worry in this picture business today is the continued falling off in attendance, which is happening right at a time when the producers believe they are making the finest and most expensive pictures that have ever come out of any studio. Exhibitors, distributors and producers are getting frantic because of the attendance drop. Our pictures are not competing with the world events. Our screen is not showing sufficient entertainment interest to take an audience's mind away from the exciting happenings and cause them to lay down money at the box office. Our pictures have no guts."

When he gets around to filming Caesar and Cleopatra, Gabriel Pascal has a genuine surprise coming up—a ravishing young creature named Maria Dea, a Basque girl with three years in the school of the Comédie Française. He prophesies that the coming of the Dea girl will open eyes that have been closed for years.

In bringing Shaw to the great motion-picture public, both Pascal and G. B. S. are bowing to the demands of modern business. They would like to make their own pictures in their own studios, select their own casts, cut their dramas as they

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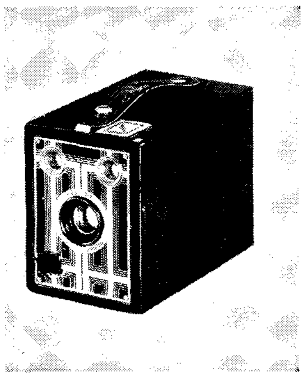

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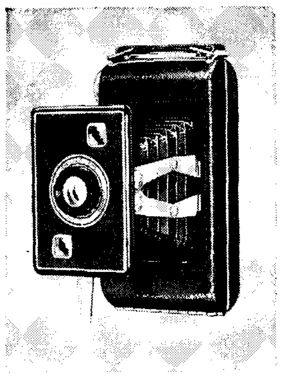

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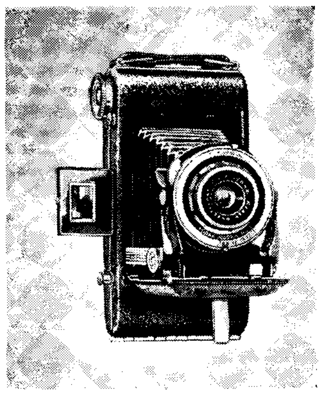

### KODAK JUNIOR SIX-16, Series III (*f*.8.8)

Newest version of a favorite Kodak, with latest styling—features that make photography simpler, surer. Opens and closes at a touch. Body shutter release minimizes camera movement. Folding eye-level finder frames your subject as you see it. Kodak Anastigmat *f*.8.8 lens, 1/100-second shutter. Pictures, 2½x4¼ inches.

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**Addition to world's largest camera works, now building, means a substantial saving on your new camera—latest, most popular models included.**

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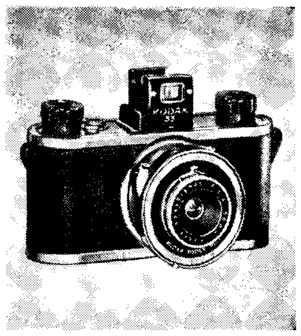
YOU SAVE RIGHT NOW. Manufacturing costs will go down with the opening of the new plant. In a sweeping price reduction, Kodak prices are now brought in line with these lower production costs to come. They come to you in time to prepare for the greatest picture-taking year to date—this year of World's Fairs and unusual vacation opportunities.

Newest, most popular cameras are included . . . These models constitute the Kodak line for 1939. You'll now get a brilliant, versatile, up-to-the-minute camera of Eastman quality at a price much lower than you thought. See your Kodak dealer today . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

*Any camera is a better camera loaded with Kodak Film. Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.*



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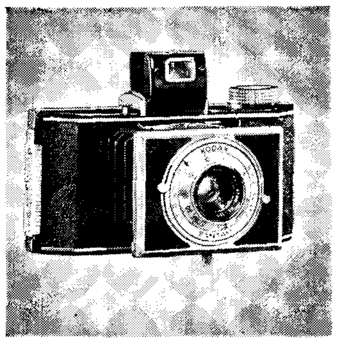

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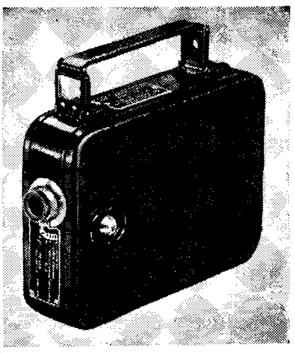

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Economy movie maker—brings home movies within the reach of almost every one. Gives you 20 to 30 black-and-white movie scenes—each as long as the average newsreel scene—on a roll of film costing $2.25, *finished, ready to show.* Also for color movies on Kodachrome Film.

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*Grindstone tests prove new "G-100" tread compound toughest.*

YOU'LL have to look a long way to find a man more guarded in his speech than a tire engineer.

He has learned by tough experience that any overstatement of his about a product comes squarely back to sit in his lap.

As a result he gets to be the sort of skeptic who suspects that if the truth were known, probably Paul Revere's horse ran away with him.

For that reason, when a tire engineer goes sled-length in saying a new tire is *okeh,* you can know you've *got* something there!

We want to take you behind the scenes, give you the "inside" on our new "G-100" tire, by quoting from our engineers' confidential report on this tire when they turned it over to the sales department.

*"For sometime past,"* the report reads, *"—the Development Department has been working on the re-design of our passenger car tires with these main objectives in mind:*

1. **Greater efficiency from materials used.**
2. **Improved carcass performance.**
3. **Longer tread wear and smoother, particularly on front wheels.**
4. **Modern appearance."**

The report goes on to deal with details about specifications, sizes, production schedules, and then gets down to cases on the first point:

*"In the 'G-100' All-Weather tire,"* it says *— "we have with less weight a tire which is giving us 33% greater tread wear."*

On the second point: *"Improved carcass performance has been accomplished by a change in tire shape, resulting in new cord angles, which change in shape and cord angle, coupled with the change in tread shape, provides the carcass with appreciably greater bruise resistance. Our laboratory tests comparing it with other makes show it to be vastly superior in its ability to resist bruising."*

Honest, that "vastly" is right in the report. On the third point it says: *"Longer tread wear has been obtained by closer nesting of diamonds, combined with riding and shoulder ribs; the double rib assures uniformity and smooth wear on front wheels, and, with the diamonds in the tread center, retains the non-skid tractive properties of the All-Weather tread."*

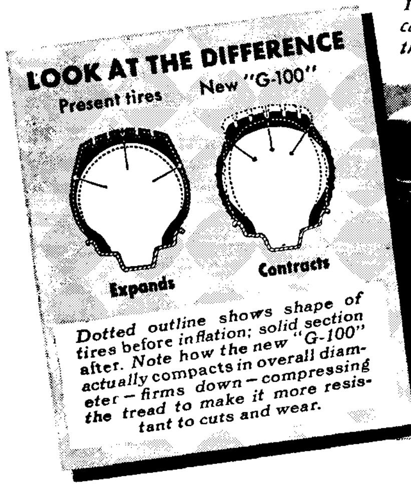
On the fourth point: *"Modern appearance is obtained by fluted circumferential ribs extending from the rim flange to the shoulder, where the flutes are surmounted by a prism diamond for coupling the sidewall with the flat close-nested tread design."*

Then there is a lot of technical stuff on molds and cross sections and so on, until we hit this about tread life:

*Master tire builder constructing carcass with new low stretch Supertwist* cord*

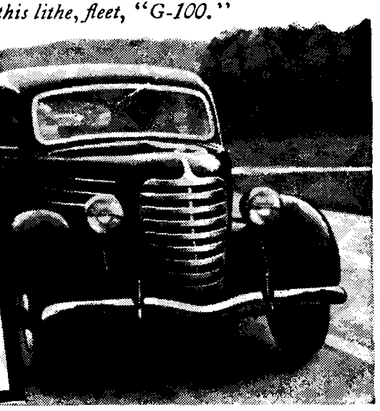
*"This improved tread life is the result of having the tread in both lateral and circumferential compression . . . The compressed tread resists cutting and has a much slower rate of wear, meaning longer tread life, than former shapes and designs."*

So the report goes on, studded with comments on stronger sidewalls, less rim-cutting, less tube-chafing, better



*Dotted outline shows shape of tires before inflation; solid section after. Note how the new "G-100" actually compacts in overall diameter—firms down—compressing the tread to make it more resistant to cuts and wear.*

*You've no idea what a difference tires can make—until you skim the roads on this lithe, fleet, "G-100."*



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THE NEW STREAMLINED "G-100"

**ONLY THIS TIRE GIVES YOU ALL THESE FEATURES**

1—New tire engineering provides a *compressed* tread—greater resistance to cuts and bruises—up to 33% more tread mileage.

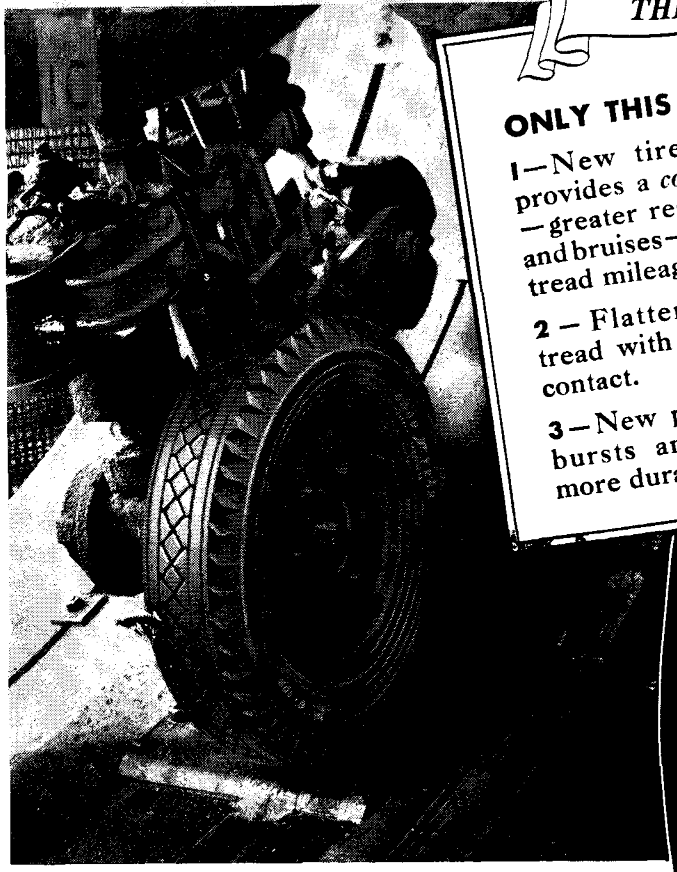
2—Flatter, sure-footed tread with 11% more road contact.

3—New protection against bursts and bruises from more durable cords.

4—Improved, modernized center traction All-Weather tread with diamonds closer nested for traction and safety.

5—Greater strength and endurance from new longer-lived low stretch cords.

6—Smart new beauty—fluted sidewalls to match streamlines of modern motor cars.



*In the squirrel cage — huge test machine — the "G-100" proves it vastly excels in fatigue resistance*

stability with less roll or sway on turns, quieter-running, 11% more road contact—but why go on, you get the idea.

It all means simply this: *our new "G-100" All-Weather tire is a whale of a performer*—and that's a cagey engineer's estimate, not a salesman's "line."

We *aimed* to make this "G-100" Centennial tire outstanding, fittingly to celebrate 1939 as the Hundredth Anniversary of Charles Goodyear's discovery of the vulcanization of rubber.

We're mighty happy with what we have, and *you* will be, too, if you put this stout and stunning traveler on your car.

IN RUBBER
YEAR

CENTENNIAL
1839 1939
CHARLES GOODYEAR

## READ YOUR GOOD FORTUNE IN THE STARS

*Among the new and improved products we have developed in commemoration of the Hundredth Anniversary of Charles Goodyear's Discovery of the Vulcanization of Rubber, we especially call your attention to the following:*

★ **The new GoodyearCentennial "G-100" tire**—the latest development for passenger cars, lighter, more durable, quieter, smoother-running, with 33% more tread mileage.

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★ **The new YKL* truck and bus tire**—built with Rayotwist for high-speed, long-distance, any-hard-duty—phenomenal in its long-mileage, high-durability performance.

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★ **The new "G-3" All-Weather* tire**—favorite of millions; gives you full center traction — blowout protection in every ply — tough, long-wearing tread—at new low price.

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choose and show the result to unnumbered millions in their own theaters, only they have no theaters. There are sixteen thousand movie theaters in the United States and six thousand in Great Britain, and Mr. Shaw would love to see each one of his movies in each theater for a long run, and to bring that condition nearer he was forced to associate himself with a business organization.

They selected the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company and the pictures will be released through that outlet, and as Mr. Shaw says in his little movie trailer, it would be vastly beneficial if all citizens saw each picture about twenty times. This would bring Shaw an annual income of fifty million dollars, which is positively silly for a man of 83 who eats nothing but a dab of gruel and a little fruit.

In the throes of production, Gabriel Pascal sits in the projection room, listening with his eyes closed and a buzzer at his elbow while the picture is run, and when the sounds coming from the screen annoy him, he doesn't push the buzzer. He yells. The operator stops the film. Then they change the volume of sound to suit him.

He states that Americans require more sound than Europeans. In England, people like their movies low and intimate, with the heroine shyly whispering. Here, he says, we demand a lot of noise from all characters. We do not care for whispering or half-audible murmurs from the lovely girl. He says: "All movie companies should release two kinds of prints, one for the large, fine theaters, and these should be quiet in tone. There should be louder prints for theaters in small towns, to take care of the local fire department or a noisy garage next door."

Pascal was long an actor, playing leading parts at the Imperial Theater in Vienna, and once astounded the management by whispering a speech in an old play, a speech that had been shouted in the Viennese theaters for more than a hundred years. He swears there was never a sign of trouble when he approached Mr. Shaw.

"We had no arguments," he says. "I talked dramatic art and told him what I wanted to do. Other producers waved checks at him. My way was not the way of others. You see, I have no inferiority complex, not before geniuses, or kings or anybody. I said I would make no picture with box-office compromises. I think the old man believed in me and that's all. There's no mystery about it."

He is fantastically interested in sound. Studios neglect sound and fail to picture the human voice as a changing instrument. He declares that all the voices of all the stars in all the pictures are all wrong all the time. . . . This comes from maintaining a uniform level and a great actor, when he hears himself, often wonders how he could sound like a raw college lad in an amateur performance.

Gabriel likes the idea of having Mr. Shaw write the dialogue. He says: "You can't translate a genius. If you do, you put water in the wine, so what the hell? The dialogue of a great writer is champagne. You can't change it and keep its flavor. That's all there is to it."

So Mr. Shaw, in his eighty-third year, is loafing in his spartan studio in London, reading American reviews and maybe chuckling in his beard. Pascal cables him daily.

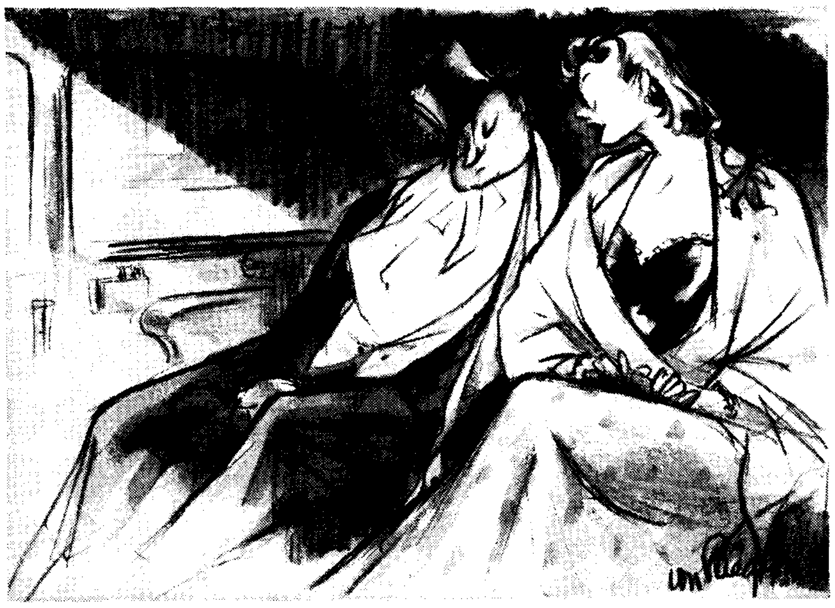
### The Studios Frightened Gabriel

At his magnificent new home in Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills, Gabriel Pascal bounds in and out, worrying his secretary and yelling for his butler. This is not the first time Gabriel has come to Hollywood. He was here in 1932, in which year a group of Eastern capitalists formed a tentative company for the production of films and placed Gabriel at its head. In 1933, they unformed the company, owing to financial circumstances over which nobody had any control.

Even before that year, Gabriel was here, but the magnificent studios frightened him and the coldness of executives made him sad. He was so scared one year that he fled to San Antonio, where he cunningly changed his name to Pascal Gabriel so nobody would know him and got a job training horses for a polo enthusiast.

His present abode is a Spanish hacienda with a red roof, winding walks, lovely arbors, trees everywhere, birds singing, weather-beaten tables, paved courts, water trickling and George, the butler walking in with what is George's quaint idea of coffee. George thinks coffee is a white liquid, but as he is a Balkan that's all right.

Gabriel sent George down to the bank the other day to get him a thousand dollars and George came back to the house, holding the money in his right hand and shaking like an aspen. This proves that George is not accustomed to so much dough in one hunk and also proves that if you are first a Hungarian Hussar and then an actor and then a director who can take G. B. S. and shove him successfully into the movie theaters, then you can send a man down the street and he will come back with a thousand dollars in his right hand.



"It's awfully sweet of you to see me home, Mr. Floyd"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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## Seven Pins in a Candle

Continued from page 18

troubles multiplied, her business thrived; when times were good, the hoodoo woman had little to do.

And now, toward the end of June, times were fine. From where everybody stood, it looked as if good things were coming next fall. Of course, no one counted his money until the crop was picked and sold, but the cotton looked so fine that the bossman was grinning and loosening up on the commissary credit. Even Giles admitted, in the presence of witnesses, that "efn she don't rain betwixt now and fall, us'll make a little cotton, maybe."

Though Modom Awbear seldom left her cabin, she knew that Little Bee Bend had fine crop prospects. Everybody was happy and busy. She understood that people who were happy and busy had little need for hoodoo charms. She shrugged her shoulders philosophically.

"Trouble," she predicted hopefully, "she will come, yas."

Modom Awbear's prediction was a general one. She had in mind no specific time nor did she have any psychic inkling as to the nature of the trouble. As a matter of fact, almost at the moment of her prophecy, the seed for trouble was sprouting in the mind of Dawthy Dawn.

"I feels," said Dawthy Dawn, "like risin' me up some hell."

DAWTHY DAWN was a spring bride and she and Cooter were making their first crop of cotton together. They had worked hard and efficiently. Dawthy Dawn chopped early and late and Cooter had kept the cultivator busy from morning to night, so that Johnson grass and Jacob's Ladder vines never even got a chance to sprout. The cotton was rich and green, heavy with blooms and squares. Even Giles could find no fault.

"And efn hit suit me," the foreman told them, "hit ought to tickle ev'ybody else might' nigh to death."

"Hit didn't ray-ly need workin' out, dis time," Cooter told Giles. "But I and Dawthy Dawn whupped hit th'ough, jest to show what us could do, efn hit got grassy. Ain't dat right, sweetenin'?"

"Yeah," agreed the bride. "And jest cause I and Cooter worked hit like dat, I bet dis crop is fixin' to be a caution."

"Hit'll make a little cotton," Giles admitted, "efn hit don't git to rainin' endurin' de summer." He rode off, leaving Cooter and Dawthy Dawn laughing.

"Giles is a caution," stated Dawthy Dawn.

"I and you is de caution," corrected Cooter. "But standin' hyar braggin' ain't gittin' nobody nothin'. Climb up on de cultivator axle and I'll ride you home. And den quick as I gits de team in de lot—"

Dawthy Dawn started to climb up but changed her mind.

"Nawp," she decided, "I don't b'lieve I wants to ride."

"Grab a handle, den," Cooter suggested, "and wawk along wid me."

That did not appeal to Dawthy Dawn, either. "Cooter," she asked, "you know what I wants to do?"

"Nawp," said Cooter, "but I bet you's big enough to do whatever you feels like doin'."

"I feels," said Dawthy Dawn, "like risin' me up some hell."

Cooter laughed. "You sho's big enough to do jest dat," he told her. "And purty enough, too. What kind er hell was you fixin' to rise up, baby?"

Dawthy Dawn giggled. "I don't know," she said. "Any kind which come along."

"I know de feelin'," Cooter nodded. "And when you feels like dat, ain't nobody kin do you no good to you gits yo' hell rised up. So go 'haid and git hit over wid."

Dawthy Dawn strolled aimlessly along Willow Chute bayou. Most of the workers on the plantation lived along the bayou bank. Very few of them were at home, and there was little opportunity for hell-rising. A silly giggle or a shouted witticism to some porch-sitter was the best that Dawthy Dawn could do, until she arrived at the Widow Duck's cabin.

Sitting on the front gate was the Widow Duck's red-spangled rooster. For no reason other than pure whim, Dawthy Dawn picked up a clod of dirt and hit the rooster a resounding thwack. He squawked loudly, flew down and hid under the cabin, shedding tail feathers as he ran.

"Well, I be dag-gone!" exclaimed the Widow Duck. "Dat chile done got her crop chopped out and now she tuck to chunkin' chunks at my rooster!"

Dawthy Dawn giggled. "I didn't mean him no evil, Mis' Duckie," she apologized. "He was jest settin' dar, lookin' so mannish and all—"

"I knows, honey," comforted the Widow Duck. "I c'd tell by de way you was laughin' and struttin' down de path dat you got de all-overs. I used to git like dat, when I was a young'n. All you need is a round er calomel and a doste er salts to keep f'm gittin' salivated. Won't you come in and rest yo' hat?"

"Naw'm," Dawthy Dawn declined, leaning on the gate. "I reckon I'll be gettin' along. Is hit fixin' to be a meetin' at de church tonight?"

It was the Widow Duck's business to "call" a meeting when one was necessary during the week. "You feels like a meetin'?" she asked.

"Naw'm," Dawthy Dawn replied. "I was jest axin'."

"And neither nobody else feel like a meetin'," the Widow Duck stated. "Things is gittin' 'long too good to call a meetin', now. Us don't need no rain, nor nothin', and hit ain't no p'int in wearyin' de Lawd when you don't need nothin'."

"Us couldn't ax for much better den us got," Dawthy Dawn admitted.

"Not f'm whar I'm settin'," the Widow Duck agreed. "And you know what de Book say about axin' when you don't need? 'Wharfo' you hollers for a wolf when you sees a sheep, will come a day and time when no man knoweth and he shall abide therein.' Dat's de Word wid de bark on hit. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions. So say de Sperrit."

DURING her chat with the Widow Duck, Dawthy Dawn had been idly digging her bare toes in the warm soft earth by the gate. As she walked away her toes picked up one of the fallen rooster feathers. Carrying a feather between her toes amused her.

"Feather 'twixt my toes!" Dawthy Dawn exclaimed. "I wonder how come did hit git dar?" She giggled foolishly. "Hit must be good luck," she decided. "Or maybe hit's bad luck. I don't keer. Hit's all one and de same to me."

She tried to recall whether feathers were supposed to be good or bad luck. "Modom Awbear," she remembered, "tuck a feather and said some certain words on hit once, and might' nigh run Tate offn de place. Only Giles made her come and git de feather and leave Tate alone."

The idea of a harmless feather turning into a thing of evil suggested a plan

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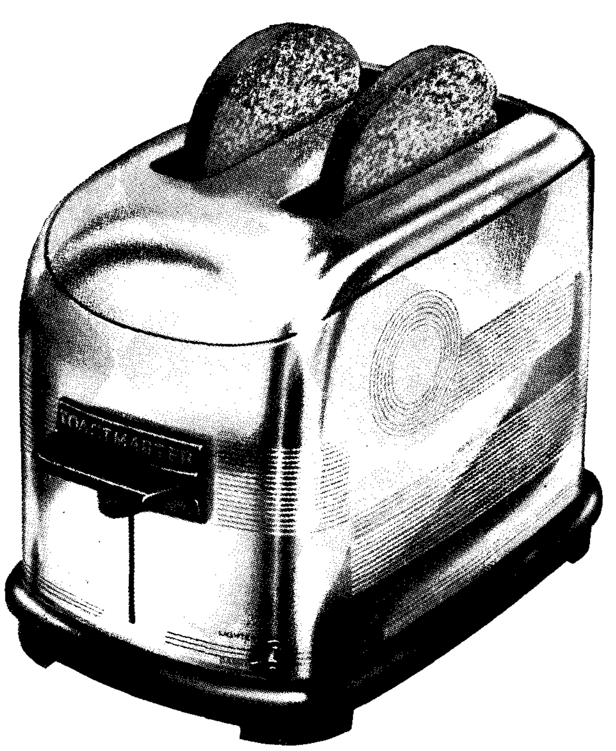

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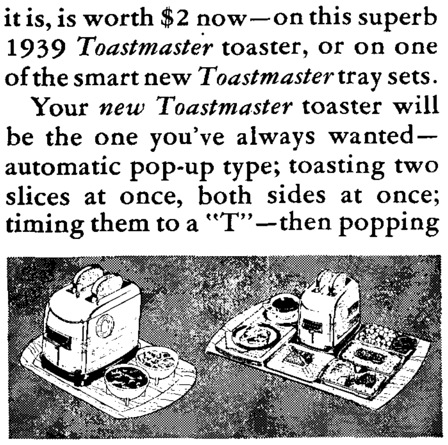

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to Dawthy Dawn. She went straight to Modom Awbear's cabin.

"Cooter," Dawthy Dawn brazenly told the hoodoo woman, "done runned off an' lef' me, and I wants a Husband-Come-Back toby."

Modom Awbear sat in the center of the large semidark room, rocking in her hickory chair. Dawthy Dawn stood in the door, her feet set well apart, ready for instant escape, if escape should suddenly seem advisable.

The Modom wheezed and groaned a few moments before arriving at her "trance."

"Cooter is got one yaller gal, yas," she intoned mysteriously. "He love her sweet. Hit take one strong toby to pull him home f'm dat gal, you bet."

She arose laboriously and began to hobble about the room. A Run-Johnny sack came from a long pocket in her skirt. Ceremoniously she mixed a spoonful of soot from the chimney, salt from the table and sand from the hearth, mumbling, meantime, strange incantations in bad gumbo French.

WHEN the toby was completed, Modom Awbear handed it to Dawthy Dawn. "Wear hit on de lef' breas'," she instructed. "Over de heart. Fo' bits is de price."

Dawthy Dawn giggled and returned the toby. "I gi' you twenty centses for de toby," she bargained archly.

Modom Awbear screeched. Dawthy Dawn's words outraged the sanctity of her profession. "Fool!" she exploded. "You tawk like dat to me, hah? Me, Modom Awbear, I put de plat-eye on you, yas! I swivel you up like one cracklin'. Fo' bits."

Dawthy Dawn took a coin purse from her apron pocket, and jingled it. "Fo' nickels," she offered. "Cooter ain't wuth a copper mo'n twenty centses."

Modom Awbear relented. "I likes you, gal," she whined confidingly. "You need Cooter in dat crop, bad, hah? You gi' me twenty cents now and when de cotton sell, you gi' me de res'?"

Dawthy Dawn pretended to consider the proposition. "I don't know'm," she said dubiously. "I kin take dese hyar twenty centses to de man's and git a pint er wine. And I kin set on my front po'ch wid a pint er wine and git me any man on de place!"

Such levity was more than the hoodoo woman could bear. She shrieked and hurled a poker.

Dawthy Dawn jumped out the door to safety.

"Yah!" she mocked. "You missed me!"

"Cooter never come back," yelled Modom Awbear. "You bad gal. You never git no mens no mo'—"

"He can't come back," Dawthy Dawn taunted, "on account er he ain't never left. I was jest trickin' you, and you b'lieved hit. So you jest set up and tole a big ole rusty lie about dat yaller gal."

Modom Awbear screamed threats and curses and spells of evil, but Dawthy Dawn fled out of throwing range, feeling very satisfied.

"I sho' rised me up a mess er hell dat time," she said. "I bet de Modom won't be de same for a month er Sundays."

As she walked along the turnrow she considered the best way to get the news spread. "Mis' Duck," she recalled, "done awready spoke Modom Awbear's name out in church, for doin' evil. Efn I tell her, maybe she speak my name out for doin' good." She could hardly wait to relate the recent events to the Widow Duck.

That worthy old woman, however, was anything but pleased. "You done bad, chile," the Widow Duck admonished. "I don't has no truck wid Cissy Ringgold, but for a young gal like you to go plaguin' a agety lady like her—well, hit ain't de Lawd's way to do things.

"De Lawd gi' ev'ybody plenty business er dey own to mind, and when you gits yo' own business tended to good, you ain't got no time to go tendin' to nobody else's. Ain't dat right?"

Dawthy Dawn nodded a contrite agreement.

"You jest quit mindin' yo' own business and tried to 'tend to Cissy Ringgold's business," the Widow Duck continued.

"I got my crop chopped out good," Dawthy Dawn boasted feebly.

"Yeah"—the Widow Duck was relentless—"and 'cause you got such a good crop and a good man, and all, you got full er de all-overs. Dat's what you done. And when you gits de all-overs, yo' business is to take a round er calomel and purge yo' soul. And did you do dat?"

"Naw'm."

"Naw," the Widow Duck snapped. "You had to go plaguin' a crazy ole woman, jest cause you was full er hell, and too lazy to take calomel."

All the fun had gone from Dawthy Dawn's spirit. The picture in her mind of old Modom Awbear shouting imprecations now seemed a pitiful thing. Dawthy Dawn felt a hot tear on her nose.

"I'm goin'," Dawthy Dawn blubbered, "and tell Modom Awbear I'm too sorry."

"Well, hit pleases me," said the Widow Duck gently, "to see you young gals is still got some manners. And I bet hit pleases de Lawd, too. Now go 'long and tell her you's sorry, and den git back home and take dat calomel and saltses. And by mawnin' I bet you'll be heart happy and soul free."

As Dawthy Dawn turned into the path leading to Modom Awbear's cabin the hoodoo woman was standing in the doorway, but the unhappy girl was so eager to make amends she did not see her. When she finally neared the cabin, Modom Awbear was no longer visible and the door was closed.

Dawthy Dawn, dripping contrition, pushed it open gently and walked in. She beheld a strange and weird sight.

The room was lit by only a feeble flame from a candle that stood on the floor. Near by lay Modom Awbear, writhing and squirming, and mumbling strange curses. Dawthy Dawn gulped and turned ashen gray.

"I too sorry, Modom," she faltered.

Modom Awbear made no sign of recognition, but now her words grew audible.

"She come back, yas," she was saying. "She come back. De black candle wid de seven pins stuck in him—dat's de Hussy-Come-Back toby."

"I is back, Modom," Dawthy Dawn stated meekly. "I didn't mean no evil."

THE hoodoo woman went right on with her trance. "De fire burn down so de firs' pin she drap, and dat make de bad gal troubled in her mind. De nex' pin she drap, and she come back, beggin'. Yas. She come and beg me not to burn no mo'. *Mais non!* Three pin she drap and Cooter go far 'way wid de yaller woman. Four pin and don't no mo' mens never come to dat bad gal. Yas! When de candle burn down to de five pin, de rain come and spile de crop."

"Us don't need us no rain," Dawthy Dawn protested. "Please, ma'am, don't spile dat crop. Hit's de best—"

"Six pin she drap," Modom Awbear went on like the tramp of doom, "and she git sick. Bad sick. She laigs swell up and she eyeballs turn yaller."

"Modom, please kindly, ma'am—"

Suddenly, Modom Awbear came out of her spell and raised up from the floor. "You back hyar?" she yelled. "You git!"

Dawthy Dawn "got." She ran as fast as she could to the Widow Duck's cabin.

"You looks like you seed a ha'nt," ob-

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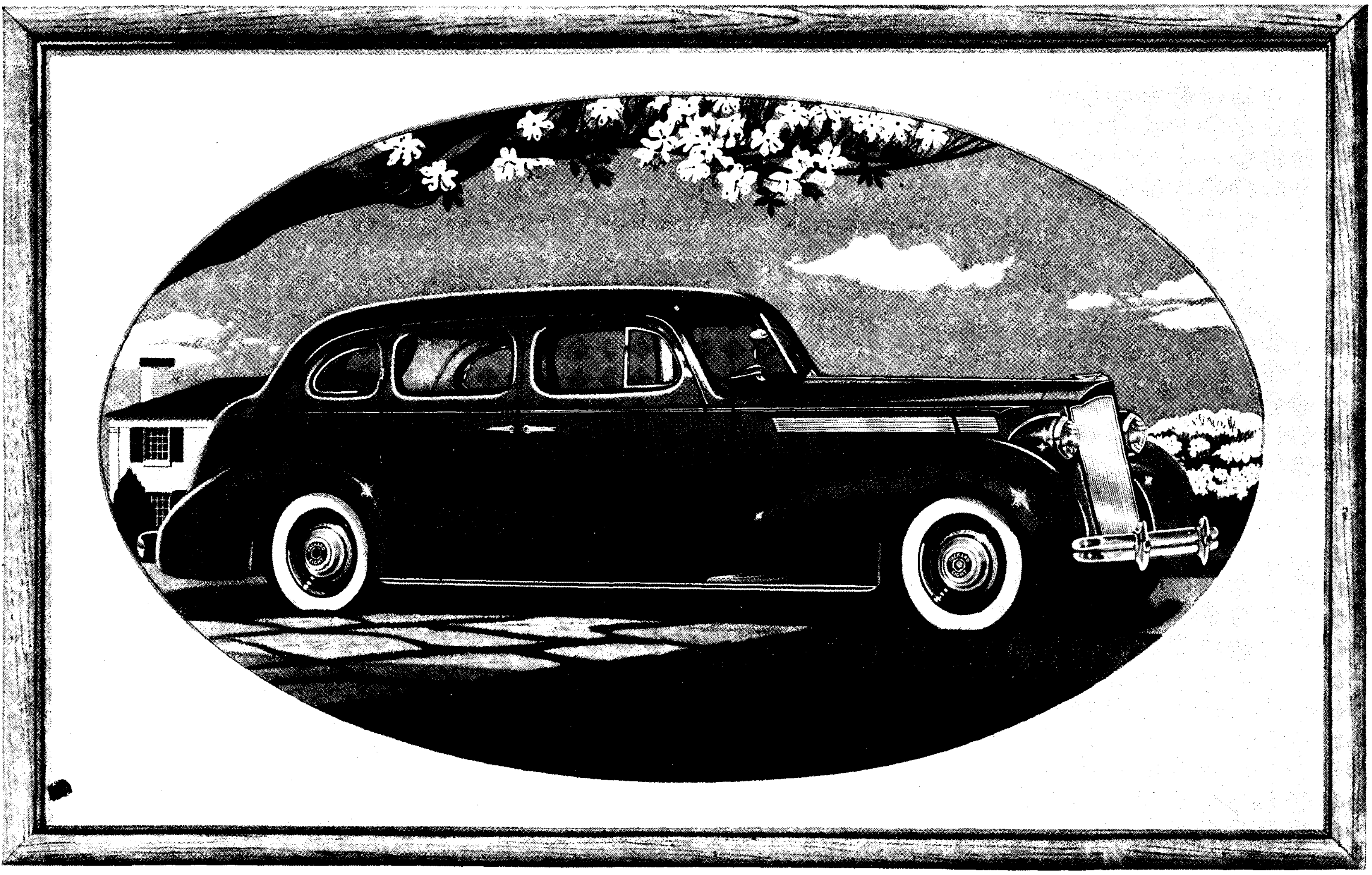

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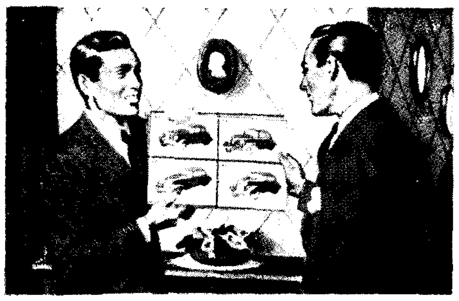

**"Which car do you consider best-looking?"** —An independent fact-finding organization, showing pictures of all U.S. cars with identifying marks concealed, put this question to motorists in a nation-wide survey—a survey using the methods of Dr. George Gallup and checked by this famous election forecaster. *Packard got more votes than any other 1939 car!*

*AGAIN, the country's motorists have voted on car beauty—and again they've named Packard America's handsomest car!*

So—when you look admiringly as a stunning new 1939 Packard rolls by, you'll know that all America shares your admiration. And that Packard, alone, has a right to the title of "America's most beautiful car."

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Get the facts on how *surprisingly easy* this stunning, better-built car is to own and run—and you'll soon be the center of an admiring circle of neighbors and friends . . . *in your own brand-new Packard.*

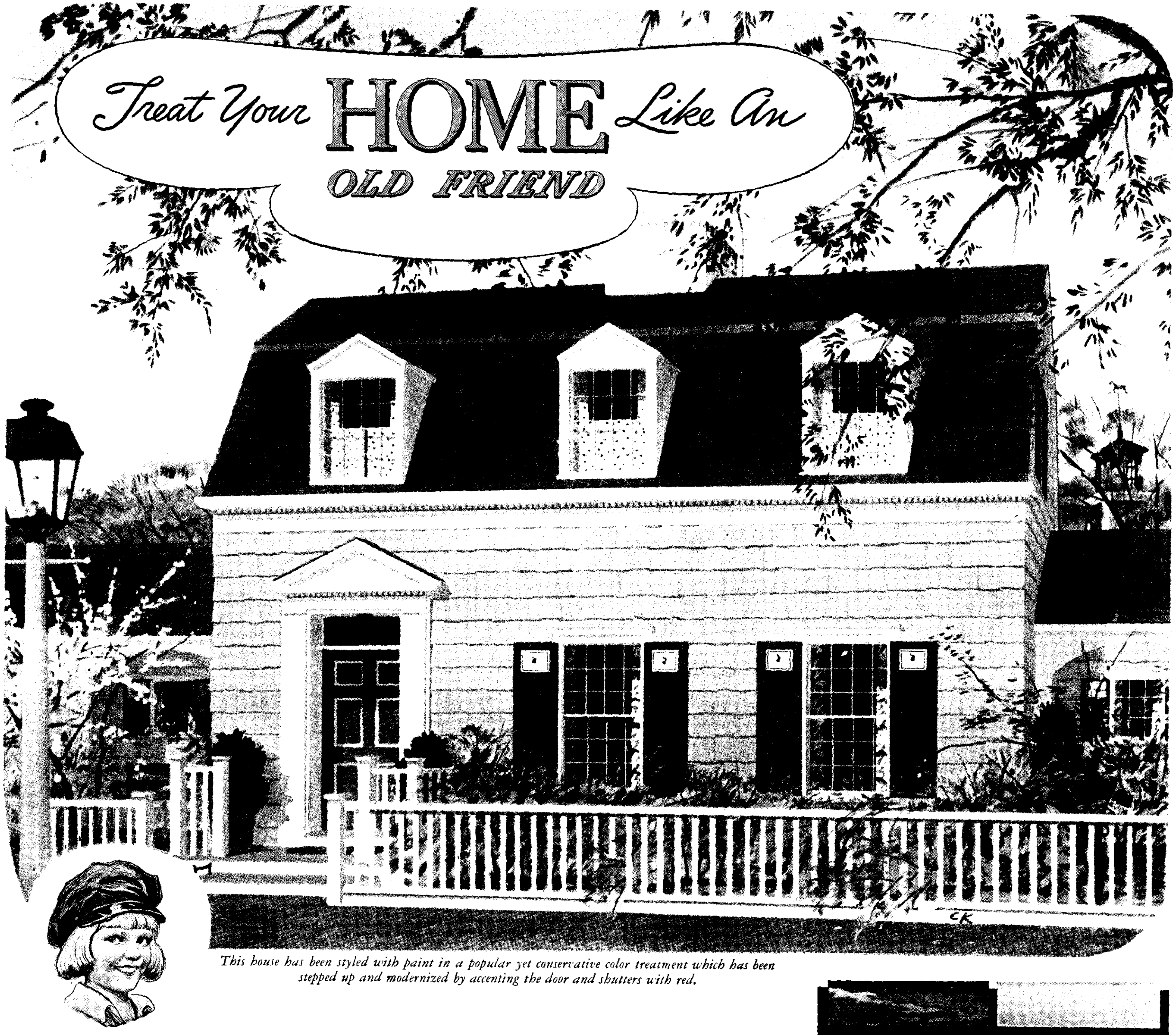
•

**PACKARD—The 1939 car America's motorists voted most beautiful**

•

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

# Treat Your HOME Like An OLD FRIEND



*This house has been styled with paint in a popular yet conservative color treatment which has been stepped up and modernized by accenting the door and shutters with red.*

## *Give the house you love the best protection you can afford!*

Living in a home of your own is one of life's richest experiences. As the years glide by, you find yourself thinking of that home as an old friend — a loyal friend for whom "the best is none too good."

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***How Dutch Boy saves money*** is shown by the photographs on the right. Notice how the low-grade paint has cracked and scaled. Such a surface cannot be repainted until the old paint has been burned and scraped off. That costs money. So does the extra coat—the new priming coat—which will be necessary.

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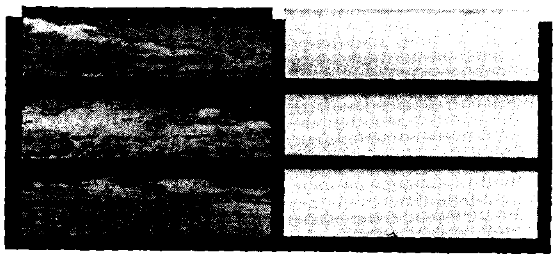

**LOW-GRADE PAINT**

*"Quitting" already — after only a short period of service. Right after this picture was taken, the paint had to be burned off at a cost of $60. Owner was also forced to pay for a new priming coat. All this is expense he never figured on.*

**DUTCH BOY**

*Four years old and still in excellent condition. House in same section as low-grade paint job. Not a sign of cracking and scaling. And at repaint time, there will be no expensive burning off and no new priming coat to pay for.*

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Please send me your free booklet, "So You're Going to Paint," containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.

*Name* ____________________

*Street* ____________________

*City* ______________ *State* __________ served the Widow Duck. "Set, and git yo' breaf back and den tell me."

Dawthy Dawn could only mumble unintelligible sounds mingled with gasping whimpers.

"Take yo' time, honey," soothed the Widow Duck. "You'll git yo' wind back, purty soon."

But before Dawthy Dawn could explain, Cooter passed by, returning from the barn. "What de matter?" he asked.

Dawthy Dawn screamed, made the throaty sound of an unhappy calf and fainted.

"'Tain't a blessed thing de matter," the Widow Duck told Cooter, as she shook Dawthy Dawn back to consciousness. "Only Cissy Ringgold skeered de fire outn her."

Cooter shivered and gulped.

"Dat's—dat's—Modom Awbear, ain't hit?" he whispered.

"Now, jest hold yo' hosses, Cooter," the Widow Duck ordered. "Don't you go ackin' a fool, too. Ain't nothin' happened only Dawthy Dawn made Cissy mad and den Cissy skeered her."

"Ah-h-h-h!" Dawthy Dawn moaned. "She burnin' dat black candle wid seven pins. Yah-h-h-h!"

"She got de hoodoo!" shouted Cooter. "Modom Awbear put a spell on Dawthy Dawn!" Cooter ran out shouting as loud as he could all the way home.

THE news spread over the plantation quickly, growing as it traveled. Dawthy Dawn, having recovered somewhat, told in detail everything she had seen and a number of things she imagined. A black candle, burning in the floor, she said, had devils dancing in the flames. As the tallow melted to each pin, the devil would grab the pin and swallow it down, like food. Pin by pin, Dawthy Dawn recited the evil things that were to happen, and as each pin fell in her narrative, she screamed.

It was late afternoon before the story congealed into a menacing fact. Everybody was too sorry about the bad luck that had overtaken Dawthy Dawn, just because she had acted foolishly. But that number five pin was a source of real worry. How could it rain on Dawthy Dawn's crop and not on everybody else's? More than one worker considered that problem and, finding no answer, made their way to Modom Awbear's cabin with fifty cents for a Please-Don't-Rain toby.

The Widow Duck tried to talk sense into Dawthy Dawn and Cooter but they refused to believe anything better than the worst.

"All right," she said finally. "Yo' made yo' trouble. You kin pay for hit. You got some money?"

Cooter and Dawthy Dawn emptied their purses and the total came to eighty-six cents and four tokens.

"Ain't enough," snapped the Widow Duck, "but I'll loan you de diff'unce. Dawthy Dawn got to have about two and a ha'f."

She led Dawthy Dawn to Modom Awbear's cabin. On the way, they met Giles, who was also headed for the hoodoo woman's house.

"Buyin' a Please-Don't-Rain toby?" he taunted pleasantly.

"Buyin' certain things," admitted the Widow Duck. "And you?"

"I ain't countin' on spendin' no money in cash," Giles said, "but I aims to wawk off wid a Please-Don't-Rain toby er some kind er yuther. A rain on dis crop now would ruin hit."

When the little group stepped on Modom Awbear's porch, the Widow Duck called loudly: "Open up and git some fresh air in yo' house, so's I won't have to hold my nose whilst I'm tawkin'."

The hoodoo woman opened the door, stuck out her head and sucked through her teeth at the Widow Duck.

"No mind dat stuff," the Widow Duck said warningly. "Open dat side window and git some air in hyar. Dis place smell like my pig pen."

The entire party filed in as the hoodoo woman opened the window.

"Dawthy Dawn, hyar," began the Widow Duck, "got full er hell, and she come meddlin' in yo' business. And dat's a sin. And when a nice gal like Dawthy Dawn do a sin, she willin' to pay. How much you want?"

Modom Awbear began in gumbo French and concluded in understandable English that, as there were seven curses in the candle, it would cost approximately four bits per curse to get them removed.

"Dat sound fair to me," said Giles. "Modom ain't had money enough to buy victuals, hardly, all spring, and f'm whar us is settin' now, hit look like Dawthy Dawn and Cooter gonter make a big crop, and three and a ha'f for de Modom won't hurt 'em."

"Yas," agreed Modom quickly. "Fo' bits each pin and I takes off—"

"Hold on a minute, Cissy," the Widow Duck interrupted. "Right's right and wrongs nobody. Fo' bits was yo' price long befo' Dawthy Dawn meddled in yo' business, and fo' bits is fair and right for ev'y one er dem ju-ju spells."

"Seven pins at fo' bits a head," Giles reminded the Widow Duck, "figgers to three and a ha'f."

"But two er dem ju-jus awready done come to pass," the Widow Duck pointed out. "De one about her bein' onhappy in her haid, and de one about her comin' back. Dem done tuck place, and hit ain't no p'int in tryin' to ondo somethin' after hit done tuck place."

"Hit's a question," Giles admitted. "Say on."

"So," concluded the Widow Duck, "jest to ease dis chile's mind, she gonter gi' you fo' bits each for dem last five pins in de candle. Hand Cissy de money, Dawthy Dawn."

The girl handed the hoodoo woman two dollars and a half.

"You better give Dawthy Dawn five Run-Johnny sacks wid dat stuff in hit," the Widow Duck advised the Modom, just to be on the safe side."

Accepting the money, Modom Awbear began to prepare the tobies, mumbling as she hobbled about.

"Better tawk so's she kin onderstand," cautioned the Widow Duck. "Dis chile is skeered and she want to know. People don't git skeered when dey knows what's goin' on."

Modom Awbear delivered the five tobies.

"Start at dat number three pin," commanded the Widow Duck.

"Dis toby," the Modom began, "is Cooter-Stay-Home. And dis is Happy-Wid-de-Mens toby."

Dawthy Dawn giggled foolishly for the first time in several hours.

"Dis is Please-Don't-Rain toby," continued the Modom. "And dis is Stay-Well toby."

She raised the final amulet high and then placed it in Dawthy Dawn's hand with a dramatic gesture.

"And dis," she said, "is Live-a-Hund'ed-Year toby." She presented the company with a toothless grin.

"Aw, make it a hund'ed and fifty years," Giles suggested. "Hit's jest as cheap."

"Hund'ed and fifty," Modom Awbear chuckled. "Maybe two hund'ed!"

"Dat's enough," laughed the Widow Duck.

"Now trot home, gal," Giles told Dawthy Dawn. "I and Mis' Duck got business wid de hoodoo."

WHEN Dawthy Dawn and Cooter were out of earshot, Giles spoke. "Mis' Cissy," he said, "dat rain tawk er yo'n was bad. Us couldn't stand no rain, now."

"Don't blame me," said the hoodoo woman. "Hit rain or hit don't. Duck is smart enough to know dat."

"You speakin' de trufe, Cissy," the Widow Duck affirmed.

"I'm dat smart, too," Giles went on. "But hit's a heap er people on de place which ain't dat smart. And efn hit do start rainin', dem same people gonter git mad enough to blame you wid hit, and dey ain't gonter stop at blamin'. Dey li'ble to come down hyar and burn yo' house down, and forgit to tell you de news ontwell de roof fall in on you."

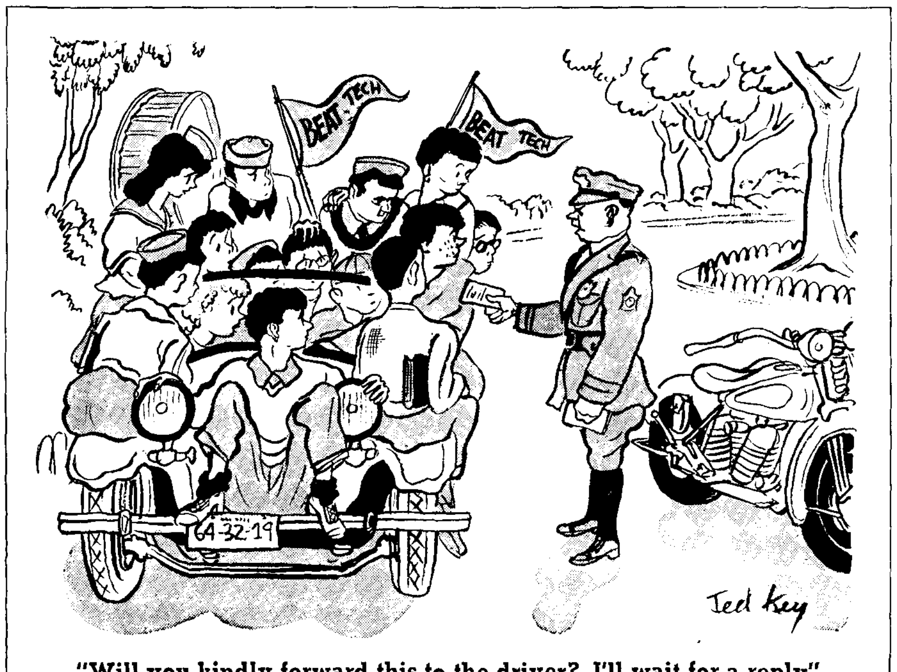
Modom Awbear was frightened. She wheezed asthmatically. "You reckon hit'll rain?" she pleaded. "Oh, Lawd, he'p us out!"

The Widow Duck beamed. "You knows who to holler for when trouble ray-ly level down on you, Cissy!"

Giles ignored the Widow Duck's triumph. "She rain or she don't," Giles said philosophically.

"Don't fret," the Widow Duck consoled the frightened Modom. "Efn hit starts in to rainin', you take a bath and put on a clean dress and come to my house. Won't nobody know you and I won't tell."

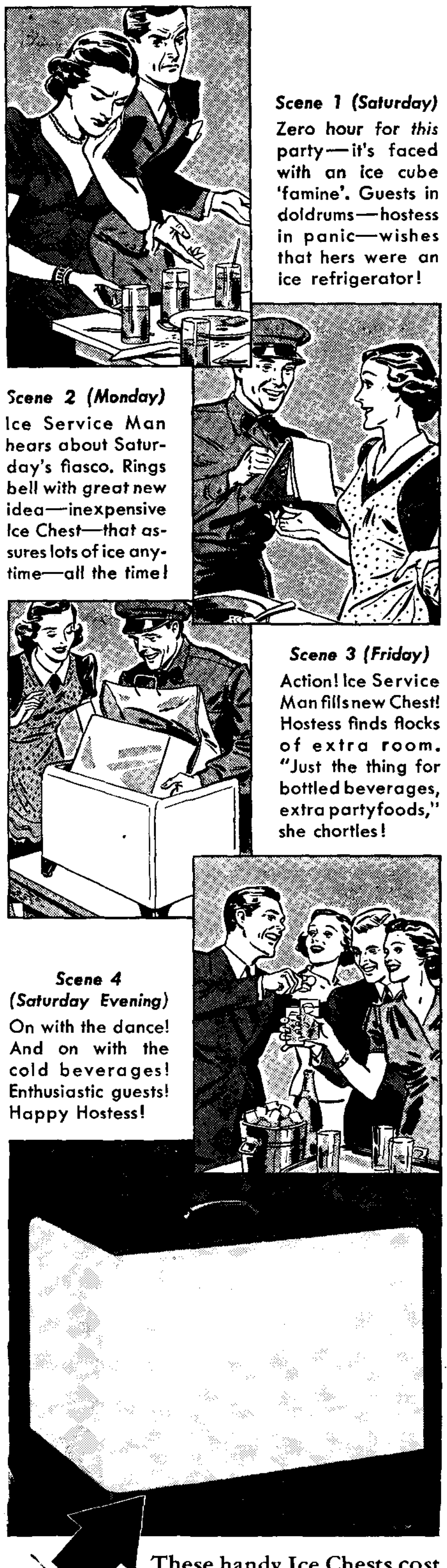
Modom Awbear was touched. "You's mighty kind, Duckie," she said. "Hyar." She fished in her long pocket and took out a buckeye seed. "Keep dis in yo' pocketbook," she advised, "and hit won't never be empty."



**"Will you kindly forward this to the driver? I'll wait for a reply"**

TED KEY

# ICEMAN RESCUES HOSTESS!



**Scene 1 (Saturday)** Zero hour for this party—it's faced with an ice cube 'famine'. Guests in doldrums—hostess in panic—wishes that hers were an ice refrigerator!

**Scene 2 (Monday)** Ice Service Man hears about Saturday's fiasco. Rings bell with great new idea—inexpensive Ice Chest—that assures lots of ice anytime—all the time!

**Scene 3 (Friday)** Action! Ice Service Man fills new Chest! Hostess finds flocks of extra room. "Just the thing for bottled beverages, extra party foods," she chortles!

**Scene 4 (Saturday Evening)** On with the dance! And on with the cold beverages! Enthusiastic guests! Happy Hostess!

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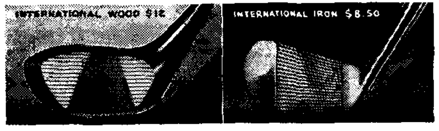

# Fifty Thousand Planes

Continued from page 10

ago the British Imperial Airways began to carry air mail to every important point in the British Empire at virtually domestic rates. You can send a half-ounce letter from London to Cape Town by Imperial Airways today for three cents. The result is that practically all British first-class empire mail today goes by air. The volume of business has fully justified the experiment and a new fleet of airplanes has found an indispensable place in modern British Empire trade.

### A Workaday Training Fleet

There is another vital question that this program would help us solve—that of pilots. How are we going to train pilots with the limited fleet of ships we now have in the air? We possess in all about ten thousand planes, less than half of which are in commercial use. We keep our reserve pilots in training with two weeks' flying at a time. It won't do. I have found that it takes three years to make a good captain pilot, with at least 3,500 miles in the air before he can command his own ship in regular air-transport service. And when he is a flier the only way to keep him trained is to keep him flying. That can't possibly be done with our reserve pilots today. There simply aren't ships enough, nor routes enough.

Consider what a different situation we would have with fifty thousand airplanes all in constant use. Then we would have the finest training fleet for pilots in the world, a fleet that would fly every day and every night, over every section of the national terrain, in all weathers. Flying would be their daily bread, a daily and nightly business of ordinary line of duty.

Another extremely practical point is that we would possess the nucleus of an efficient air service after a war was over, in contrast with our unhappy situation following the Great War. On that occasion we spent more than $850,000,000 for an American aviation industry, and had virtually nothing left to show for it when hostilities ceased.

We have literally the only country in the world where that could be done, where the new business to be obtained would justify it, where great distances make air transport worth while commercially, where great cities are separated by the width of a continent, and where already commercial flying is farther advanced than anywhere else in the world.

Why neglect that fundamental strategic advantage to contemplate spending all our energies on an armament race of the air? Why concentrate all we have to spend on air preparedness in building specialized airplanes, for war alone, which will not earn us a single penny beyond the protection we hope they will afford?

The legislation now before Congress proposes as much as $300,000,000 to be appropriated at the present session for armament of the air. Frankly, I would not quarrel with my military friends as regards the needs of our air fleet. I believe they know what they are doing. But I also believe that in this great peace fleet of airplanes there are the fundamentals of many of the things they want to accomplish. Certainly, it need not be of staggering cost.

I have no arbitrary specifications, but take as a unit, for example, a four- or six-seater that is priced now at about $10,000. It takes about 3,000 man-hours to build; that is, a labor force of about thirty men could build one in about two weeks. Fifty thousand of them would cost half a billion dollars, much less when they came to be built by universal model off the assembly line. The Army gets features in their $60,000 plane I would not get and would not want. They pay heavily for corrosion prevention, fatigue resistance, and extra protections against stress and strain which I believe do not fundamentally belong in a field where new developments can—and frequently do—wipe out previous models overnight. I believe true economy lies in the *short-lived plane*, and plenty of them, stripped of all fancy instruments; good, dependable little Trojans of the air. Remember, we are talking of mass production.

Who would pay the bill? In this case there would be a gross bill and a net bill, for these planes would have as their business the earning of at least part, and perhaps the whole of their keep. I would split the cost three ways. In the first place, it looks as if we are going to be committed this year to spend a billion and a quarter dollars on war defense. Certainly, the most essential step we can possibly take to make ourselves safe in the air should come in part from these funds. Secondly, the Post Office carries on a business of close to $800,000,000 annually. Part of the business investment of the project should surely be lodged here, with the inevitable extension of the air mail. Thirdly, a project that would employ more than a hundred thousand men in factories alone, to say nothing of the necessary construction of new air fields, and airways, and would stimulate trade in every line that uses air mail, could properly draw down some share of the billion and a quarter dollars with which the WPA and kindred agencies are putting people to work.

### Steps Toward Air Supremacy

Naturally, the question arises, "How will this program get started?" Eventually Congress would have to survey and analyze any program very carefully, endorse its general principles and provide for its financing. But in my judgment, the most important initial step would be to form a joint committee composed of the Army, Navy, Civil Aeronautics Authority, Treasury Department, State Department, Post Office Department, air-transport operators and manufacturers.

This joint committee would then divide the program into several specific activities and place the responsibility on the subcommittee of those directly interested, to work out the details and report back to the main committee.

A subcommittee composed of military chiefs, Civil Aeronautics Authority, Post Office Department, air-transport operators and manufacturers would be held responsible for developing the types of heavy-cargo and mail ships that could be used in an emergency.

A subcommittee composed of postal authorities, Treasury Department, air-transport operators and manufacturers and C.A.A. would develop and design a small ship, for a special feeder-system program, that could be put into large production quickly by several manufacturers.

A subcommittee of military chiefs, Civil Aeronautics Authority, State Department, Treasury Department, air-transport operators and manufacturers could develop the transatlantic program.

In the final analysis, the Civil Aeronautics Authority would present this program to Congress for approval. No

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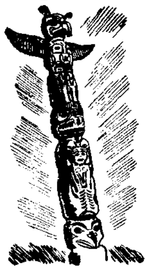

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complicated new legislation or no new government bureaus need be set up; activities of the main committee could be started tomorrow. Much of the original information is already on hand and the program could be put into effect the day after Congress empowered it.

Will this peace fleet of short-lived planes, you ask, give us an amount of protection that would justify the program? Probably not to the extent that combat planes of an equivalent cost would, provided they are the peak of the best fighting model available every year. Nor am I so deluded as to think that these commercial planes can be sent to the shops and come out as fighting planes. They are two totally different kinds of animal, as anyone who has ever flown a "hot" combat plane, the fastest, freakiest thing on earth, ought certainly to know.

But that is only a part of the story. Freight and mail planes can be built today with a speed of over 200 miles an hour without uneconomical use of power. They could easily be converted to bombers by being constructed with that use in mind from the beginning: of mid-wing, high-wing or low-wing type, with definite specifications requiring that no major structural members cross that part of the floor that would have to be removed for bombing purposes. Their engines could be stepped up twenty-five per cent without too great a strain on the frame.

The life of a bomber admittedly often depends on its ability to get away from the best speed of the enemy. Actually, however, modern bombing is often as greatly helped by numbers as by speed, and hits on ground targets are rarely lone sharpshooting but more in the manner of bird shot scoring a lucky hit.

### Replacements Make Air Strength

For fast scouting and observation work, photography and other first-line uses—except actual combat this fleet could be adapted in very large part to the purposes of war if needed. Machine-gun mounts could be calculated in first construction for maximum field of fire, and speed acceleration adapted to whatever our engineers can figure out with that definite emergency in mind. And to all this should be added the wealth of uses in civil transportation behind the lines, cadet training, hauling of light materials and air-corps supplies and the patrolling of our immense coast line, or communications to the interior and speedy service to bases of operations.

But the fact that this plan would give us the nucleus of an air force immediately serviceable in war is the lesser of its potential contributions to the defense of the United States from the air. By this way and absolutely no other can we find a basis for the replacements that will adequately insure our defense during the crucial period of a war. At such a time we would need many thousands of planes a year and this is how we would get them.

Specific, up-to-date models of each type of plane to be put in production—pursuit, large and small bombers, observation, etc.—would be provided to each factory in the form of the actual set of tools, jigs and dies, and the drawings from which the plane was to be manufactured. The division of parts between the different factories would be made, and experimental manufacture every so often would be carried out on an actual assembly line for the plane required. This would be relatively simple when we already were in production of peace planes on a big program, for such an assembly line would already be a factory habit. Each year the drawings would be brought up to date.

Then, overnight, an industry kept tuned up by such a method could really go into production on the types of planes needed in war. In the Great War there was no lack of American motorcars in France. They already were in volume production, and they supplied cars up to our utmost needs—and the Allies' needs as well. Under the same need the airplane industry as then organized completely failed to deliver.

The only way to make our people unconquerable in the air is to give them the habit of the air. And that applies to the transatlantic trade as well as to the domestic business I have already outlined. This plan should be developed in time for us to participate fully in it from the start. I would have the State, War and Navy departments, the Treasury and the Civil Aeronautics Authority collaborate in a definite program with American capital and industry in this vital matter.

### Let's Go Abroad, Too

This program would involve the guarantee of a 25-year exclusive franchise to organize a separate American company that would match each and every air line from any European country. It should be an essential part of our air preparedness to get in on the ground swell of the greatest of all fields of international air transportation with planes equaling those of any other nation. We should plan at least one American company with exclusive franchise to England, another to France, and others to Holland, Italy, Scandinavia, Germany and Russia. Not only would each of these units be economically successful, but I believe no more nearly indispensable step needs to be taken in the very near future to insure this country's supremacy in the merchant marine of the air.

This program would insure to the United States not one company but half a dozen transatlantic services, a positive guarantee of our transatlantic future against the failure of any one or two companies. This command of the North Atlantic would vitally safeguard our competitive position in all other parts of the world.

In the long run, such a realistic prospect of air defense, domestic and transoceanic, should be, of course, backed up by the conservation of those supplies vitally needed for manufacturing airplanes. We are on the right track in embargoing scrap metal, in building up supplies of rubber, tin, nickel and the other alloys of steel. We should certainly not monkey with the tariff, so as to let in foreign copper and other metals, even for reciprocal advantages, which might have the tendency of shutting down small mines that would be of tremendous value in time of war. We should repair, as far as reasonably possible, any damages such a plan might do to the traffic now carried by the railroads. Greater speeding-up of American business in the air would in the long run bring more business, more freight and passengers on the ground. In this dynamic country there is not just so much business to be portioned like cuts of a pie. American life doesn't function that way. Moreover, there are still 2,000,000 tons of freight carried by railroads, beside which the 7,000,000 pounds now using the air is the merest fleabite.

Such a program automatically enhances and protects America's economic future. It also makes possible through linking more closely the civilized peoples of the world by far swifter means of transportation and communication, a better understanding of one another's problems, and short-circuits the selfishness, intrigue and greed of a few.

And instead of the airplane's becoming the most deadly weapon God ever let man create, it can be made an angel of peace.

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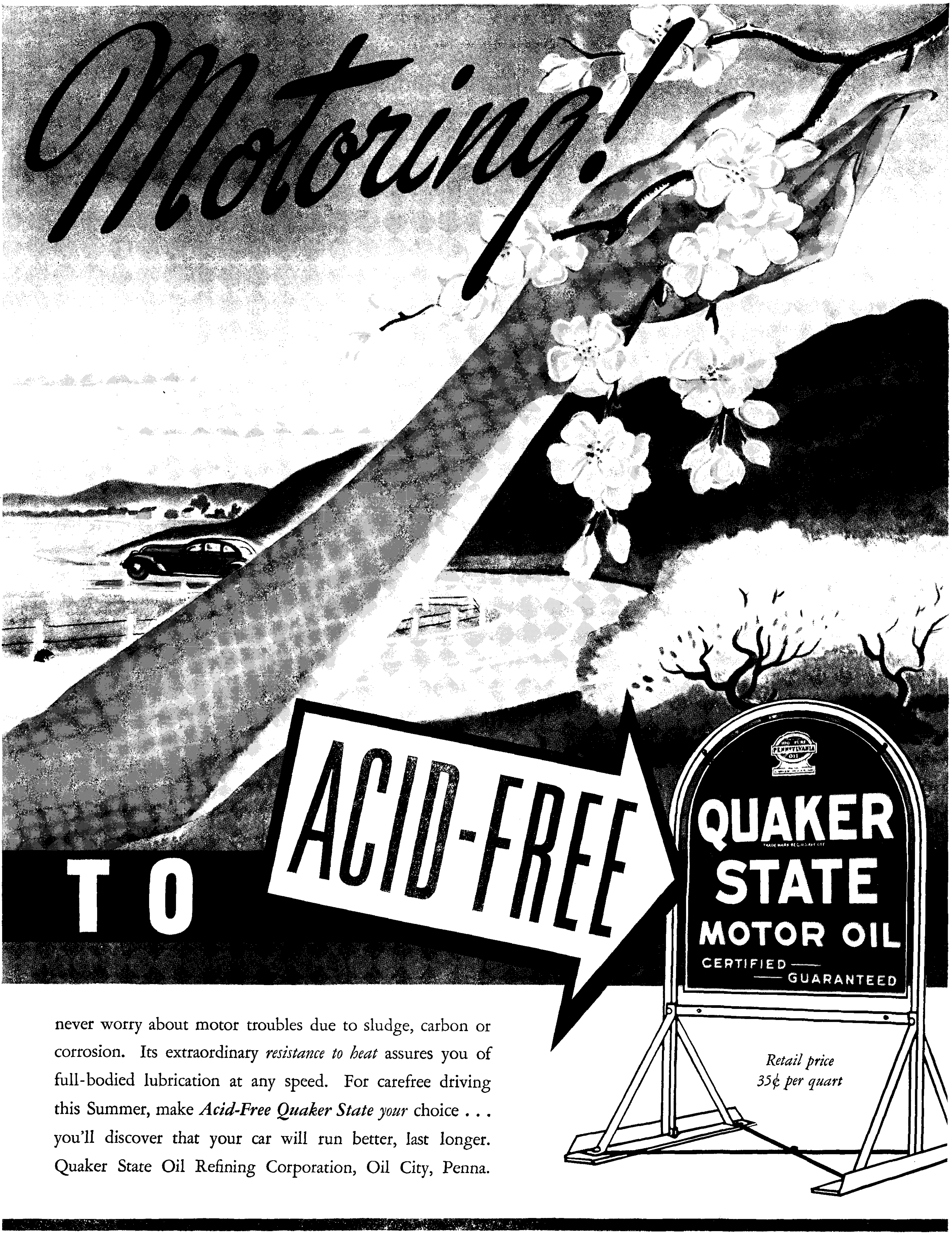
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## Crazy Over Pigeons

Continued from page 21

Barkis laughs but he can run and they believe it even if you don't."

A wide smile flooded over Firpo's face. "Good!" he chortled in glee. "Let the bookies worry for a change. Let them know what aggravation is." He turned in the direction of the gambling shed and shook his fist in the air. "It won't be like last year!" he shouted. "We'll squeeze you! We'll murder you! We'll make you cry your eyes out! Ernest," he said, breaking off, "is the horse ready to win today?"

"No," the boy said and frowned. "He won't be ready for some time yet."

"What's the matter?"

ERNEST didn't know what to say. "It takes time, and you want a good price, don't you?"

"Okay," Firpo said, "but get him ready soon. I can't wait to start in on those bookies." He began moving off but Brophy stopped him.

"Where you going?" Brophy asked.

"To the betting ring. I think I'll put down a little bet on the favorite."

"Now you shouldn't ought to do it," Brophy wailed. "The kitty's not for favorites. You know that. It's for Barkis when he's ready."

Firpo glared at him. "Always squawking," he said. "Always got a tragedy to cry about."

He rushed off, and as soon as he was gone Ernest came up with the colt to Brophy.

"How is Ina?" he asked. "Why don't she let me talk to her?"

Brophy looked at him, full of his own doubts and worries. "She's awful mad at you, Ernest," he said. "She's pretty tired out waiting. Get Barkis ready fast. The sooner we make the killing, the sooner we'll let you go. Then you can buy your farm in New Jersey and get married."

Ernest listened but made no reply. Ina wouldn't come out to the track to see him. She hung up when he called her on the phone and she hadn't answered his long letters even with a post card. Brophy was right. The only way was to win the race and get back to her in Greenpoint. But when the time came to send Barkis out to the track for the race, Ernest was careful to tell the jockey not to punish the colt.

"Don't whip him," he said. "Don't kick him. If he don't want to run by himself, don't you try and force him."

"Hey, what's the matter?" Brophy asked. "Are you afraid you'll hurt the horse's feelings? Why must you treat him so delicate?"

"If he's not supposed to win anyway," Ernest muttered, "then let him have a good time. He don't have to kill himself over nothing."

He walked away.

The bugle blew and the colt pranced out to the soft topsoil of the track. When the break came, he went up in the air and gave the other racers a five-length head start. The race, a maiden special weight, was only five furlongs long, but nevertheless Barkis managed to finish last by ten lengths.

Firpo came up to Ernest at the stables, a black look on his face.

"All right, I didn't expect him to win," he said. "Granted. But he don't look like a horse that puts his mind on his work. Ernest, you better try and learn him life is not a joke."

"Ah, what do you want from him?" Ernest muttered. "He's only two years old. He's just a baby."

The next time out, Barkis, free and pampered, finished last again, and three days after that Ernest had him entered in his third maiden special weight. It was almost two o'clock, just before the race, but while Firpo was away from the stable, Ernest took his time to finish the letter he was writing and then asked Brophy if he would deliver it in person to Ina. Brophy took the letter and began opening it.

"Hey, don't read it," Ernest cried. "It's not for you."

"It's all right," Brophy said, resentment on his gloomy face. "I only want to help. Maybe I can give you some advice." He spread the sheet flat before him.

*Dear Ina:*

*Let This Be Our Song Celestial*

*One Melody: Love*
*One Harmony: Peace*
*One Religion: Truth*
*One Reward: Abundance.*

*And let our loving hearts be*
*The Voice that shall ever sing*
*The glories of this divine music.*

Brophy looked up, still fingering the letter. He kept silent.

"What's the matter?" Ernest asked. "It's no good?"

"What's a song celestial?"

"I don't know exactly. I copied it out of a book. It's poetry."

"It ain't even poetry," Brophy said solemnly, "it don't rhyme. It gives exactly the opposite impression you want. What kind of a girl would let a guy send her letters like that? It's an insult to her intelligence. Talk realistic, Ernest, with both feet on the ground. Be sensible and practical. Get Barkis ready. Learn him to be a killer and a fighter. Then Ina will get to like you better."

"Just the same," Ernest said, "please give her the letter. I think it still might appeal to her. It'll make her come down and see me maybe."

HE WANTED to keep on talking about Ina but he spied Firpo coming up to them from the gambling shed. He hurried to work, hoping to get Barkis out into the paddock, but Firpo stopped him.

"Well?" he asked and glared.

"No," Ernest said, unable to meet his eyes, "not yet. Don't bet the kitty on Barkis today."

"I'm not betting on Barkis today!" Firpo rapped out. "Ernest, when? The hackmen ain't waiting around forever. They want results!"

"It takes time," Ernest said apologetically. "Barkis, see, he's a funny kind of a race horse. He's not a hustler, and when he runs he runs for fun."

As Barkis went out to the paddock, Firpo turned bitterly to Brophy. "I'm beginning to have my doubts," he said. "I don't see the bookies worrying about us any more. They offered me thirty to one today and laughed to bust when I turned them down. It was humiliating. Brophy, it begins to look we ain't so wise. That baloney Barkis, he's a dog with only three legs on him and he'll never win."

"Don't blame the horse," Brophy said. "The mistake you made was to put him in with Ernest. The horse picked up all those crazy ideas from him. That dumb dope must be contagious."

On the track that sunny spring afternoon Barkis had another pleasant outing. For the third consecutive time he finished a distant last.

It was about ten o'clock the next

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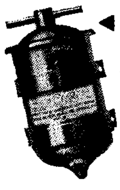

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morning. Barkis had his head stuck out over the stall door, watching Ernest in the peaceful quiet as the boy finished up his work outside the stable. The place was clean and trim. Ernest had emptied the slop pail and at that very moment he was hanging it on the peg on the wall. Then when he turned around again, there was Ina standing in front of him. The sight of her after all those months took his breath away.

"Ina," he said at last, "hello."

"Hello, Ernest," she said.

"I was waiting a long time to see you and I'm glad you finally came. Ina," he said, "come, look at Barkis. He's a nice colt but he don't behave so good." Ernest went to the stable door to bring Barkis out in the open, but Ina spoke up and he paused.

"DON'T bother with the horse," she said. "I'm not interested in seeing horses." She opened her bag and took out the poem he had sent her. "What is this you told Brophy to give me?"

"It's a letter. It's a poem. I thought it was nice."

"Maybe it is," Ina said, and now her tone became much sharper. "But I prefer letters that talk about pigeon farms and getting rid of the hackmen. I prefer letters that talk about getting married."

"Soon," Ernest said, wincing. "Ina, I got the money almost all saved up. I got a thousand dollars in the bank, and when the hackmen make the killing I'll get the ten per cent and then we'll have all we want and more."

"Then what's the matter with Barkis? Why don't he win?"

"Well," Ernest said haltingly, "Barkis is peculiar. All race horses ain't alike, you know."

"Brophy told me he's a good horse but you spoil him. Brophy says he could win but you pamper him, and when it comes to racing you tell the jockey not to hit him. Is that how people make a horse win?"

"To tell the truth, no. I should be more strict but somehow I can't be strict with Barkis."

"Oh, for goodness sakes!" Ina burst out. "Don't you want to win and get married?"

"Don't cry, Ina. Yes, I want to win," he began, wondering how to put it, "but the way it was down South, I was all alone. I missed you very much and the only thing I had was Barkis."

"So?"

"Don't cry and I'll tell you. I realize it's a kind of crazy thing to say but a horse can become almost like a person to you, just like anybody else, you know. So I don't like to drive Barkis or punish him. I can't stand it to see him whipped or hurt. It would make me feel real bad."

"Oh, Ernest, what's the matter with you?" Ina wept. Is a horse more important to you than I am?"

"Oh, no! Ina, don't cry," he began but she brushed his protests away.

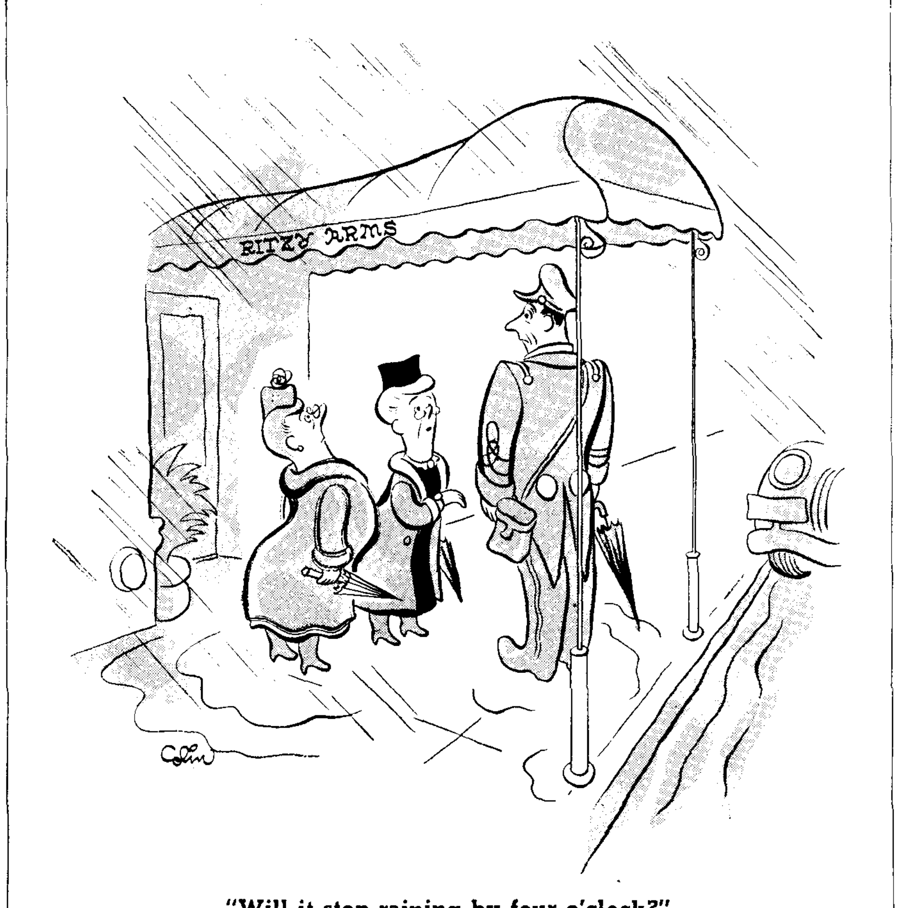
"The whole thing's absolutely crazy," she sobbed. "It's crazy just like everything you get mixed up in. You're really good for nothing and you won't amount to much. If I wait for you to be married I'll wait forever. Here's your crazy poetry," she cried and threw his letter at him. "Come back and take care of your pigeons yourself. I don't want pigeons, Ernest, and I don't want poetry. All I want is a husband!"

And she fled, leaving him there all alone with Barkis again. For a little while he walked around in circles in front of his clean stable, holding the letter in his hand and talking to himself. Then he stopped and found himself facing Barkis. For a long time the colt and the boy looked at each other in silence.

"Be a killer!" Ernest suddenly cried out at Barkis. "Want to win! Be tough and hard! In this world you got to fight and battle. Barkis," he said, "you don't like it and I don't like it, but from now on we have to sweat and slave. That's the way they want it!"

AT SIX o'clock each morning Ernest led the colt out in the damp for a workout. The easy days were over. He instructed the exercise boy to get every last ounce of speed out of Barkis on the three-furlong sizzles.

He ached within him every time he saw Barkis whipped and driven but he set his jaw and wouldn't let himself be swayed. Day by day the mischief went out of Barkis. His big eyes, always so soft and merry, soon grew



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*Energy by the glassful*

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bloodshot. Soon he was sharp and keen, eager to win, and Ernest knew he had him ready. When the colt flashed a secret five-furlong test in a minute flat, Ernest entered him in a thousand-dollar claiming race for two-year-old nonwinners and then got Brophy on the phone.

"Tomorrow is the day," he said into the mouthpiece. "Tell Firpo to lay the whole kitty on the nose. We'll make the rotten killing and then you'll have to let me go."

And the next afternoon when he sent Barkis out to the track for the race, he spoke up savagely to the jockey. "Beat him!" he cried. "Give him the whip! Kick him and ride him for all you're worth but bring him home the winner!"

Brophy, standing gloomily near by, was amazed to see the tears in Ernest's eyes as he blurted out the orders.

"All right," he said after the colt had walked out in line, "but what makes you cry like that? What troubles have you got you should cry so much?"

"It's a sin to torture a colt like that," Ernest said miserably. "It ain't right to make his life a hell just so fifty hackmen can pull a lousy killing. But it's the last time anyone will be cruel to Barkis. He won't go through all this again."

"He won't?"

"No, I made provision. I resigned as the hackmen's trainer yesterday. I registered myself as a private owner and I put a thousand dollars in the envelope. I'm claiming Barkis for myself! I'll own him after this race is over and nobody will ever bother him again!"

"Ernest," Brophy said softly, "where did you get the thousand dollars?"

"It's the money for the pigeon farm," Ernest said. "I figured I could do without it. The odds on Barkis are sixty to one and Firpo promised me a ten per cent cut on the killing."

"You shouldn't ought to done that," Brophy mourned. "You shouldn't ought to done it. Firpo's running away right now to some place like Canada or South America. Ernest, the bookies made a sucker out of us again. Little by little, Firpo blew the whole kitty and he lost it. We ain't got a dollar riding on Barkis today!"

THE crowd roared. A dozen colts flew away from the barrier. Numb with shock, Ernest turned and blankly watched the race. Barkis had shot out of the park at once and now had the rail all to himself. The brown colt meant business this time and didn't stop to play. He pumped ahead with fierce, grim determination and when he hit the homestretch it was all over. Barkis came driving home the winner by an easy six lengths. It was a fine victory but it brought no comfort.

"I feel blue," Brophy was moaning. "I feel really blue today."

A wry forlorn smile puckered up Ernest's face. "Gee whiz, gee whiz," he muttered hopelessly.

He told Brophy to take care of Barkis and left the race track right then to make his way back to Ina. He had to see her as soon as he could. Unpleasant as his duty was, he told himself he should not shirk it another moment. It was unfair to keep her waiting any longer now. It was the least he owed her.

But when he opened the door, she came running to him so hopefully that he couldn't bear to face her.

"Did Barkis win?" she asked. "Did you do it?"

"Yes, Barkis won," he said.

"I knew you'd do it!" she cried. "I knew if I could make you have ambition you would surely win!" Proud and beaming, she reached up to put her arms around his neck and kiss him. It was hard to turn aside but Ernest had to do it.

"Ina, wait, don't kiss me yet," he said. "We can't get married. Everything is spoiled. I messed up things again." He gulped and looked down at the carpet. "I couldn't stand it to drive Barkis, so I bought him with my thousand dollars. See, I was counting on the ten per cent cut but the trouble is your brother lost the whole kitty. The hackmen didn't make the killing after all, and now I spent all the money I was saving up. I guess you were right, Ina. I'm good for nothing and I won't amount to much."

She looked at him but for a few moments she couldn't speak. Ernest kept his head down, feeling sick, waiting for the tears and reproaches, but when she began, it wasn't quite what he expected.

"Ah, Ernest," she said and her voice was strangely tender now, "don't say you're good for nothing. It isn't true. You picked out Barkis at the auction and you made him win, didn't you?"

"Yes, I know, but what good does that do when I spent all the money for the pigeon farm in New Jersey?"

"Ernest," she said and hesitated. "Ernest, we don't need a pigeon farm. I sold all the pigeons."

He raised his head quickly. "You sold the pigeons?"

INA wanted to go on and explain but just then the door flew open and Firpo came tearing into the room, followed by two other hackmen. The drivers couldn't stand still but bubbled with sheer excitement.

"Here's the four hundred dollars you gave me when you sold the pigeons," Firpo cried to his sister, putting the bills into her hand. He turned to Ernest and started slapping him on the back. The two hackmen joined in until Ernest had to duck and twist to get away from the blows. He was more bewildered now than ever.

"It worked!" Firpo chortled. "Ernest, you're a genius and it worked out like a dream! We socked the bookies this time!"

"Somebody tell me what's going on," Ernest begged. "I don't get [illegible]. If you put down the bet, then why didn't I see you at the track?"

"I didn't go myself," Firpo gloated. "I figured if those bookies saw my face, they'd get wise and pull the odds down. So I sent a dozen hackmen out there instead. I gave them orders to lay low and scatter the four hundred bucks in small bets. We beat every bookie in the place for a total of twenty-four thousand bucks!"

The hackmen whooped. Suddenly the place became too small for them and they dashed to the door in a wild swoop of joy. "Ernest, you'll get your cut when all the boys get back from the track with the dough," Firpo called and slammed the door behind him.

With them gone, the room seemed very quiet.

"I gave the money to my brother," Ina said. "Ernest, you're not mad at me for selling the pigeons, are you?"

"No, Ina, I'm not mad at you." He looked straight into her eyes. Then the full meaning broke through. "Ina," he said very quietly, somewhat breathless now that the time had finally come, "Ina, we won't wait another minute. We're going to get married right away."

Ina blushed and protested there was no hurry. But Ernest, his mind made up, insisted and didn't stop until she picked up her hat. They ran down to the street.

Ten per cent of twenty-four thousand dollars came to twenty-four hundred. He had four hundred more for his pigeons and in addition he owned a winning two-year-old race horse. But when they started out to be married they had to go by subway. Every hackman was out celebrating and there wasn't a cab for hire that day in Greenpoint.

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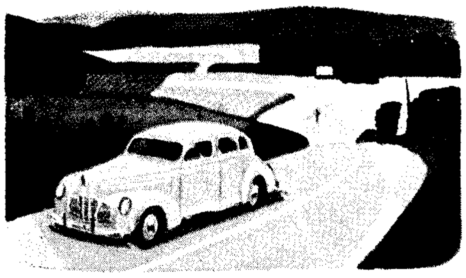

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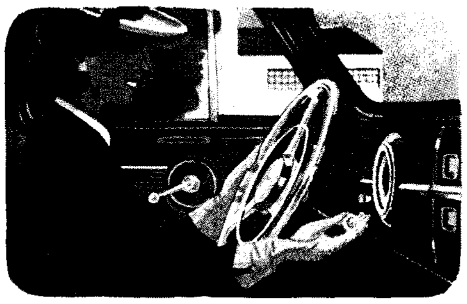

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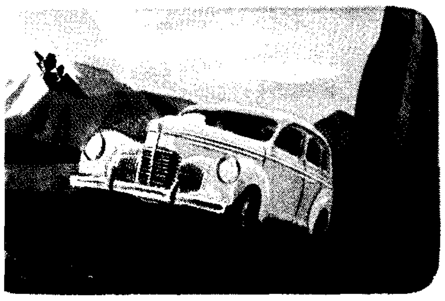

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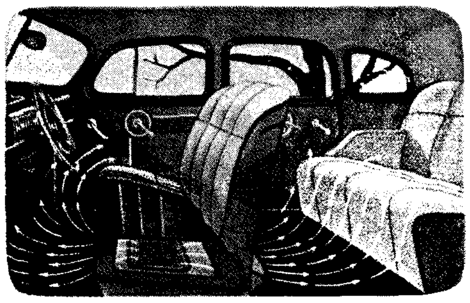

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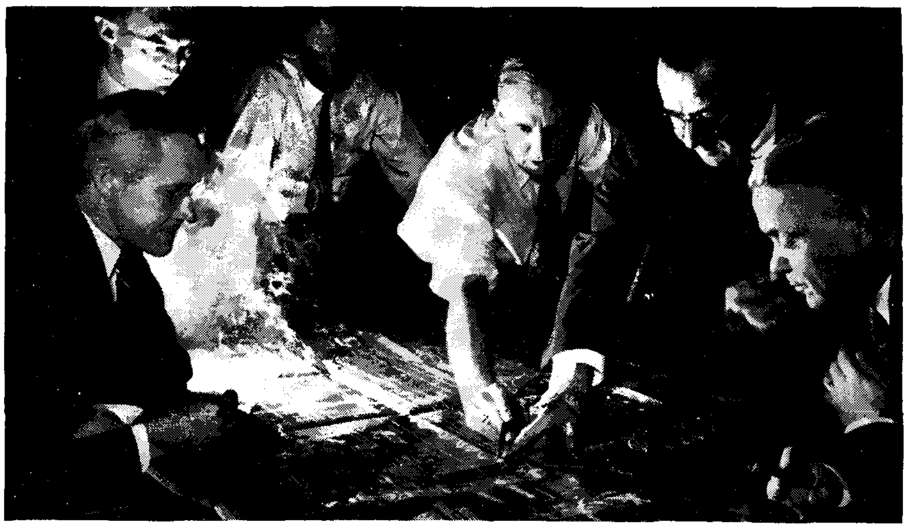
# Is America Paying Too Much For Its Motoring?

## By Paul G. Hoffman



*Engineers devised a tested formula for economy*

WE AMERICANS have heard a lot about the forgotten man and his plight. But nobody seems to have shown much concern for the forgotten motorist. And yet, nearly nine-tenths of the nation's 25 million car owners know how extremely difficult it is to stretch their incomes far enough to run their cars.

Despite the desirability for increased economy of operation, we Americans do not want small cars. We will not accept substandard appearance, performance or comfort. Motorists who have to operate, maintain and repair their cars on very moderate budgets rightfully insist upon a better looking, better riding and better handling car with a plus of greater operating economy.

But what could Studebaker do to meet this very real demand for a better low priced car with increased economy of operation? Studebaker could do a great deal, we believed, if our tested engineering formula for reducing the operating costs of our Commander and President models were put to use in designing a lowest price car.

### *Car Owners Get New Economy*

FOUR years ago this spring, eight men met in my office to take the first step toward producing a long-needed new kind of motor car. These men were Studebaker executives H. S. Vance, R. E. Cole, R. A. Vail, W. S. James, G. D. Keller, C. K. Whittaker, K. B. Elliott and myself.

Ever since 1926, when our Special Six sedan, predecessor of our present Commander, weighed 4100 pounds and delivered about 12 miles per gallon, Studebaker engineers had been successfully taking useless weight out of our Commander and President and thus increased their operating economy. At the same time they were improved in riding, handling ease, safety and performance. The Commander of 1939, for instance, weighs 900 pounds less than its predecessor of 1926 and delivers 16 to 18 miles to the gallon of gasoline under average conditions and with an average driver. With an expert driver at the wheel, it won this year's Gilmore-Yosemite Sweepstakes—the great American economy classic that is open to all cars—with an average of 25.78 miles per gallon under A. A. A. supervision. It used less gasoline than any six or eight-cylinder car in the contest.

Fortunately Studebaker, in planning its new car could start with a clean sheet. We were free to profit by the experience of the railroads which, in designing their new streamliners, have successfully reduced the weight of Pullman cars from 70 tons to 43 tons.

We originated instead of imitating or duplicating. We designed a new car instead of redesigning an old car. Our first objective was to safeguard Studebaker's reputation for the quality, strength and safety of its motor cars. And our engineers were confident they could build a stronger, yet lighter car through smarter design and the use of the best materials available. They knew by eliminating useless weight they could cut operating costs in this new car just as costs have been cut for our Commander and President owners.

### *A Triumph of Independence*

AND now, at last, after spending four years and millions of dollars on the task, we are confidently introducing the remarkable new Studebaker Champion, the long-awaited new lowest price car that gives the car owner of modest means a real run for his money.

The same brilliant engineering with which Studebaker has led motoring progress for a generation, headlines the advancements and the performance of this spectacular new Champion. Its smart appearance is matched by better performance, a better ride and better economy than other lowest price cars give.

The same 7,300 master craftsmen who have been building its brilliant team mates, the President and Commander, are building this new Champion.

The unparalleled Studebaker experience, oldest and finest in the vehicle world, stands behind the soundness of every nut and bolt that goes into it.

### *A New Motoring Experience*

THIS remarkable new Studebaker never would have seen the light of day, if we hadn't made certain that it would surpass any existing car in beauty and excel all lowest priced cars in luxury.

This new Champion is a car no motorist can afford to overlook, solid and sound in every inch, overflowing with quality, expressive of good taste, inexpensive to buy, inexpensive to operate and maintain, easy to drive and handle, safe to ride in, simple to care for, exceptional in performance.

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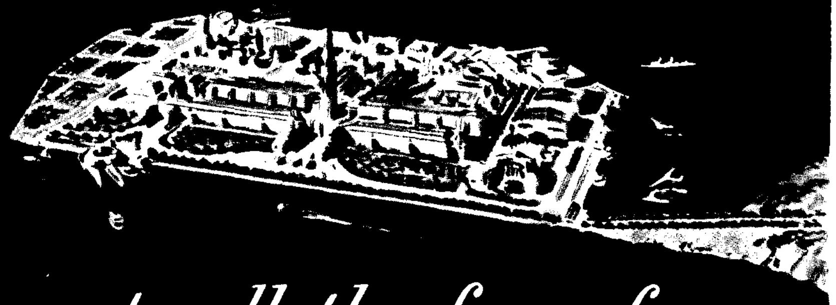
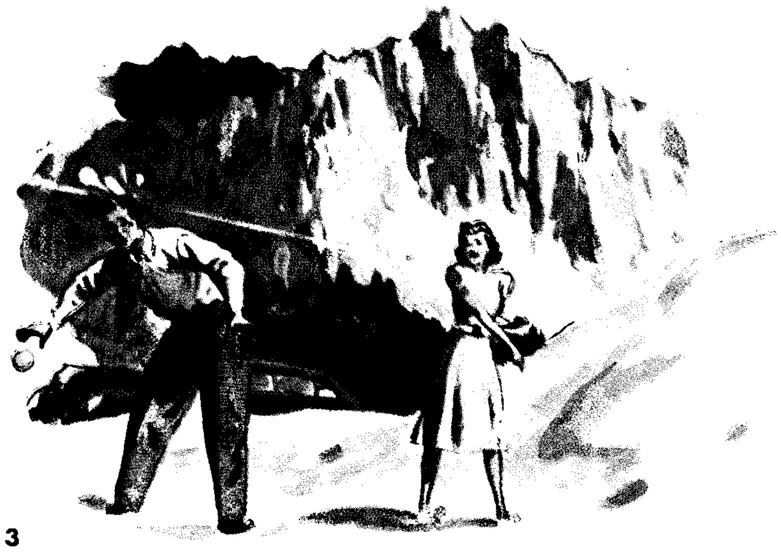


# *to all the fun of* SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

**1** *Cooled by summer-long Pacific trade winds, magically encircled by a great Bay and the world's two largest bridges, the San Francisco Exposition invites you this summer. See this nearby spectacle and enjoy its fascinating exhibits and Arabian Nights' setting —on your trip to Southern California!*

**2**

You'll excuse us if we use that word again, but we think we've got the BIGGEST vacation in years out here on the Pacific Coast. Before you see San Francisco's great World's Fair, you can enjoy all the rainless climate and fun and sport of Southern California... stretch out on a long cool beach or ride the blue surf (above)...sleep under blankets in midsummer...sail to nearby Pacific pleasure isles...



**3**

You can find a hidden snow pocket in the High Sierra...visit Old Spanish Missions, foreign settlements, giant trees...see sunken gardens, top flight horse racing, lush orange groves, movie sets. You can drive down a palm-bowered boulevard to a mammoth open-air market or to a famous restaurant where awnings overhead ripple in a cool sea zephyr and your waitress looks like a movie star...

**4**

Few people can miss having a good time in Southern California. So much going on: Symphonies Under the Stars, for instance, Hollywood sneak previews, a newly-discovered swing maestro, steaming tortillas in Olvera Street, coast-to-coast broadcasts, a hillside supper club where celebrities—authors, musicians, actors, wits, columnists—are as thick as after-dinner mints...There's adventure on every hand in this place that's young, that's doing things, that's more stimulating than ever before.

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Even from New York, Southern California and the San Francisco World's Fair are just overnight by plane; 2½ to 3 days by train; 4 to 7 by auto or bus. And vacation costs in Southern California average 22.8% under those of 20 other leading U. S. resorts. You'll find accommodations for every taste in Los Angeles, Pasadena, Glendale, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Long Beach, Pomona and other cities in and near Los Angeles County.

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# You Do or You Don't

### By James Cannon

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

**Many a promising big-league career has been ruined by the bottle, but seldom as abruptly as this one was**

THE highball glass on the telephone stand next to the bed was a foul lagoon. It was thick with shreds of tobacco. Slim thought: "That is the way the Sargasso Sea looks from a plane." A cigarette butt floated on the Sargasso Sea. "That is the corpse of a dream," Slim said to himself. But what dream? What dream? Slim ransacked his fuzzy mind. No dreams at all any more. All dreamed out, Slim was. Not a dream to his name. But what a name. Slim Arthur, the fireball left-hander of the Boston Bees, had won his twentieth game of the season.

Slim laughed, but flinched and blinked as a sliver of sun sneaked in through a worn patch in the green shade. Wouldn't it be funny if he didn't know his name when everyone else in the world did. Maybe that was going too far. Everyone who could read knew his name. Even that was too much. Anyone who read the sports pages and was a baseball fan knew his name. That was being very fair about it.

The hotel room was littered. Pieces of sandwiches, waxed paper, cigarette and cigar ashes, newspapers and debris Slim could not quite understand cluttered the room. But all a guy had to do was reach for the phone and get the operator, and a maid would come up and clean up the mess. "Too bad," Slim thought, "that you can't call the operator and have a maid come up and clean up the mess of your life." Call up and say to the dame that you want a girl you love, a girl who loves you, a wedding ring, a license, a minister and a best man and a matron of honor who buys her own orchids. Then after that the girl you love would rub a vacuum cleaner over your life and nothing could bother you. The girl would be a Mona Lisa type, or all bets off.

Slim's head ached, but his arm didn't and he pitched with his arm. The wiseguy sports writers said he pitched with his brain, but he pitched with his arm. A guy could pitch with a sore head, but he couldn't pitch with a sore arm. That only goes to show you what those baseball writers knew. All they knew was to come around and be pests and ask questions. A terrible way to make a living. Asking questions and writing down the answers.

Those thoughts crawled through Slim's head like snakes. He could actually feel them slithering through his mind and there was even a hissing sound in his head to assist the illusion.

"What's the correct time, operator?"

"It's exactly eleven thirty-five, Mr. Arthur. Good morning."

Name one thing good about it, sister. Name one thing. Here it was exactly eleven thirty-five and at three-fifteen he had to be out there pitching his arm off. Today the papers were saying that he was going to pitch in the crucial series against the Cubs. The time between years ago and today was dim and foggy. It was like a frosted mirror in a saloon. It wasn't easy for Slim to get the past together, so he started at the beginning. Away back to a little mill-town league where he first began to play ball.

Boy, he had stuff in those days! That fast ball did everything but shine your shoes. It was a light ball, not heavy and soggy like Mungo's, and it darted and dived and did things that no one expected, not even Slim.

The number two was good, too. A curve that curved. Not one of those big jugs like Bump Hadley throws or that poor excuse Walter Johnson used for a swerve. But a hook that broke down suddenly. A downer.

That was when he was twenty and they couldn't get a catcher to hold him. Old Popper Adams used to fine him when he spun the curve. Old Pop said he didn't need anything at all when he was that fast.

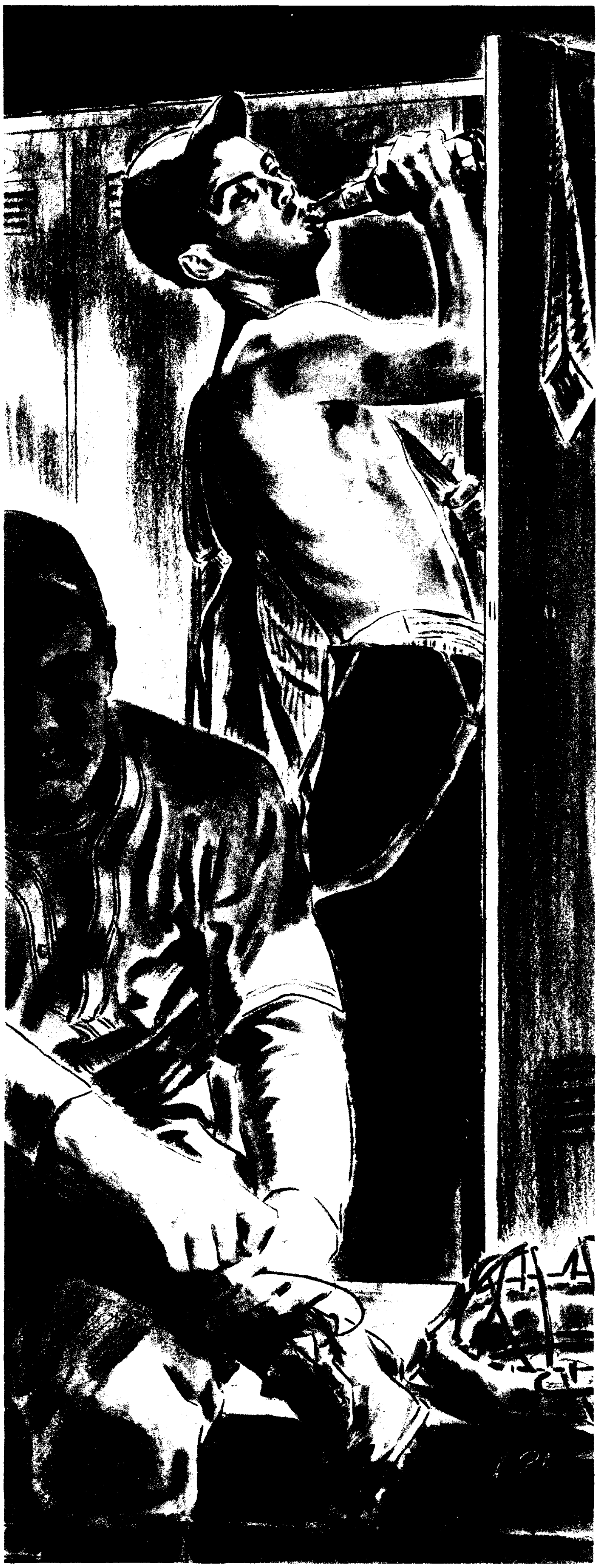
"Just blow it by them," Pop said. "Just fog it up there. All you got to do is get it over. They can't see it, Slim. Who's going to hit it?"

ON THE day Slim was supposed to get a look-over from a Card scout, he got drunk. Not reeling drunk, understand, or whisky-simple. Just cloudy and courageous and a little jaunty. Three doses of rye, that's all. It happened this way: He was shaky and nervous because Pop was a boob and told him that they were giving him the look. So he took a drink, two drinks, three drinks. What happened? This happened: He blew those suckers over with two hits. Two hits? One was a bunt that he should have had. But his legs got tangled up and the grass was slippery and he fell. The other rolled down the first-base line and hit the bag. He should have gotten over there, but he didn't. Two hits, they got, and no runs and he should have pitched a no-hitter, sure as Hubbell is a lefty.

The scout was going to meet him and Pop downtown at the Elks Club to talk business. But Pop had to go somewhere. So Slim took a lift downtown in Chet David's station wagon and Chet had a jug of white corn liquor. If that liquor got him a ball game, it might get him a little money from the scout. So he took a swallow or, thinking about it in bed that morning five years later, maybe three or four swallows. Anyway, he was thick-tongued and his voice sounded remote and Slim kept watching the scout's throat when he talked.

Slim's voice sounded like the way he talked. But, somehow, he got the

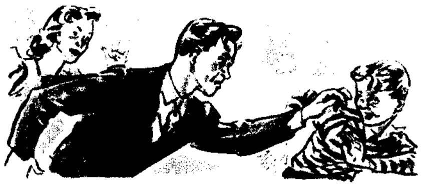
(Continued on page 86)



Slim had a bottle of beer that had been smuggled in by the clubhouse boy

"...and you're the big stiff that makes me wash my ears!"

**I COULD HAVE SLAIN** my kid brother on the spot! Telling me right in front of Ruth that my scalp wouldn't stand the fingernail test!



**"SO I'M DIRTY, AM I?"**, I yelled. "Just wait till I catch you!" But Ruth stopped me. "The kid's right, Bill", she says. "You see... it's not as if your hair didn't always *look* nice. But sometimes I've noticed..."

**I COULDN'T HELP** running my fingers through my hair... and was I mortified! "Excuse *me*", I said, and was off to the drugstore. "Jake", I said, "I need some good advice."

**"YOU CAN'T GREASE** your hair down", says the druggist, "and expect even weekly shampoos to keep it clean. You need this 3-action hair tonic, Wildroot-with-Oil. The Wildroot formula that's been cleaning up loose dandruff scales for years, *plus* pure vegetable oils that won't build up grease on your scalp ... and the 35c size is on sale for 17c!"

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# Mystery Fish

### By Frank J. Taylor

**Nobody knows about tuna, with one exception—Captain George Farnsworth of Catalina Island, who fishes with thermometers and a kite. He knows their every thought. But he won't tell**

CAREFULLY pulling the shades, Captain George Farnsworth, known hereinafter simply as "Tuna George," party of the first part in the case of Man versus Fish, drew forth from certain closets and drawers in his den the ingredients for Farnsworth's secret formula for extracting tuna painlessly from the sea.

Just between us, these items included two light pine sticks, a piece of string, a yard of waterproof silk, a needle, some thread and a bellyband. But don't tell anybody, because Tuna George invariably made every angler who clambered aboard the Mabel F cross his heart and hope to die if he ever revealed the confidential Farnsworth formula.

After strolling out on Avalon's Fisherman's Wharf about sundown when the angling fleet came in, anybody could readily appreciate why all this mystery was vital. Day after day, the old salts of Catalina sailed out to sea, the decks of their puffing craft crowded with anglers eager for tuna. Night after night, they put-putted back again with lots of dolphin, barracuda, sea bass and other deep-sea fishes, but no tuna.

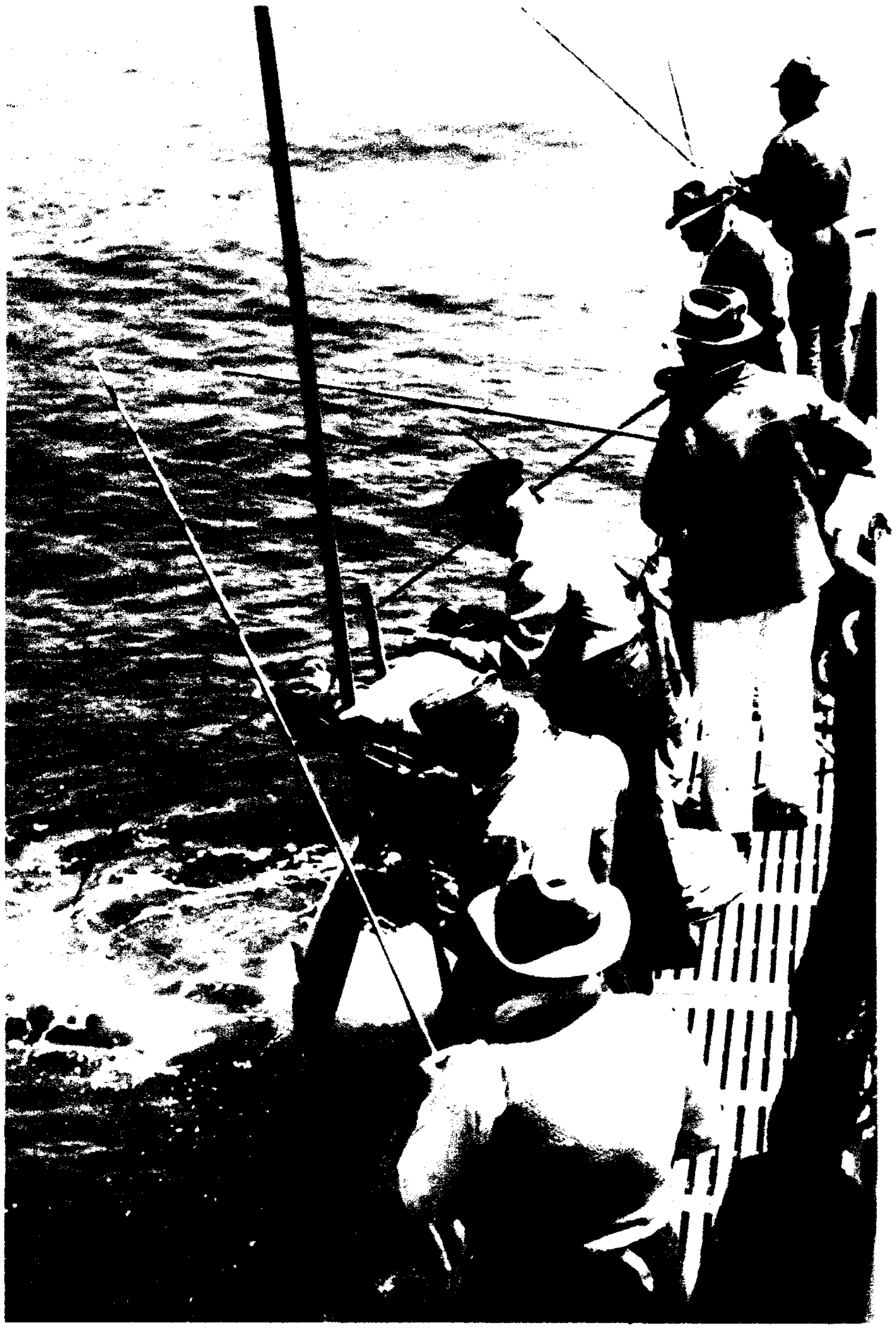
All except Tuna George, that is. Every morning the captain pushed out into the same blue sea and nosed the Mabel F over the same blue horizon. Every evening his party returned with tuna. As to where they caught the fish or what devices they used to lure these lusty fighters out of the deep, nobody could pry a word edgewise out of the skipper, or out of anyone in his parties for that matter.

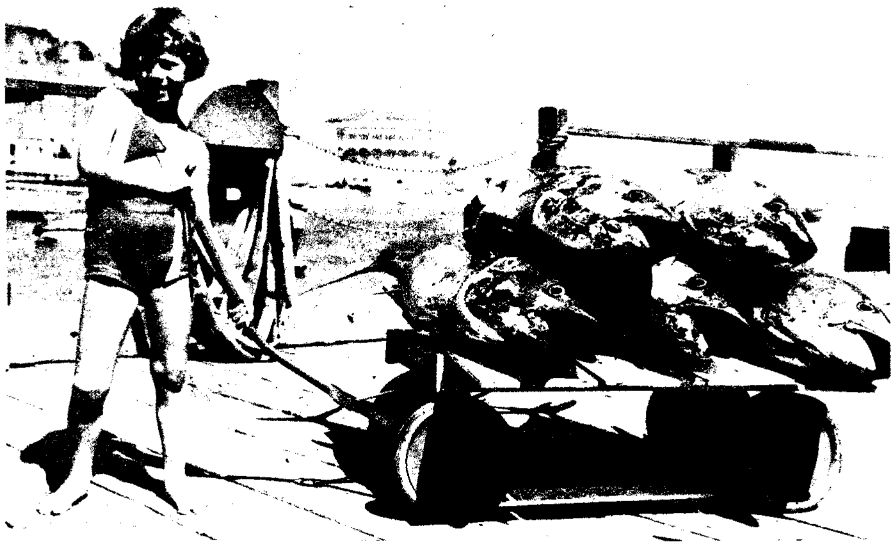
## Sam Listens and Learns

Once Tuna George did say to Sam Bagby, whom he liked, "You might take this course, Sam." The skipper sketched a geometric figure on the wharf, so many miles sou'east, a turn to the sou'west, and so on. Sam made all the turns to the letter that day, not knowing whether he was on a salt-water snipe hunt or not. But that day he caught tuna and landed a two-hundred-pound marlin swordfish to boot, thereby adding one more to the numerous legends that trail in the wake of Tuna George Farnsworth of Catalina. For three generations the island has been the mecca for a finicky clan of anglers whose sole mission in life is to outsmart, before they put their rods up for good, at least one more *thunnus thynnus,* which they swear is by all odds the smartest, scrappiest, most mysterious fish in the sea.

And their prophet is Tuna George Farnsworth. Not that many tuna anglers get to see Tuna George any more, since W. C. Boschen passed away and willed the skipper ten grand and a boat, and since that affluent young sportsman,

*(Continued on page 83)*





**California anglers prize their elusive tuna above all the game fish of the Pacific. In the water, the tuna is a slashing, aggressive fighter; on the dock at the end of the day he resembles a large wooden fish**

## The Border Trumpet

Continued from page 13

Phil Castleton, riding beside the ambulance wagon, said: "They are from A Troop, out on night scout. Up this way the Coyotero Apaches are pretty tricky. But we've got it worse at Grant. The Chiricahuas drift up from the Dragoons and part of the Arivaipas are disaffected. We have been chasing a subchief by the name of Antone for six months."

"Phil," she said, "thanks for your letters. They were a comfort."

He said: "Sometimes I hoped they'd make you lonely enough to come back. Three years is a long time to wait, Eleanor."

She sat with her hands gripping the seat of the ambulance as it pitched over the rough road, watching him with a solemn sweetness. All the way westward on the new Pacific railroad, and on the boat, and all across the wastes of Arizona she had been afraid of this meeting, afraid of what the three years' separation might have done to her as well as to him. But now, seeing him, she was no longer afraid and small excitement lifted her heart. Nothing was changed from that day when, as a girl of seventeen, she had first seen him ride up to Fort Stanton, fresh from West Point and assigned to her father's Troop, K.

"PHIL," she murmured, "I wondered if it would be the same," and looked down at her gloved hands.

He said, swift and certain: "I could never change, Eleanor. But you have changed."

She was startled by his tone. "How, Phil?"

Sergeant Hanna, at the column's head, called back: "Lieutenant." Castleton cantered ahead and for a while both men rode side by side, studying the trace of prior travel on the trail. They fell out of a low ravine into a level, narrow valley and pursued this briskly, through silver-gray clouds of fine-rising dust. Heat closed in strongly and the smell of the arid earth and of sweaty horseflesh condensed around her. At noon they halted in the shadow of another narrow canyon for bacon sandwiches and cold water from a spring; and pressed forward into the black tangle of mountains. That night they made camp beside the shallow trickle of the San Carlos, deep in the rugged wilderness near Natane's Butte.

Sitting before her little wall tent, Eleanor watched the blackness of an Arizona night close down, thick and solid and mysterious. Against it the yellow point of the campfire burned with a motionless glow and the peaks of the range made faint silhouettes high up, and the sky was a cloudy wash of stars. Somewhere in this darkness part of the troopers lay on guard; in the shadows beyond the fire the rest were rolled in blankets, talking in drowsy, tired tones. Phil Castleton sat near her.

"Phil," she said, "how have I changed?"

He spoke with a dry, reluctant voice: "It is hard for me to explain. I never was very sentimental, was I? But you've grown up. I knew you would and was afraid you'd not be the same. When I came into Major McClure's quarters last night and saw you standing there, it hit me very hard. You were tall and composed. You were a lady, Eleanor. Better than that, you were a woman a man gets to thinking about when he's out alone at night in these hills. For me it has been a difficult wait."

"Phil," she whispered, "here I am, and very glad."

She stood up and watched him rise and grow still before her; and was remotely disappointed that he let the distance remain between them. His voice was short, holding many things back. She heard the strain in him and wondered why he should seem to be fighting this moment, with all that it could mean, away from him. He had always been a man to hold himself in severe check, yet it was odd that he should let it be so now when her own answer had been clear enough.

He said: "Well, it changes a pretty drab world into a very pleasant one for me. Though I ought to tell you that Camp Grant is a hellhole for a white woman. Harriet Mixler has been the only one there for six months and I think it has aged her five years. I don't believe you know her. She came out from Baltimore a year ago to marry George Mixler. She never did like the country and now she's about to have a baby and if you weren't coming along to keep her company I think she'd go crazy."

"Nothing could be that bad, Phil. I'm happier in an army post, no matter how drab it is, than anywhere else in the world. It gets in your blood, Phil."

"Well," he said, "Grant is pretty bad."

A coyote howled high on the ridge and nearer at hand an owl hooted and was still. Sergeant Hanna came into the firelight, listening to that sound; and later he retreated from the fire.

"Might be an Apache's signal," Castleton said. "It's one of their favorite ways of calling." He added at once: "Nothing to fear. They don't attack at night." But the stillness of the camp was deep and indrawn and she knew every man was awake in his blankets, waiting for the call to repeat. "Eleanor," Castleton said, very abrupt, "I hope we do not have to wait too long."

She knew what he meant. But the abruptness of it surprised her, as other signs of his changeable temper had surprised her. He went on in the same strained and half-awkward voice. "I have never asked you. I thought it was something understood. Let's not make it too long, Eleanor. I'd be a happy man if we could be married within the month."

She was half listening and half controlled by the race of her own thoughts. Then she said, "Yes, Phil. Yes."

He came forward and brought her shoulders forward with his hands and kissed her and stepped back at once. "I'll apologize for that. I shouldn't have presumed—"

Her question was puzzled, and a little forlorn; the sweetness of this moment was all lost: "But why not, Phil?"

"You're alone here. I should have waited until you reached camp. Good night, Eleanor."

IN THE middle of the following morning Castleton dropped back to the ambulance and pointed to a high, black cone in the near distance. Above the cone little wisps of smoke rose, one following another. "Indians signaling. They know we're on this road. Probably Antone's band."

They continued southward through the hills, the growing heat indicating descent. That afternoon they rounded into a mountain-cramped meadow and came upon a dobe whose doors and oil-papered windows were ripped open. A horse lay warm-dead in the yard and the smell of smoke still clung to the air.

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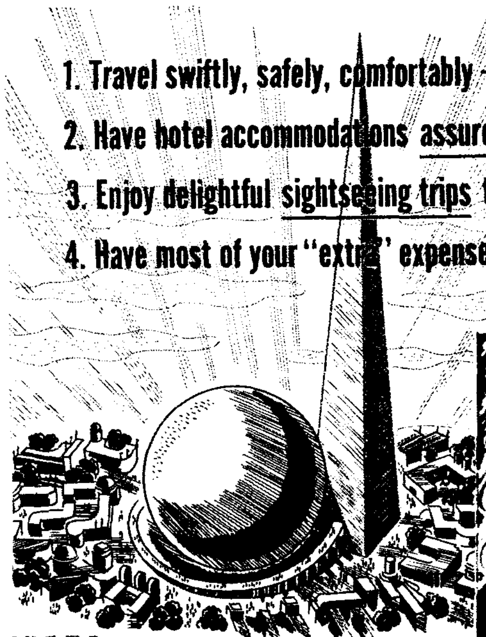

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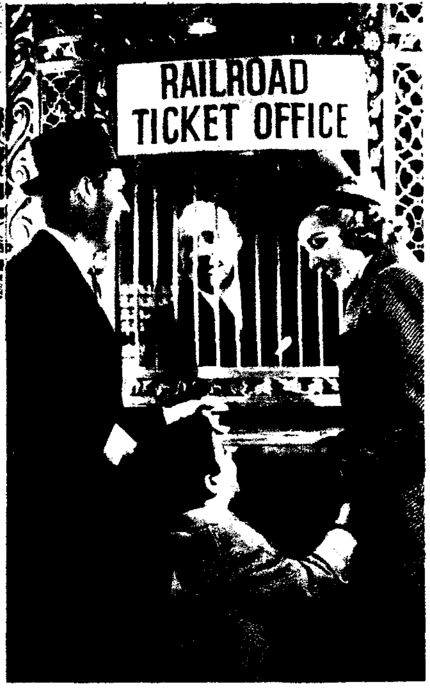

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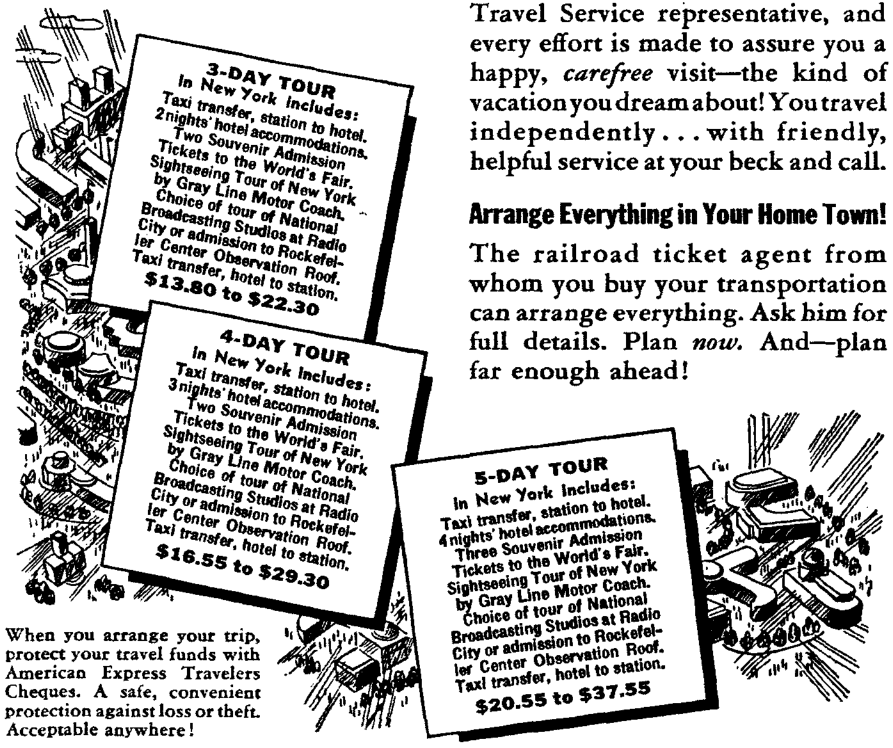

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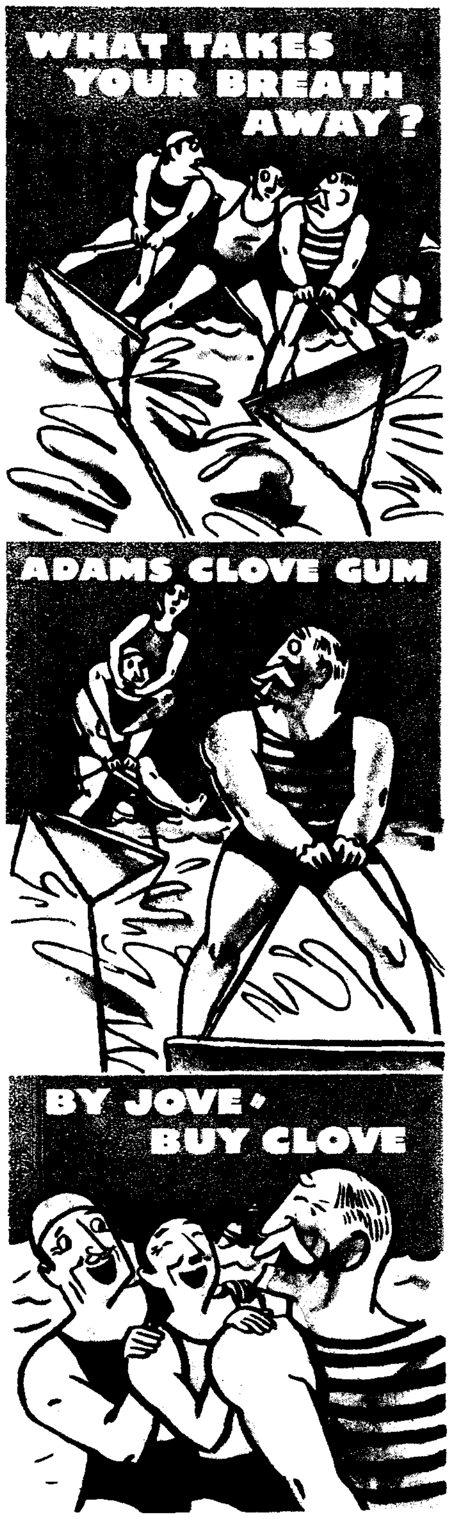

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A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

Castleton and Hanna went into the dobe, soon reappearing. Castleton's eyes were quite black; he showed his anger this way. "God knows what happened to Bill Lay. This happened less than two hours ago. Hanna, throw flankers on that bluff." Short of dusk he came to the ambulance again, pointing to the tall column of a saguaro cactus higher on the slope. An Indian arrow stuck there, embedded as far as its feathered end.

They camped on a high roll of ground that evening; and in the blue last dusk of evening horses' feet slashed through the gravel of an adjoining ravine and a man called forward. The troopers suddenly rose to stand by their guns and remained this way until a file of cavalrymen broke out of the canyon, riding fast. Castleton walked out to meet the detachment a few yards from the fire. She heard him say in half-curt voice; "What luck, Benteen?"

He sat in the saddle with a weary looseness, this tall thin-flanked officer Castleton had called Benteen. He had no shoulder bar, which marked him as a second lieutenant; the insignia on the crossed swords of his campaign hat indicated I Troop of her regiment. Being a thorough army girl, Eleanor noticed these details first and was afterward compelled by a rising interest to study the man himself. Riding dust covered his blue uniform, and sweat had caked this dust on cheeks deep-tanned by the sun. He had extraordinarily long legs and his hair showed a sandy red when he lifted his hat to release the sweat collected beneath it. His hands, quite large-knuckled, lay on the saddle swell, and a pair of gray, sleepy eyes lifted from Castleton and sent one direct glance toward her. Afterward he spoke with a voice that was quite even, quite soft: "So far, just the ride. Antone's band came down this way and scattered."

"They fired Bill Lay's ranch not long ago," said Castleton. Eleanor, listening to Castleton's voice, believed she heard something unfriendly and condemning in it.

"WE'LL have a look," Benteen answered. He turned in the saddle and considered the half-dozen jaded troopers with him and Eleanor knew he was calculating their endurance, as a good officer should. He raised his hand in signal, broke into a canter and came on with a loose swing of his shoulders, passing within a few yards of her. As he went by he raised his hat, gave her a direct, unsmiling glance, and was soon lost in the dusk.

When Castleton came back she said: "Who was that?" And watched the way his face remained in its set position.

"Tom Benteen, second lieutenant of I Troop. He came to the outfit about a year ago." Castleton let the information stand a moment, later adding with some reluctance, "You'll meet him at Grant when he returns from scout."

At gray dawn they were on the road again, turning through one canyon and another on the last descent. They struck the San Pedro and followed its bone-dry bed down a flat, cramped valley asmoke with the tinder heat, and at near dusk came to the junction of waterless Arivaipa Creek where Camp Grant's dobe houses and tents made a kind of square on the baked earth. Lights were shining through the blue fog of evening and men moved from quarters as the detail arrived. Paused by the brush-covered porch—the ramada—of the longest dobe, Phil Castleton saluted and said:

"Sir, Lieutenant Castleton reports back from Fort Apache. Your daughter is here."

Eleanor dropped from the ambulance seat, too eager to wait for assistance, and saw the heavy shape of her father in the thick shadows beneath the ramada. He didn't move and he didn't speak. As she walked toward him she saw the lines running across his plump cheeks, beneath the sweep of his white mustache. He had removed his hat and she observed that he had turned completely gray in the three years of her absence. All he said was, "Well, Daughter—" and raised his arms.

SHE wasn't quite crying when she kissed him, but an emotion, so strong and so full, wouldn't let her speak; it was the feeling that she had once had long ago as a little girl running to him for shelter and comfort when her own resources failed her. This was what was in her now, its memory carrying her the long distance back to childhood. It lasted a moment, then left her completely, and she stepped away to smile at him through tears, sadly knowing her girlhood and her girlhood's sweet, irresponsible happiness were forever gone. She could never again go to him and be sheltered from trouble.

She said in a tone that had to be swift to be steady: "You haven't changed, Dad."

He was a plump elderly man watching her with a softly smiling gentleness. "You look uncommonly like your mother at twenty-one. I must say you've turned into a damned pretty woman, Eleanor."

A woman came slowly forward beneath the black shadows cast by the ramada. Major Warren spoke with a quick courtesy: "Eleanor, this is Harriet, Mr. Mixler's wife. She has been the only white woman at the post."

Harriet Mixler's eyes were wide and round, and unhappiness lay tightly across her face. She said in a low voice: "It is nice to have you here, Eleanor."

"If you will show Eleanor her quarters," said Major Warren and, by old habit, he stepped out to have his look at the horses and men of the returned detail. The two women turned through the low door of the major's quarters into a room's stale, dense heat. Lamplight showed a rammed-earth floor and flimsy partitions separating other small rooms. Harriet Mixler led the way into one of these and stood still. Her hand described a weary gesture toward an iron cot, a chair and a wardrobe made of packing-box boards. Two pieces of fresh chintz hung beside a single narrow window. "Your father wished me to make this presentable, Eleanor. It is the best I could contrive."

"You must remember," said Eleanor Warren, "I was born and raised in places like this one. I love it."

"I hate it," said Harriet Mixler. Her accent was softly Southern. She had been a slim and black-haired girl with sharp, responsive features, obviously the daughter of some old-line plantation owner; once lively and very gay and very quick-tempered. All this, Eleanor Warren saw, in profound pity, was gone. "I hate everything about the army. I shall be an old woman with a leather skin and a ruined complexion in one more year. I sit in that unbearable hovel down the line and hate the sight of myself. I should have left here. Now it is too late. It is fifty-five miles to Tucson, and nothing there but mud huts. It is more than a hundred miles to Fort Apache, which is no better than here. It is like being buried alive." She stared at Eleanor Warren with those great, dark eyes so full of unhappiness. "Do you know what I fear most? Doctor Shiraz is gone three quarters of the time with the troops. When my baby's time comes he will be gone again. I shall die without him. My mother died with me. Even the Indians treat their women better than the government treats its officers' ladies." Suddenly she put both her arms against Eleanor Warren and dropped her head. Her body trembled and she cried in a choked whisper: "It's a blessed thing to have you here. I'm so afraid—so afraid."

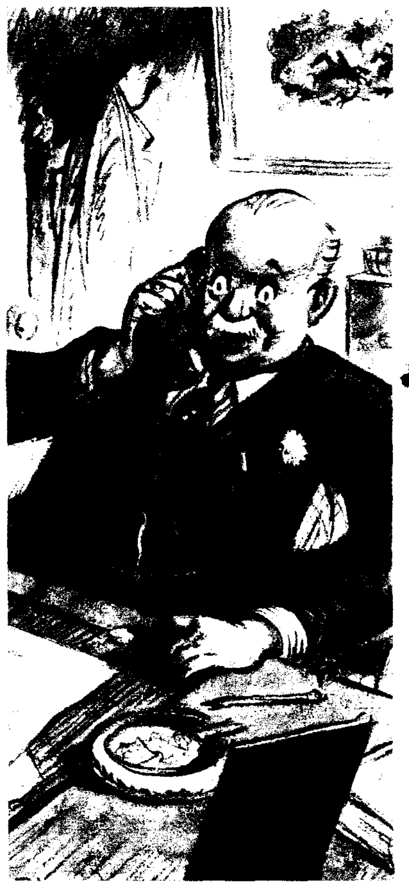
Eleanor Warren placed her arms around this girl. She murmured, "Nothing will happen, Harriet." Men's voices ran through the still, deep night and boots tramped the hard earth. Harriet Mixler pulled back, smoothing her hair. She said in despair, "I'm such a sight," and turned into the main room with Eleanor. Major Warren came in with Captain Harrison of I Troop. Harrison was a rawboned man with a long red nose and a close-cropped black beard. His taciturn eyes lighted up, which was rare for him. He said: "Dammit, Eleanor, maybe we'll have some fun around here now."

A voice in the other corner of the room spoke up: "We got beef croquettes, Miss Eleanor."

"Cowen!"

COWEN wore a black broadcloth suit and a white starched shirt. On his vest the huge links of his watch chain gently moved. His hair was carefully greased down against his head, his mustache was shined and his face showed the nearest approach to pleasure its grave woodenness permitted. Cowen, the Warrens' cook since '63, took unto himself most of the credit for raising Eleanor through the stage of long legs and bad grammar. Cowen shook her hand with the precise formality that was his idea of good manners in public. "I have things to tell you about this regiment," he said under his breath and left the room. The other officers of the two companies were coming in, Ray Lankerwell, Howell Ford, and Doctor Shiraz, who wore a set of flame-red burnsides. Shiraz said, "You're still an army child, Eleanor," and claimed his kiss. He turned at once to Harriet Mixler, gently pulling her to a chair. "Harriet, I want you to take some wine tonight."

She held to the cloth of his coat sleeve. "Are you sure you will be here during the next two or three weeks?"



"Hello, darling—oh, it's you, dear"

MICHAEL BERRY

He had a deep, patient voice. "I'll be here. Right here."

Cowen brought in the supper and the group sat up to the table. Major Warren's face was round and ruddy and cheerful as he raised his wineglass and for a moment all of them felt the emotion lying behind his silence. He tipped the glass at his daughter and said, "To a lady."

"To a lady," repeated Shiraz.

"And," said Major Warren with a gentler tone, "to Harriet."

They drank on that and suddenly the conversation was strong and pleasant even though the dull heat of day smothered the room. Shiraz rapped on the table and pointed a finger at Eleanor.

"Let's see now how much you remember. The column is in fours, approaching a narrow defile. What do you do?"

"The command is: 'By twos, march. Numbers one and two of first fours continue on. Number three and four oblique to right and follow in. Other sets repeat.' "

"Who carries the guidon?"

"Ranking corporal, sir. His place is left file of first platoon."

"Very good," said Shiraz. "Tomorrow I shall try you on a horse."

"Doctor," said Eleanor sweetly, "do you remember falling off the big roan, at Stanton?"

The other officers except Castleton let out a tremendous hoot and even Harriet Mixler smiled.

"I hope," said Shiraz, "you don't learn the subsequent catastrophes I've had with horses."

"Cowen," said Eleanor, "will tell me all about it tomorrow."

"Ah," groaned Shiraz, "you always knew more about the regiment than anybody else."

She said: "Will you ride the hills with me in the morning?"

MAJOR WARREN put down his knife and spoke plainly: "This is not Stanton, Eleanor. That's the first thing you must know. Nobody leaves this post at any time except under escort. There are Apaches within ten feet of the sentries this minute. We lost a teamster two days ago. He only went forty yards beyond the stables. We found him with an arrow through his chest. No riding, Eleanor."

Castleton's searching glance brought Eleanor Warren's attention to him. There was a question on his face, plain and demanding. The yellow lamplight showed strong, sudden color on her cheeks. She dropped her eyes, hearing him say in a voice brushed by excitement:

"Major Warren, I should like—"

Out in the darkness a sentry's challenge rode the night and a slow, sleepy answer came forward. The sentry called: "Corp'r'l of the guard, post number one!" Major Warren excused himself, and left the room. There was a little silence, with the other officers curiously watching Phil Castleton. "What was that?" said Captain Harrison in his blunt way.

"I think I should wait for Major Warren's return," said Castleton.

Quiet and quick-eyed, Eleanor Warren noticed the way they watched Castleton. With interest, but with reserve, as though something held them off. He had so little of their loose-muscled comfort, he had so strong a will to get on in his profession. It was an impetuous quality, it was his strength. Yet—and this she thought slowly and with a certain reluctant admission—it was a weakness too. Garrison life was a close-knit society; there had to be a good deal of give and take. She thought: "I shall have to warn him of that."

Major Warren returned to the room with the long-legged lieutenant she had seen the previous night in the hills.

"Eleanor," said Warren, "I present Mr. Benteen of I Troop. My daughter Eleanor, Mr. Benteen."

Benteen pulled his hat from a head of sorrel hair. He was taller than any officer in the room. A day's growth of red-glinting whiskers covered his face, chalked with alkali dust and the dry stain of sweat tracks. His eyes showed weariness clear down to the gray depths and his shoulders showed it, lying slack beneath the faded campaign shirt. He had heavy cheekbones, with a small scar making its white cut on the right side, and long lips that came definitely together.

Eleanor put out her hand. "I'm glad you're in the regiment, Mr. Benteen."

Shiraz said to Benteen: "I give you warning, Tom. She's been in this army a long time and knows the regulations better than a Johnny-come-lately like you."

His hand was extremely wide and heavy at the knuckles. There was a deliberateness about him and she knew, as the silence ran on, that he took his time about all things. This was the way he stood, steadily considering her, as though he meant to have his good look and find out what she was like, and for some odd reason she had the feeling that, behind those gray and indolent eyes, he was placing her against other women he had known and making comparison. In a way it put her on the defensive, it disturbed her. His voice was effortlessly slow.

"You have been mentioned many times. I wish I had been at Stanton. As it is, I'm getting a late start."

It was a polite man's reply and yet the casual inflection of his voice stirred her strong curiosity.

Captain Harrison said: "Did you cut Antone's tracks?"

"He's eighty miles back in the Pinal Range by now. But I know something about his habits that will be useful on the next chase." He moved over to Harriet Mixler, his long body bending a little. Eleanor saw his expression turn gentle. There was a definite affection in his voice: "I passed George's detail yesterday. He'll be back tomorrow."

She noticed the little glow of pleasure this man brought to Harriet Mixler's face. It was a way he had, it was some knowledge he possessed of women. Phil Castleton, she observed at once, was seemingly disinterested in this scene. His glance touched Benteen and came away; and she realized again that he didn't like Benteen. It was a knowledge that strangely troubled her. Phil Castleton turned to her, the question again in his eyes; he moved beside her.

"Major Warren," he said with a kind of curt nervousness in his talk, "Eleanor and I wish your consent."

WARREN had a black Mexican cigar in his mouth. The tip of it flew upward and he reached for it and withdrew it, sincerely astonished. Doctor Shiraz breathed a long, "Well, I'm damned," and then this silence grew quite strange. Eleanor Warren took Castleton's arm, embarrassed by the combined scrutiny of these people. She felt the rigidness of Castleton's body, as though it resisted the room, as though he were prepared for trouble. Something here was very odd, something in the silence. Benteen moved around the group, his head riding over all of them. His glance drew her attention and again, as before, she knew he took her somewhere into his deep-lying thoughts.

Her father said in reflective tone: "It is a nice thing to know. Of course you have my consent." He offered his hand to Castleton and he looked at the younger officer in a way she never forgot—in a way she was never able to describe to herself. Harriet Mixler came over. "Eleanor," she said. "Eleanor."

A sentry challenged across the dark-

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SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN OLD CARS!

ness and a call ran back along the line for the corporal of the guard; boots trotted over the parade. She didn't realize until that moment how highly keyed this post was to the black mystery crowding down from the hills. All the men stirred, as though catching the scent of trouble. Howell Ford slipped from the door, but was soon back. "Nachee is here with something."

Warren turned out, followed at once by the other officers. Eleanor Warren started to go along, to be held back by Harriet Mixler's sudden-reaching arm. She was visibly shaking. "Don't go!" she said. "Stay here!"

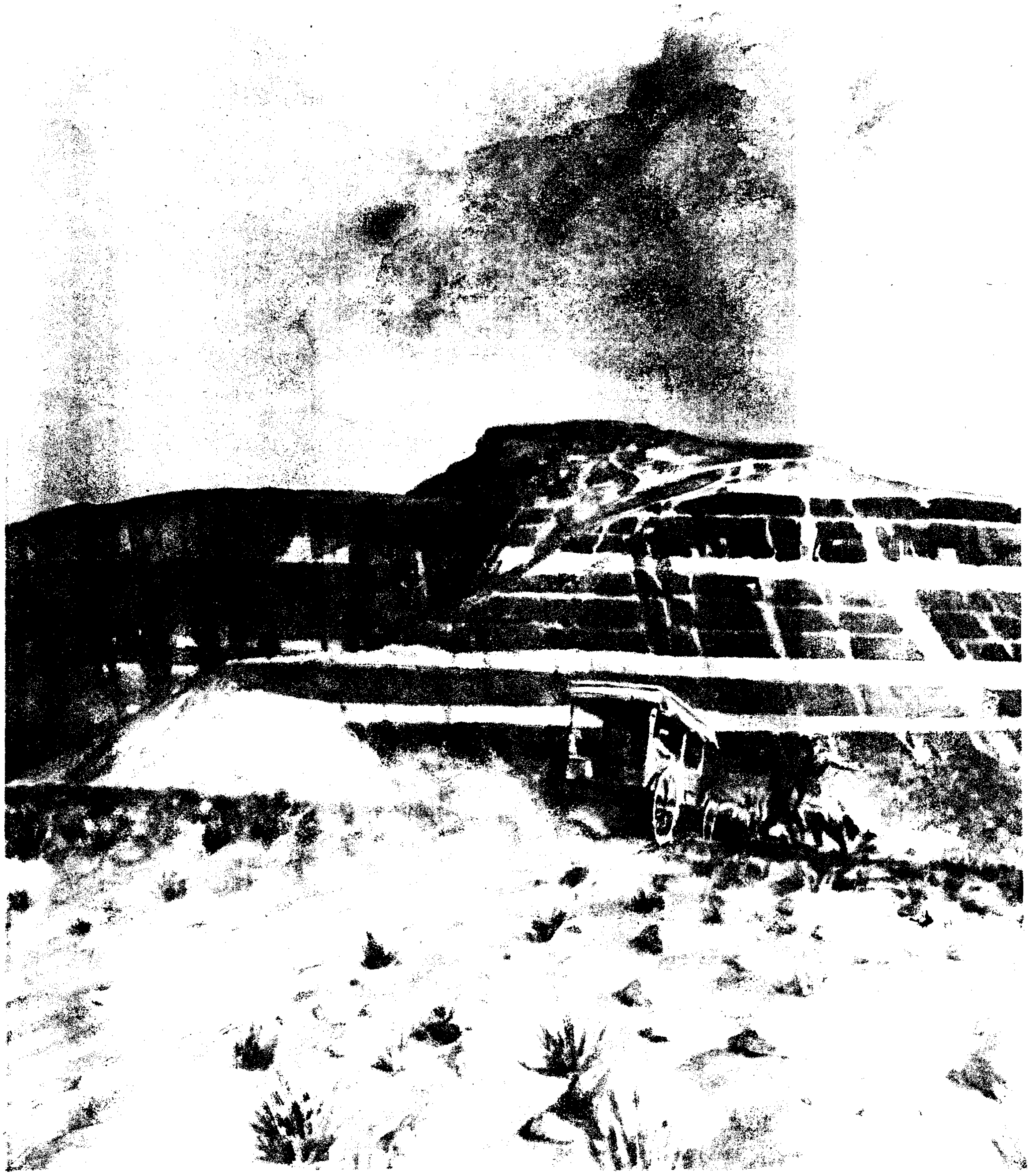
From the doorway both women watched the forming scene on the parade ground. A man ran up with a lantern, holding it high. By this light Eleanor saw the Apache Indian half surrounded by officers. He was small and wiry, dressed in a shirt breechclout and moccasins whose leggings were folded down. A headband held back jet hair and his eyes, struck by the lantern light, had a distinct gleaming. He carried a sack over his back.

Her father called: "Where's Manuel Dura?"

A civilian brushed through the shadows of the parade and came to the group. Her father said: "Find out what he wants, Manuel."

Manuel Dura spoke in a soft, sliding, twisted tone, moving a finger back and forth in front of the Apache. The Apache's face was impassive, unstirred. He answered swiftly.

Manuel Dura said: "He won't talk unless Nantan with The Long Legs comes. He knows Mr. Benteen best."



ELEANOR hadn't noticed until now that Benteen was at the corner of the house, well away from the parley. He stepped forward.

The Indian talked, Manuel Dura interpreting. "Major, he say you want the Indian that keel the teamster. Nachee is good Indian but the other wan was bad. So Nachee bring you the bad wan."

Benteen said something in the Apache tongue. The Apache lifted his chin and grunted "Enju," and threw the bag from his shoulder. Some object dully struck the earth, whereupon Castleton swiftly stepped forward, to hide it from the women. But he had not been quite quick enough. Eleanor wheeled against Harriet Mixler, turned cold and sick, trying to block Harriet's view. Out of the sack had rolled the severed head of an Apache.

"What was it?" whispered Harriet.

"I didn't see," answered Eleanor. The Indian stood stolid and impassive for a very brief moment, then slipped into the darkness without another sound. Doctor Shiraz reached down, pushed the head into the sack and took up the sack. He said, coolly, "Very good specimen," and went along the parade toward his quarters. The other officers broke away. Major Warren returned, with a most wry expression on his lips. He looked at Harriet Mixler and at once lied: "Brought me a broken jug. That's the Indian sign for punishment to one of its people." He went on into the room and poured a drink of wine. Castleton stood at the doorway, watching Eleanor a moment. He said: "I'll see you tomorrow," and cut across the parade.

"Walk back to my dobe with me," said Harriet Mixler.

They turned along officers' row. Tattoo call broke the heated dark, each note cutting a clear long echo over the parade, over the adjoining valley.

Harriet Mixler stopped by her door, supporting herself against the frame with an arm. She said: "I wish George would come back. It is such a cruel country. When the baby is born—as soon as it is able to stand traveling—I'm going east. I'll never return to the army."

"How long have you been in the army, Harriet?"

"A year."

"Wait another year, and you'll never like another kind of life."

"Not me," said Harriet Mixler in that same dead, resisting voice. "I won't stay. Good night."

She walked uncertainly into the house. Eleanor strolled on.

She had turned the corner of officers' row when she heard Captain Harrison's disgusted voice drift through the doorway of the last dobe house: "Three aces—and you catch a flush. Someday, Benteen, you'll break your neck trying to fill those damned things."

Benteen's tone was as it had been earlier in the evening, drowsy and let down: "An agreeable way to die."

She turned and watched them a moment, through the doorway. Harrison and Shiraz and Benteen and Howell Ford and a civilian sat around a small table, half obscured by the heavy drift of tobacco smoke. It was Benteen she found herself watching, with a definite curiosity again rising. He lay back in his chair with a complete looseness, as though no single muscle were alive. His feet sprawled beneath the table and his long arms lay on it, one hand touching a glass of whisky.

Captain Harrison said: "I'll take three cards."

ELEANOR turned back, walking faster, and saw a dark shape waiting near her father's quarters. Her heart quickened a little when Castleton spoke.

"Eleanor," he said and came to her. There was a swiftness in his words sweet to hear, sweet and yet strange. "Eleanor, God knows I'm glad you're here. I've been lonely." In this darkness his constraint was gone. He took her and kissed her and for a little while she thought of nothing else; after three years of waiting this was the way she had wanted it, this was the way it ought to be.

She stepped back from him. "Why should you be lonely, Phil?"

He said: "I'm not the poker-playing kind, Eleanor."

She was an army girl, completely understanding these vigorous and openhanded and extremely simple men who rode through the desert dust; and she knew the solace they found in a cigar, in a drink of whisky, in a game of poker after the routine and the hard work was done.

"It would be good for you, Phil," she said gently. "Why don't you join them?"

In one short phrase he told her why—though he didn't realize it: "I have not been asked to join them."

She said, "Oh, my dear man!" But she said it under her breath. It was a revelation that shocked her and roused her protectiveness and drew her nearer him. Some act or some phrase or some manner of his had created their quiet dislike, and this was a terribly serious thing in so compact a family as the regiment.

"You must put it in their way to ask you," she said.

His short answer showed his freshening resentment: "I have no time to learn post politics, Eleanor."

"You will be handling men all your life. It isn't politics. It is your career." But she was thinking, "I shall have to manage it better than this." He was a square, tense shape in the darkness; he was silent, involved in his own grievances. She put her hand on his shoulder, lightly reassuring him. "Wait until we're married, Mr. Castleton. I've

**The ambulance rattled along the road, traversed a narrow valley and took to the rough ravines again. A cavalry detail passed them, homeward bound; the officer lifted his hat**

been in the army a long time and I know the fine print at the bottom of the regulations."

He said, "It has been a long wait, Eleanor," and pulled her to him again. This was when all trouble dissolved, leaving her hopeful and excited. And yet it was strange that one part of her mind remained cool and critical. Even as he held her he was not, she felt, thinking of her. He was locked up in himself, involved in his own reasoning. She stepped back, murmuring, "Good night, Phil," and watched him swing down officers' row to his own boxlike dobe. She went directly to her father's quarters and found him waiting.

HE HAD something on his mind. "It occurs to me," he said, quite carefully, "that perhaps I didn't express myself very well when Castleton broke the news. It took the wind out of an old man, Daughter. But you know how I feel. It is a damned nice thing to know you'll be in the regiment—"

She said: "How did Mr. Benteen come to us?"

He looked at her a puzzled moment, trying to fathom the question. "Well," he said, "Benteen worked up as a private in the Civil War and took a presidential appointment to West Point. He had quite a war record. They assigned him to the engineer corps but he liked our arm best and got a transfer. The man's a soldier clear down to the marrow."

"Does he rank Phil?"

"Yes."

She said, "Why do the officers—?" and cut short the question, knowing she would never get help from her father. He wasn't the man to favor one officer over another, or to express opinions about them. So she turned into her own room, hearing him say: "Up to your neck in post gossip already."

She undressed, threw on a robe and pattered out to her bed on the parade. Lying there with her face turned to the far, cloudy starlight she listened to the fading sounds of the camp. Then she fell asleep.

A voice said, "Major Warren!" in hard-breathing excitement and she woke, bolt upright. Shadows raced over the parade. Someone called: "The Summerton wagon train—down in the canyon!" A trumpet blasted out its call and lights broke the shadows and men were shouting all along the barrack and picket line. "I got through," said the exhausted voice. "The rest—I do not know—"

She could not mistake Lieutenant Benteen's long, solid voice. It called: "McSween, rout out the men."

HER father's long white nightshirt swayed through the curdled shadows. Benteen crossed the parade on the trot. Her father said, "Take the first twenty men you find ready and go out. You know the place?"

Benteen said, "Yes, sir. In the canyon," and wheeled around. His voice ran down the night, strong-toned against the rush of men along the parade: "Sergeant McSween—twenty men, either troop. Oldbuck, fill up some extra canteens."

Major Warren called: "Dr. Shiraz, you will accompany the detail."

Troopers were already forming in the center of the parade, hustled to it by McSween's bronze-throated urging. Phil Castleton came up to Warren. Eleanor heard excitement sing in his words: "May I be permitted to go, Major?"

"Certainly—certainly," said Warren. He walked toward quarters and swore one passionate oath when his bare feet snagged the porch boards. Howell Ford ran by. He said to nobody in particular, "That's Antone again!" Sitting upright on her cot, cold in spite of the night's heat, she saw the troopers forming line. They were counting off.

"Prepare to mount! Mount!"

She heard them hit their saddles. Dust rose along the parade. "Right by twos, march!" The line moved by her. Benteen's voice was long and cool: "Gallop!" The detail swept out of the parade, hoofs solidly pounding the parade. Harriet Mixler was calling, "Eleanor—Eleanor," but Eleanor Warren waited another moment, following the detail with her ears as it reached the bed of the San Pedro, rushed over the gravel and struck into the southwest. Presently, when the clatter and the rumble were quite gone, she went to Harriet Mixler's cot and bent down. Harriet's body shook. She seized Eleanor's arms. She breathed: "Don't leave. Stay here—right here."

*(To be continued next week)*

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# For Further Details—

### By Frank D. Morris

**Sensational newspaper headlines may appear quite tame when filtered through your radio. Some stations won't even broadcast scary sex or crime stories while the children are still awake. Here are the "must nots" that govern radio news—and the reasons for them**

LADIES and gentlemen—this is terrible news! FLASH!—Hanover, New Hampshire—Nine Dartmouth College students were killed in the Theta Chi fraternity house when an explosion in the house furnace filled the room in which they were sleeping with carbon-monoxide gas.

"Dots and dashes and lot of flashes from here, there and everywhere!

"New York—Two men, wanted for murder in Boston, were overpowered in a gun fight by police today. . . ."

Walter Winchell, as usual, was machine-gunning his words in his Sunday-night broadcast. To him this was just another weekly chore and he rattled on through the fifteen-minute period, oblivious of the tragic drama on which he had rung up the curtain with that Hanover "flash."

Telephone operators in NBC's coast-to-coast studios got the first reaction. Dozens, then hundreds, of parents whose sons were currently enrolled at Dartmouth crowded the switchboards with frantic calls. Was their Robert or David listed with the dead? What were the names of the boys? When and how could they get more details of the tragedy?

Telephone and telegraph wires to Hanover hummed impatiently. Then many of the surviving 1,500-odd Dartmouth students realized their families were worrying about them and sent reassuring messages which added further to the confusion. All because of a quarter-minute radio "flash."

Hours later, when the casualty list had been checked—it was then Monday and the morning newspapers carried a complete account of the accident—life settled back to normal in many a son-at-Dartmouth home.

#### A Lesson Well Learned

It wasn't so easily forgotten, however, at NBC's New York studios, where the Winchell program had originated. This incident warned them that in broadcasting news they often could find themselves fathering a menace. A few more breaks like that and the Damocles sword of censorship might break its thread as it had previously in the Hollywood film colony.

NBC's first corrective step was to organize a regular department to handle all such programs and replace the loose system of news broadcasting heretofore tolerated as a side line of the publicity and press divisions. A week later this new department was functioning under a news editor named A. A. Schechter. Studio officials, realizing that news broadcasting was young and a problem child, decided it could best be handled by youth. Although he had had ten years of newspaper experience, Schechter was then only twenty-seven.

The Hanover example was the first item he entered in a still growing list of "mustn'ts" for news over NBC. Have a look at that list now and you will see things which would make the city editor of a tabloid chuckle. For example:

"Early in the evening children are listening in, so sex, crime and juicy stories of that nature are out. At eleven o'clock at night, however, we can assume the children are in bed and the adult audience is listening. Then we can be more liberal with our treatment and types of news stories.

"No flash stories about riots, plane crashes, school fires, etc., until complete details are available and rescuers have the situation under control."

#### Anxiety Follows the Flashes

The last item calls for further explanation. A race riot broke out in New York's Negro section, Harlem. For hours emergency squads of police tried to stem it, but the crowd, including many white persons, seemed to grow instead of dwindle. This hampered police work and they decided to find out what had caused the sudden influx. Questioning members of the mob, the cops learned that many of them had come from points as far distant as Greenpoint in Brooklyn. The usual answer each visitor gave was that he had heard of the riot in a radio news flash and had galloped to Harlem to see the excitement.

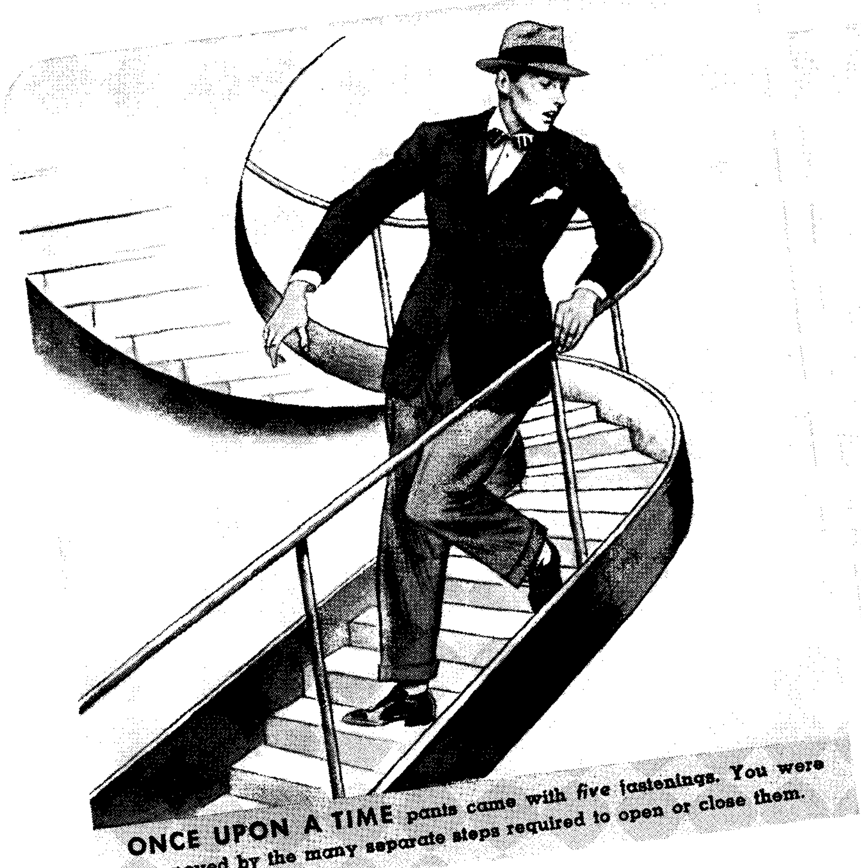
The reason for NBC's ban on broadcasting first accounts of plane and school disasters, stories that would make a newspaper reporter forget his meals, is more obvious. When a transport plane, fogbound and out of gas, dove into the Pacific near the Golden Gate a short time ago, Schechter and his news crew kept the story off the air for hours until a regular news period was available and until they knew what was what—who were on the plane and what had happened to them. Had they broken the news earlier, they knew they would have been swamped with phone calls from the relatives of every person flying, or believed to be flying, on a plane anywhere in that vicinity.

And if a school tragedy were broadcast prematurely, frantic parents would besiege the scene and hamper the rescue work. The Dartmouth flash had taught NBC a lesson indeed.

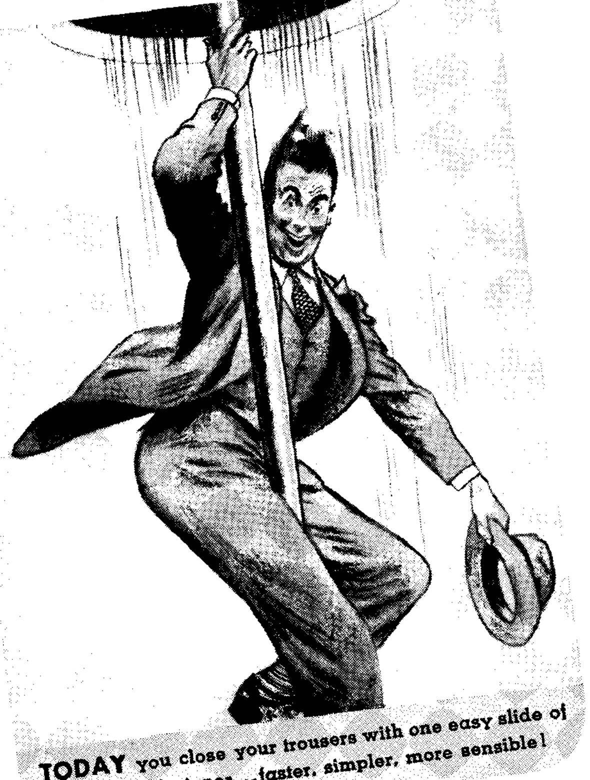
That lesson is one of dozens in the primer an NBC news announcer or news editor bones studiously. Conservative NBC enforces these rules to the letter; Columbia and the other radio chains have no such specific rules, but rely upon the discretion of the individual news editor to keep within the limits of good taste.

"No suicides, unless it is a President Coster of McKesson & Robbins or an Ivar Kreuger. Most other suicide stories are too full of emotionalism and sugges-

# "NO THANKS" "Now you're talking"



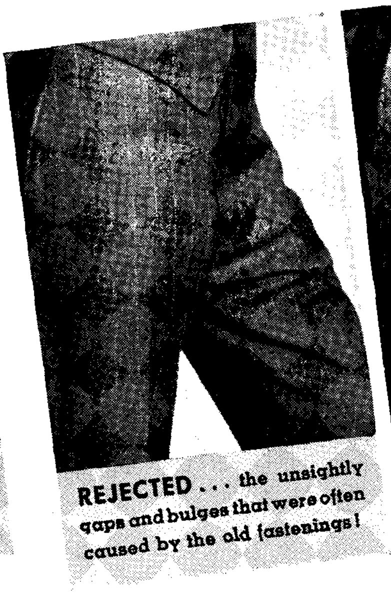
ONCE UPON A TIME pants came with *five* fastenings. You were annoyed by the many separate steps required to open or close them.



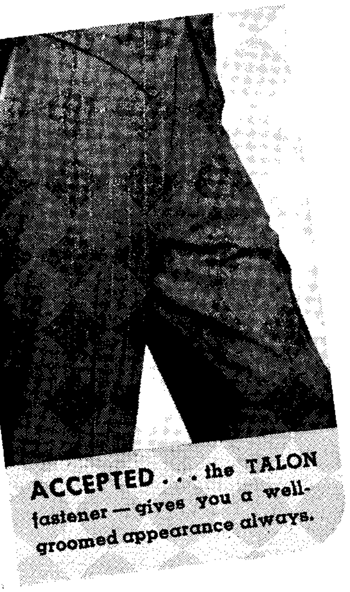
TODAY you close your trousers with one easy slide of the TALON fastener... faster, simpler, more sensible!

GONE FOR GOOD... the old-fashioned fastenings that often came open by accident ...often broke off your trousers entirely.

HERE TO STAY... the modern TALON slide fastener. Now you are *sure* that your trousers are properly closed at all times.



REJECTED... the unsightly gaps and bulges that were often caused by the old fastenings!



ACCEPTED... the TALON fastener — gives you a well-groomed appearance always.

## GOOD NEWS FOR MILLIONS! This season you get the TALON slide fastener in most of the better-made suits!

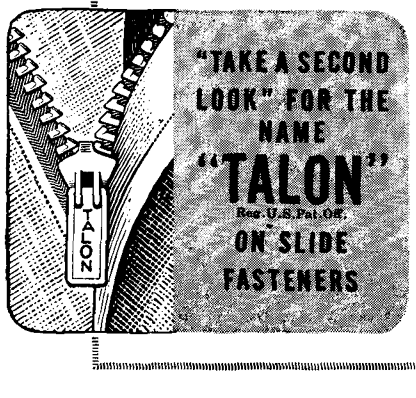
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NEVER AGAIN need you fumble with five fastenings on your trousers. Never again need you put up with fastenings that embarrass you by coming open by accident.

For now most of the better-made new suits have the modern TALON slide fastener in the trousers.

Why not make sure your next new suit is *really new, really up-to-date?* No matter how much or how little you pay, see that it has a TALON slide fastener in the trousers.

**TALON TROUSER FASTENER ★ MADE BY TALON, INC. ★ MEADVILLE, PA.**
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



### GIVE IT THE THIRD DEGREE

We urge you to question the dependability of the slide fastener when you buy a pair of trousers. For today there are some fasteners that you *can't* be sure of. They're "new-comers" trying to cash-in on the popularity that the TALON fastener has won with its years of trouble-free service... Actually, these unreliable fasteners are easy to avoid. Just "take a second look" for the name 'TALON.' Then you know you have the slide fastener that has been proved *practical* by millions of men.

WHERE THERE'S A SEA-HORSE—
THERE'S Fun

Go Fishing
this Vacation

Sure, it's fun to go fishing! It's even more fun to *catch* 'em when you go.

And the odds are ten to one that you'll bring back your limit if you use an outboard motor on your boat!

***What Johnson Gives the Fisherman***

**REVERSE.** Number one requirement of a good fishing motor. Only Johnson has reverse.

**PATENTED CO-PILOT.** "Takes hold" of your motor when you let go — so you can light your pipe, rig your tackle, relax.

**DUAL CARBURETION.** Troll at a crawl without stalling. Pick up and *go* in a flash.

**21 OTHER** big features including Johnson's *perfected* Alternate Firing and Underwater Exhaust. These, with *reverse*, are the "big three" of outboard motoring and

***Only Johnson Has All Three!***

See your Johnson dealer for a demonstration. You'll find his name listed under "Outboard Motors" in your classified telephone directory. ***Time payments available.***

JOHNSON MOTORS, 4700 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill.
*Johnson Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada*

**NEW MIRACLE MOTOR!** Sensational bantam TWIN (21½ lbs.,) with ***perfected alternate firing*** smoothness and power at only $79.50! Deluxe model with Ready Pull Starter (illustrated) $94.50. Prices f. o. b. factory.

*Johnson Dependability*
AS LOW AS
$49.50
F. O. B. FACTORY

***See the famous Johnson Single with REVERSE. Rugged. Only 17 lbs.***

**Free HANDY CHART**

New! Sizes and specifications of the 10 great motors for '39. New models! New features! Fully illustrated. Send for your copy.

**JOHNSON**
**Sea-horse OUTBOARD MOTORS**

tion for impulsive listeners. Too risky.

"Never refer to stutterers, cross-eyed persons or physical handicaps." Here's a "mustn't" inspired by a letter found in a news commentator's fan mail. Quote: "Last evening I sat down to dinner with, among others, a charming young lady who, through a constitutional defect, is afflicted with thick ankles. She is a most lovable and sensitive girl. Came the voice of your commentator extolling the physical perfection of the American girl. 'You rarely find one,' he said, 'with thick ankles, which, of course, are always a catastrophe.'

"In an embarrassed silence the young lady left the table, almost in tears. Of course your announcer was right—than slender ankles there is no more desirable attribute in femininity. Who cares for the character, gentility, decency or honesty which the possessors of thick ankles may have? Yours truly . . ."

So NBC has to lean over backward to keep its news programs from becoming a nuisance or a menace. Not long ago the Bureau of Standards in Washington handed out a mimeographed report. When the NBC news editors saw it they realized immediately they had in their hands a parcel of information every woman listener would grab for as eagerly as the bargains in a dollar-day sale. The "handout" described a new chemical which, after exhaustive tests in the bureau's laboratories, had convinced chemists it would stop—with one dab—a run in milady's stocking. Complete details of the magic formula were given in the news release, including the ingredients and the method of mixing them.

The radio editors re-read the report, sighed and shook their heads. It couldn't go on the air. Why? Too dangerous. Some fool woman might get the mixing instructions wrong and concoct a lethal mixture that would harm her health. Of such situations are the self-imposed "mustn'ts" of radio born.

Even when prison sirens scream and squads of grim-faced guards set out to bag an escaped convict—a story always good for a streamer headline on Page One—the NBC newsmen must shut their eyes and your ears to the exciting details. Instead they become your protectors, cautioning you in this fashion: "Here is a special bulletin. Officials of the state penitentiary report that one of its inmates has not been accounted for. We warn motorists in that vicinity to be careful about giving lifts to strangers, especially at night. Housewives are advised to beware of tramps asking for meals at the back door."

### Radio Headaches

There are so many "don'ts" and "mustn'ts" gagging the microphone that you wonder the news announcer has anything left to say. As a final rule, originated by NBC, we give you, "Be careful about using similes on the air." It seems that one news commentator, in describing an embarrassing situation, said in a recent news broadcast, "It was like having your gas turned off on Thanksgiving Day, with your house full of dinner guests." These words were spoken a few days before Thanksgiving and caused a number of people to rush to their telephones to ask the radio station how come. The callers were employees of the local gas company who had tuned in late on the program. They denied vigorously that their boss intended to turn off the customers' gas on Thanksgiving.

But it wasn't only such isolated samples of misunderstanding that produced headaches for NBC, Columbia, Mutual and the other broadcasting systems in their daily routine of broadcasting news. That row they had a few years ago with the daily press threatened to end completely, or at least slow up, the airing of news bulletins.

It all began when the press associations—Associated Press, United Press and International News Service—began to get tough. Why should they, reasoned the news services, hand out scot-free, via their many client newspapers, choice news items to a rival medium?

Drastic steps were taken in 1933. No more news stories to be given the broadcasters, said the newspapermen. Let them dig up their own. The ban on listing commercial labels of individual radio programs in the daily press was already in effect (Collier's Radio Hour used to be listed in the daily press as "Uncle Henry's Hour") and some newspapers had abolished the radio listings completely. The fight was on.

### The Word "Flash" is Out

It was more or less a one-sided scrap. The radio people scrambled around and organized news departments to gather their own news tidbits from near and far. Columbia hastily assembled a crew of news gatherers all over the country with GHQ in New York, a sort of junior AP or UP. Paul White, like Schechter, young in years, but seasoned in newspaper work, was given command by Columbia's president, William Paley, himself then a stripling of thirty-four. NBC contented itself with a radio city room in New York which was given a free hand in using the long-distance and transoceanic telephone.

But that proved only partially satisfactory to radio. In the first place, it was expensive. In one season NBC's news crew spent over $25,000 in phone calls. Sponsors on Columbia programs protested when their billings on the air were ignored in the daily press. And the aroused press associations cooled down when they realized that these new rivals, young and inexperienced as they were, might become dangerous. The war lasted less than six months and the armistice message read: "Let's get together, boys."

That's how Press-Radio was born. Like the New Deal family, it was begat by a union of letters of the alphabet. ANPA, The American Newspaper Publishers Association, went into a huddle with NBC and CBS and came out of it with a gentlemen's agreement which seemed to please all of them. WOR, the key station of the Mutual chain, came in later. The publishers would furnish the news to radio, just as before the fight, but radio must pay the costs of piping it into its studios.

That press-radio marriage survived four years only to end in divorce last Christmas Eve. Jim Barrett, chief of the bureau, disagreed with the Publishers' Committee that supervised it on the financial setup and operation of the intermediary, with the result that NBC and Columbia again went shopping for news sources. At this writing they are buying, for news broadcasts, choice tidbits from UP and INS dished out to you several times daily in five-minute doses.

The conservative Associated Press until recently had never been too cordial to radio. But a couple of months ago the AP finally broke down and started supplying—free—news to the broadcasters. And at the annual AP convention held currently in New York the members will decide whether they will take cash money for this service.

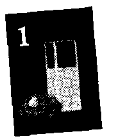
Supplementing these periodic news broadcasts are brief bulletins that pop up between and are considered too hot to hold for the next scheduled newscast. These occasional bulletins—radio doesn't favor the word "flash" since Orson Welles startled the customers with his Martian broadcast—are handled in amazingly fast time. If Hitler were to

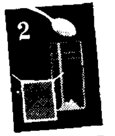
**CATCHING COLD?**

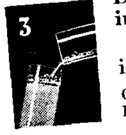
***Try* LEMON WITH SODA**

TAKEN first thing daily on arising or the last thing every night, it's beneficial in two ways. It has a natural, gentle *laxative* effect for most people, hence, helps elimination.

Second, it helps keep the system normally alkaline, and adds the additional protection of vitamin C found abundantly in lemon juice.







**1.** Squeeze juice of one Sunkist lemon into tall glass half full of water. **2.** Put half teaspoonful of bicarbonate soda in another glass. **3.** Pour back and forth rapidly. **4.** Drink when foaming subsides.

Try it 10 days. See if you don't benefit.

Copyright, 1939, California Fruit Growers Exchange

**Sunkist Lemons**

## . . . Ways and Means To Increase Your Income!

HAVE YOU been considering ways and means to earn extra income? Then, follow the example of Mr. R. R. Abair of Indiana whose picture you see above. He says, "I earn your generous commissions by talking Crowell Magazines at every opportunity!"

You, also, may earn plenty of extra dollars by looking after new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Publications. While the coupon is handy, write for free money-making supplies.

------------Free!------------

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-62
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WHAT are your ways and means to increase my income?

Name..................................

Address..................................

Town..................................

State..................................

resign his job tomorrow, you would hear it on your radio less than thirty seconds after the report had reached the studio.

Such bulletins usually cut in on a regularly scheduled program, but since they consume only a few seconds, little harm is done to that program. Occasionally, however, the effect of these interruptions is on the quaint side. The swing-band broadcast, for example, on election night, 1936. Unknown to the band leader, his program was cut off the air momentarily while an announcer in the New York studio came on to inform the world, "The Democrats are sweeping the nation." Then the program was cut in again just as the leader announced the title of the next band number, "Ain't It a Shame?"

Radio news also comes to you on the national networks—a bit more tardily than the regular two-a-day Press-Radio programs and bulletins—from the well-oiled palates of the professional news commentators and "interpreters." H. V. Kaltenborn, Lowell Thomas, Gabriel Heatter (remember Floyd Gibbons—bang! bang! bang!), Edwin C. Hill, Boake Carter, John B. Kennedy and others carry this freight. These programs are usually (commercial) sponsored. Finally, local stations, with their limited audiences, often employ a local announcer, usually a newspaperman, to inform the citizenry of the daily doings in their respective bailiwicks. These stations may buy their news from UP, INS or Transradio Press an independent outfit that deals in radio news gathering. Transradio caters to about 275 stations and has no press-association tie-up.

### Unrehearsed Radio Dramas

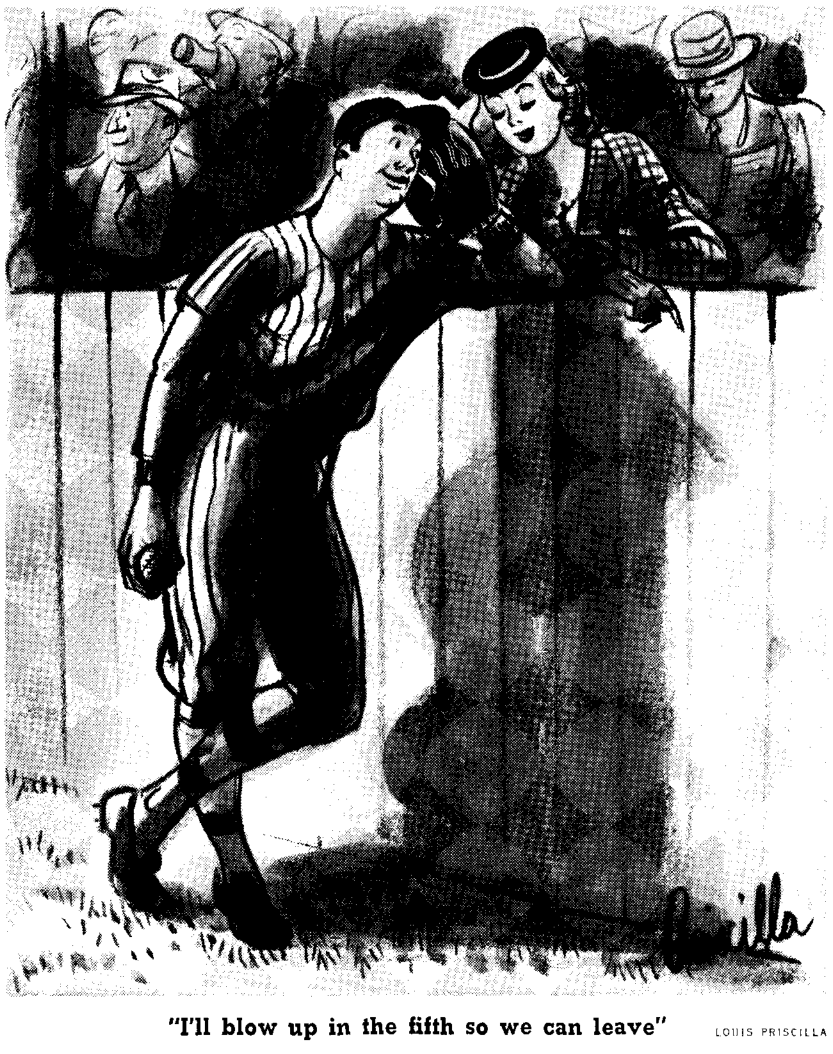
A program like Lowell Thomas' is made up like a vaudeville bill. Each item is an act that must be spotted to give variety to the whole show so that the audience won't tune it out in the middle. And here's something you probably never detected—the last news item on Thomas' program is usually humorous. The reason? To put the audience in a pleasant mood for the commercial plug that follows.

It was on a Lowell Thomas program that the terrific speed of radio contact was dramatically exhibited: Paul Clark, a fourteen-year-old boy, was lying in a hospital bed in Point Pleasant, New Jersey. He was suffering from a severe kidney ailment, acute nephritis, and the doctors had prescribed, to save his life, a peculiar medicine—watermelon juice. But this was in December and there were no watermelons ripening in New Jersey then. Hospital authorities decided to appeal for them by radio.

Five minutes before Thomas was to go on the air, he received a phone call from Point Pleasant. In his first news item Thomas explained the boy's plight to listeners all over the country. Exactly four minutes later NBC was offered, by telephone, a watermelon for Paul and, within fourteen minutes, dozens of similar calls arrived while one melon actually had reached the hospital. Then it literally rained watermelons. From Philadelphia two motorcycle cops were speeding to the hospital escorting a truck filled with watermelons and offers of others were still coming in from listeners hundreds of miles away. By that time the treatment had been started and young Paul was kept alive.

Unrehearsed radio dramas like that are young radio's unspoken answer to "The Power of the Press." Such human interest stories *will* keep popping up to the amazement and glee of the broadcasters' publicity departments. Bob Trout, a CBS announcer, innocently yanked countless heartstrings when he included in a recent news program what he thought was a minor item about Jimmy Varner, of Gifford, Illinois, Jimmy's pet dog and Jimmy's shiny new bike.

It seems that eleven-year-old Jimmy was playing in his yard when he saw thick clouds of smoke pouring from the



"I'll blow up in the fifth so we can leave" LOUIS PRISCILLA

The Oldest Name in Scotch

**It was 1775**
when Paul Revere made his famous midnight ride to waken the colonists against the approach of the British troops.

148 years *before* the midnight ride of Paul Revere . . . **The Haigs were making Scotch!**

HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
HAIG & HAIG

FIVE STAR
8
Years Old

PINCH BOTTLE
12
Years Old

**An exclusive distinction is held by Haig & Haig. It is the only Scotch with a record of 312 years of continuous satisfaction behind it! For the Haigs started in 1627—and have withstood competition with thousands of other brands! And yet—despite its distinction — Haig & Haig makes no extra charge for its great name and fame.**

**Haig & Haig**

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

SOMERSET IMPORTERS LTD. • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

LET NOT EXCESS ACIDITY UPSET YOUR BILL OF FARE. LET ALKA-SELTZER SETTLE THINGS, ENJOY THE SPRINGY AIR.
UPSET STOMACH
BE READY WHEN A HEADACHE COMES, TO FREE YOURSELF FROM PAIN. WISE PEOPLE ALKA-SELTZER-IZE AND WHISTLE IN THE RAIN
HEADACHE
WHEN "MORNING AFTER" CLOUDS APPEAR, DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME A WHINING. LET ALKA-SELTZER LIFT THE FOG, YOU'LL FIND THE SUN STILL SHINING.
MORNING AFTER
Alka-Seltzer

Be Wise – Alkalize

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling pleasant-tasting solution. Drink it and it gives quick relief from Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after meals and other common ailments. It also helps overcome excess acid condition so often associated with these troubles.

30¢ & 60¢ PKGS. OR BY THE GLASS AT DRUG STORE SODA FOUNTAINS

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC-NETWORK

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS

LUCKY TIGER WITH OIL "HEADS" YOU FOR SUCCESS

LUCKY TIGER WITH OIL HAIR & SCALP

LOOK THE PART

Use Lucky Tiger (4) Action With Oil. Folks with Dry, Unruly hair are "Crazy" about it. Brisk massage three times weekly with it makes whole families happy.

*Lucky Tiger Made from Our Own Perfected Formula—*

To aid you in getting rid of loose, unsightly dandruff, a menace to normal hair and scalp. Also—To allay that annoying itching—To relieve scalp irritations and therefore aid in checking excessive falling hair.

*Get a bottle at your Druggist, Barber or Ten Cent Store.*

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

**FREE!** *Our New Lucky Tiger WITH OIL* is now being made for excessively dry hair and scalp. A 35¢ bottle will be sent upon receipt of 12¢ stamps to pay packing and postage. LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO., Dept. 35, Kansas City, Mo.

house. He rushed inside, and sure enough, the whole place was afire. Above the crackle of the flames, Jimmy could hear Spot, his pup, barking for help, from a second-floor bedroom. Running toward the stairs, Jimmy saw something shining through the curling smoke—the gleaming handle bars of the new bike his father had just bought him. Jimmy faced a problem. If he wheeled the bike out, what would happen to Spot in the meantime?

Of course, you can guess Jimmy's final choice. Spot was saved and the bicycle perished.

Announcer Trout passed this story on to his radio audience and just forgot about it. But the audience didn't. Young and old—the kids enclosing pennies and the oldsters checks—sent letters in to the Columbia studios as their contributions to a fund to buy Jimmy a new bicycle. Columbia returned each donation with a reassuring message that Bob Trout himself would surprise Jimmy with a new bicycle for Christmas. But Bob was talked out of this by a bicycle trade association official who decided he should be the person to do right by little Jimmy.

### Using Pronouns Sparingly

In the rapid growth of radio, news broadcasters have tried to bring to the ear what the newspapers bring to the eye—and they're still learning. Radio journalism had and has many handicaps to overcome. Remember that the news the daily press gives you is served à la carte. You can look over the whole menu and select whatever reading you want. Radio, on the other hand, deals only in table d'hôte news meals. Again, in reading a newspaper story, you can always re-read it if you haven't assimilated it in one gulp. On the radio you must catch it on the first bounce.

In their pioneer days—only a scant few years ago—news broadcasters, who were mostly ex-newspapermen, tried using city-room methods. They wrote and put on the air stories the average reporter prepares for his paper. You know the style—the gist of the story summed up in the lead paragraph, followed by a more lengthy and detailed treatment of the subject. That makes palatable reading on the pages of your favorite newspaper, but try reading it aloud to a group of listeners, and you will get the idea. It sounds as stilted as a congressman's Fourth of July oration at the local Grange hall.

"All right," said Schechter, "we'll cater strictly to the ear." He and the other radio newsmen weren't quite sure how to go about it, since the only precedents they could dig up were the town crier and the neighborhood gossip. Again the trial-and-error method, which had evolved the list of "mustn'ts," proved useful. Radio decided the town-crier style was too formal, so they lean toward the gossip side. Ask them about it now, and they will tell you that they try to make their news broadcasts sound as though a man has just come home, bursting to tell his wife and children about the collision of two fire trucks he has just seen down the block. Conversational, chatty, folksy.

Styles of news broadcasting vary with the separate chains. NBC instructs:

"Give them short, snappy sentences, remembering that many listeners can't understand an announcer all out of breath. Besides many listeners won't wait for the completion of a long, involved statement." Columbia, on the other hand, substitutes smoothness of writing and diction for the staccato style.

Here is something to notice when you are listening to a news broadcast. The announcer uses pronouns sparingly. If he is talking about President Roosevelt, every time he mentions his subject, he does not say "he" or "him," but refers to "The President or Mr. Roosevelt." NBC and Columbia set the pace in this and it is now being taken up generally. Why? Again it's because listeners may tune in after the program has started and may not know whom the announcer is talking about. Columbia found this out when they aired a bulletin reading, "William N. Doak, Secretary of Labor in the Cabinet of President Herbert Hoover, died today in Washington."

This brief announcement immediately brought in a flock of phone calls to the Columbia studios. The callers wanted to confirm the report of *Hoover's* death. They had tuned in their radios at the split second when the ex-President's name was mentioned.

The news announcers also have to watch their inflections. If they don't, the mildest rise in tone in their recital of, say, Hitler's latest activities will fetch in a startling collection of angry phone calls and letters denouncing the announcer as being prejudiced.

And the announcers find it extremely difficult to please all the customers. Following one of H. V. Kaltenborn's radio talks over the Columbia network during the Czech crisis, he received 168 fan letters. Exactly half of these accused him of being a combination Nazi and Fascist while the remaining 84 letters called him a Communist.

Well, you can have your Boake Carters, Edwin C. Hills, H. V. Kaltenborns, Lowell Thomases, Gabriel Heatters and all the other big-name radio news geniuses. But, for strictly sentimental reasons, we'll stick to our favorite Leo Rosenberg, the Christopher Columbus of radio news.

Back in 1920 Leo was a publicity man when he heard about the experiments of Doctor Frank Conrad, a Westinghouse engineer in Pittsburgh, who had set up a crude radio transmitter unlike the ordinary transmitter of those days, sputtering out only dots and dashes. He was teaching his transmitter to talk.

### A Single Fan Letter

When the experiments, lasting several months, had proved moderately successful, Doctor Conrad moved the equipment to the Westinghouse plant and there, on the night of November 4, 1920, the first scheduled radio news broadcast was unleashed. Through these long months, Leo had followed and believed in Doctor Conrad's every move and his faith was finally rewarded. The man who will go down in history as the first official announcer is Leo Rosenberg. The night before the broadcast an audition for announcers was held and Leo won out over a dozen other candidates.

If you recall your dates, November 4th of that year was election day and two men named Harding and Cox were running for President. So Announcer Rosenberg's most important task was to pass on election returns, supplied by the Pittsburgh Post, to a very small and unseen audience. Reception was fine within a Pittsburgh radius of 50 to 75 miles, according to the reports from the handful of listeners, mostly radio hams who had built their own receiving sets.

Several months later, when the new President was being sworn into office, Leo again did the honors over KDKA. While President Harding was delivering his inaugural address, Leo, from an advance copy, read it simultaneously over the air.

The next morning's mail brought Leo a single fan letter. It read, "The President himself couldn't have done a better job with that speech."

Leo, now an advertising executive in Chicago, still has a copy of the letter—probably the first fan letter to a news broadcaster.

Sleep soundly! Wake refreshed!

*Try Horlick's Malted Milk*

TAKEN hot at bedtime this healthful, delicious food drink, famous for over 50 years, safely, pleasantly aids many men and women who formerly could not sleep. It also gives the system bland, easily digested, but concentrated nourishment, helping you to wake with new pep and vitality.

Try Horlick's hot tonight—plain or chocolate flavor. Also eat Horlick's in handy candy tablets—convenient as a pick-up throughout the day. Every drop and every tablet contains nourishment from full-cream milk, nutriments extracted from wheat and malted barley, proteins, minerals and *natural* vitamins. Ingredients are partially predigested by cooking in vacuum at low temperatures which protect the natural vitamins of milk and grain.

**Ask for Horlick's at the fountain, too**

For a sample tin of Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets, send a 3-cent stamp to "Horlick's, Dept. C-4, Racine, Wis."

HORLICK'S *the Original Malted Milk*

•Want Travel Funds To Visit Two World's Fairs?

DO YOU want to visit either or both the New York World's Fair and the San Francisco World's Fair? Want to enjoy the thrills and glamour of a glorious trip to New York or California or both?

COLLIER'S offers you an opportunity to build up a substantial travel-fund in your spare time. How? By looking after new and renewal subscriptions for Collier's and the other popular Crowell Publications. Right now while you are in the mood, mail the coupon for free money-making supplies.

—Free!—

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-61
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PLEASE send me your profitable plan for a travel-fund.

Name ..........
Address ..........
Town ..........
State ..........

## Mystery Fish

Continued from page 72

George Thomas III secured the captain's full time to skipper the Aerial II. But Tuna George's words still travel like greased lightning among the angling fraternity of southern California and when the skipper looses a forecast it's no time at all until hundreds of anglers are acting on his hunches.

Tuna George is the kind of cocksure character who would say to an angler, "Be on the wharf on the morning of May first and I will take you out and we will get the first tuna of the season and it will weigh one hundred and ten pounds," and make good on the promise! Or he'll scowl at the frantic flight of the flying fish and tell you whether or not there is a school of tuna within five miles. Or he'll say to George Thomas, "We'll steer southeast by south for two hours and forty minutes and the tuna'll be there and they'll be big fish."

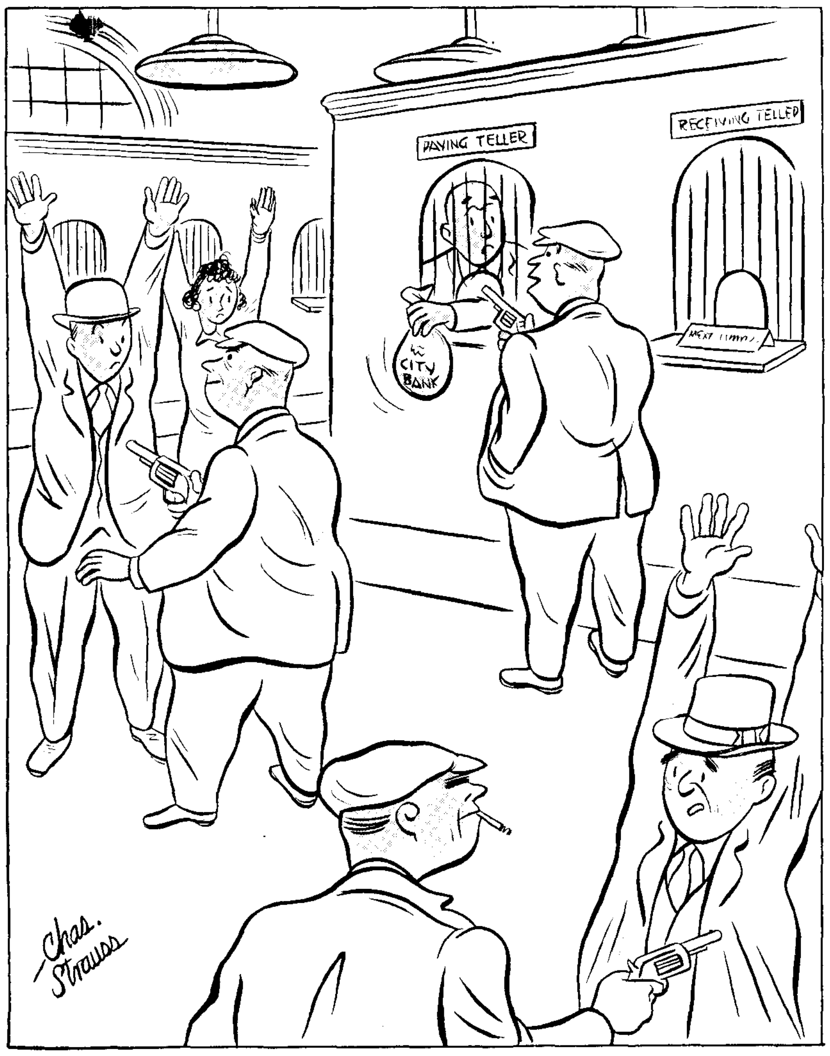
### A Job for the Spies

Now don't ask how he does it, because Tuna George won't tell, mystery being a part of his stock in trade, just as mystery is the big come-hither that makes otherwise sensible men and women go halfway 'round the world just to fight it out with a tuna. And it's just as well not to discuss the matter with the other salty characters, because Farnsworth's uncanny way of hitting it dead on the nose with his forecasts of the tuna runs nettles them no end. And has, ever since the time a few summers back when fourscore of them had to gang up on Tuna George and spy on the Mabel F. day after day to find out what Farnsworth had in the way of tuna appeal that they lacked.

That was no easy job, either, the Pacific being a sizable ocean. And every time a conspirator got near enough to the Mabel F. to note what was going on, Farnsworth up-anchored and high-tailed off. Or he'd duck into a cove and camouflage his craft. Or just play 'possum. But in time, one of them (legend says it was "Yellowtail" Johnny Kassar in the Pirate) stole up on the Mabel F. under cover of a streamer of fog and what do you suppose Tuna George was doing but flying a kite!

Yes, sir, there he was on the deck with a man-sized square kite pulling on a string a thousand feet out from the boat. That's what his formula of two sticks, string, a yard of waterproof silk, thread and the bellyband, produced. About halfway to the bellyband, a light line hung from the kite string. On the end of this line dangled a flying fish. The fish's jaws were sewed together over a tuna hook at the end of an angler's line. The angler sat in a swivel chair on the Mabel F.'s deck, raising and lowering his rod. Every time he jerked, the flying fish leaped out of the water as if it were traveling under its own power.

The spies could hardly believe their eyes. While they were blinking, a pair of bluefins cut the water and the flying fish disappeared. The light line to the kite string parted and the skipper started reeling the kite in. The angler in the swivel chair let out a whoop and clutched his rod for dear life as a quarter-mile of line zinged off the reel in about twenty flat. Then he settled down happily to the long battle with the leap-



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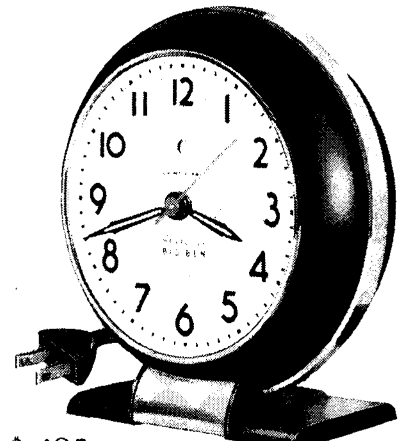

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ing, plunging, charging bluefin. First Mr. Tuna charged, then he sounded. Next he leaped and tried to tie the line in knots. For two hours he mixed the plays, until, weakened and exhausted, they drew him near enough to the boat to gaff.

The revelation cleared up the Farnsworth tuna mystery. Back in Avalon that night, Tuna George admitted that he often fished with kites. And why not? The tuna were wise to live bait, feather jigs, spoons and other thingumbobs trailing behind boats, and that's why anglers weren't getting tuna the way they used to, said the skipper. You had to make bait look alive. Kites were the best bets, but sea sleds weren't so bad.

Sea sleds? Who ever used a sea sled to catch a tuna? Well, Tuna George had used them. A sea sled with runners and rudder askew so that when it was towed by a line from the top of the mast of the Mabel F. the sled angled off from the boat. Halfway out on the towline, the skipper dangled his flying fish. That fooled even a smart fish, but kites were better when the wind was right.

It wasn't many hours until all the salty characters were making kites, too. They tried box kites, triangle kites, airplane kites, all kinds of kites, but gradually settled down to the big waterproof cloth square kites that Farnsworth used. He had two kinds. Light, no-wind kites for the days when the only pull was the seven miles an hour from the movement of his boat, and heavy kites for strong breezes.

### The Baffling Tuna

After that, the fleet kept an eagle eye on the Mabel F. for other gadgets. Gradually it was whispered about that the skipper used thermometers every so many miles to test the temperature of the ocean currents. He was forever jotting down in his logbooks items about the weather and the currents. He kept a record of every tuna he'd caught since his boyhood days, when he paddled about in a rowboat on Avalon Bay. He kept notes on thirty years of tuna runs and on all the fish caught by all the anglers he had ever taken out to sea.

Although the other salts smiled indulgently at this homework, Tuna George made a rite of consulting his logs before he issued his annual forecasts. "The tuna run will start on May fifth this year," he'd say, without hedging. And usually it did.

Farnsworth's word came to be gospel on tuna runs, mainly because the experts, assigned by the state and the federal government to study the habits of the fish, admit that the tuna have them baffled. They've been jotting down items about catches, temperatures, migrations and all that for almost as many years as Farnsworth. But they can't say where the tuna come from each summer nor where they go each fall. They don't know where tuna spawn. So far, no one has ever caught a tuna under a year old, nor a female tuna ripe with roe. The commercial fishermen, who follow the schools down to the equator, catch eighty million pounds of tuna each year and bring it to San Diego and San Pedro to be canned. Tuna is today one of this country's major sea foods, yet it is still the mystery fish of the sea.

You can drop into the spotless fish and game commission quarters at Terminal Island, across the harbor from San Pedro, and obliging Mr. Scofield, who has devoted most of his adult days to studying tuna, will tell you all that the experts know. It isn't much. He will explain how there are five tribes of tuna in the waters of the four-thousand-mile coastal shelf from Panama to Monterey, namely bluefin, yellowfin, albacore, skipjack and bonito. And how they all belong to the mackerel clan, but there's an argument over the bonito, because some braintruster in charge of labels for the U. S. Department of Agriculture says the bonito isn't tuna. And that settles it, even though the Pacific bonito is a true tuna. As for the others, the bluefins and the yellowfins are the monsters of the clan. They grow into giants of two hundred pounds or more. The albacore with the long fins and the striped skipjack are the pygmies, ranging up to a mere sixty pounds.

The albacore show up off San Diego early in the spring and work as far north as Monterey by September. The bluefins for years stayed down in Mexican waters, then suddenly changed their migrations to arrive in May off the California coast, working as far north as Monterey by November, when they suddenly drop out of sight. But some years they failed to come at all, and these whims were a puzzle until the oceanographers at Scripps Institute near La Jolla discovered, quite independently, that every now and then the Pacific upwelled enormous quantities of frigid water from the bottom of the ocean off southern California, changing the habits temporarily of many forms of sea life. That discovery wiped the smiles off the faces of the salty characters who had derided Farnsworth and his thermometers.

Still nobody knew where the tuna went in winter to spawn, nor whence they came when the schools rose to push a veritable wave of choppy water before them as they pursued the frantic flying fish and sardines. Farnsworth says he has sailed three hours through an unbroken school of tuna, fifty feet deep, and from a pony blimp Judge Ernest Windle of Avalon says he has watched schools many miles in extent.

Mr. Scofield will tell you how industriously the fish and game people have tried to get a line on these amazing tuna runs. How his colleague, H. C. Godsil, spent over six months of last year with the commercial tuna fleet, tagging tuna in an attempt to trace their migrations. And what a wet, slippery job this turned out to be! The taggers picked their quarry from the squirming mass hauled in by the fishermen, who fish with barbless hooks, two fishermen with two sturdy poles generally to each hook, to heave the hefty fish overhead and into the tanks. But sometimes, with runs of big tuna, they haul them in by three-pole, four-pole or five-pole fishing, tossing 150-pound fish over their heads.

### Do It the Hard Way

When astonished Mr. Tuna hits the deck he is usually quiet as a mouse for about fifteen seconds. In this fleeting instant the taggers squeeze the marked tag onto a fin, and heave him overboard. And work fast, too, because when the fifteen-second rest period is up, Mr. Tuna becomes a flopping, fighting bundle of live wire. Mr. Godsil has tagged four thousand tuna, but to date no angler or fisherman or packing-plant employee has claimed the state's reward of a dollar for each return tag. Smart fish, these tuna. You don't catch them biting twice on the same old hook.

Lying on the deck or on the wharf, with the life gone from him, Mr. Tuna looks like a wooden fish, big and round in the middle, blunt of nose, and spindly in the tail. But E. N. Scofield is our authority for it that no other fish in the sea is so well streamlined for speed and fight and long-distance travel as is a bluefin, a yellowfin or an albacore.

Along with Judge Windle, we were discussing the tuna-fishing game at the Catalina Tuna Club, where the prize "button" fish taken through the years

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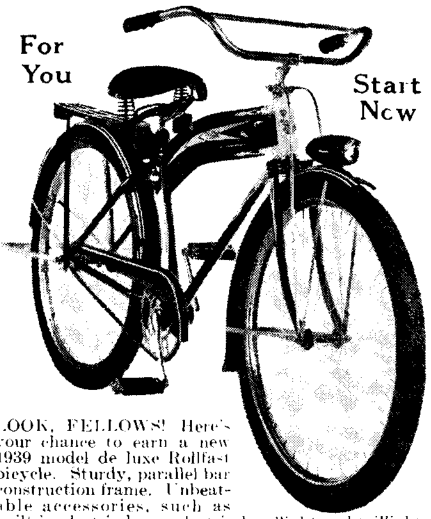

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have been stuffed and mounted and hung on the walls, the all-time record tuna being Colonel C. Morehouse's 251-pound bluefin. Club members have taken bigger marlin and broadbill swordfish and heftier black sea bass, but the reason for this exclusive club's existence is to make it still harder to catch tuna. Yes, sir, they want to make it hard, just as do the affiliated Swordfish and Tunny Club of Australia, the British Sea Anglers' Society and the British Tunny Club of London. They've been making it harder ever since the Tuna Club was founded back in 1898 by the late Charles Frederick Holden, who goes down in angling history as the first man to land a tuna with rod and reel, thereby launching the existing craze.

The gentlemen anglers of the Tuna Club are enthusiasts for what is known as "ethical fishing." This involves giving your finny adversary more than an even break, once he smacks your flying fish or your sardine or jig. You spot him so many threads in your line or so many ounces in your rod.

### For "Ethical Fishing"

Tuna Clubbers have three types of equipment—heavy, light and three-six tackle. Heavy consists of a rod whose tip is not less than five feet in length nor more than sixteen ounces in weight, and standard 24-thread line whose breaking strength is no more than sixty-six pounds. Light tackle is a rod with five-foot tip weighing not more than six ounces, and 9-thread line that breaks at twenty-six pounds. And if you're real "ethical" you'll use the three-six, which looks like trout tackle, a six-ounce six-foot rod and a six-strand line that breaks at sixteen pounds. If you don't think that's a sporting proposition, try easing in a husky young bluefin with a trout rod, keeping in mind of course that when you get him close enough to see the whites of his eyes he's liable to turn out to be a marlin or a broadbill instead.

To stimulate interest in "ethical" fishing, the Tuna Club provides numerous trophies to anglers who land their quarry according to Hoyle, the most prized being the six Tuna Club buttons: blue for taking a tuna of a hundred pounds or more with heavy tackle; red for landing a sixty pounder or over with light tackle; gold for a 200-pound marlin; green for a 100-pound marlin; white for a 200-pound broadbill swordfish; purple for bagging a swordfish with light tackle.

Even among the "ethicals" there are degrees, and some of the "superethicals," headed by Mr. Roy Shaver, who is historian of the Tuna Club, have what they call the Three-Four-Five Club. These supersportsmen cut down man's chance against fish still more by insisting upon a three-thread line, four-ounce rod, five feet long.

"That'll keep it hard," Mr. Shaver assured us. "That'll give the fish a chance."

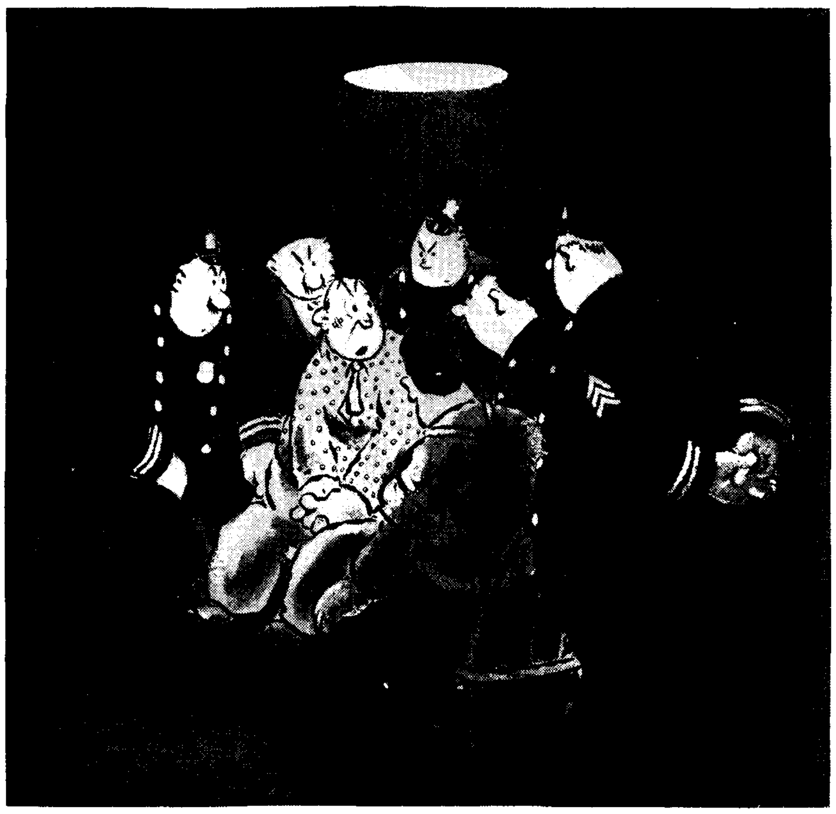
From the foregoing, you might glean the impression that fishing for tuna and other deep-sea stuff is a game for rich sports with gobs of leisure on their hands. It used to be that, but it isn't any more. A good many years slipped by before the other towns discovered that it was just about as easy to get out to the tuna grounds from the mainland as it was from Catalina Island. Now they're making up for lost time. San Diego, for instance, has a fleet of two dozen sleek live-bait launches, each with space along the rail for sixty anglers.

Captain Bill Miller, of the Sea Angler, who comes as near being the Tuna George of San Diego as there is, confided that even aboard his Sea Angler there are two kinds of anglers—the fishermen who come out for tuna and those who are after anything that bites. The latter keep their lines in the water all the time, working overtime to catch barracuda, rock cod, sea bass, and other stuff, while the tuna anglers loll around the deck, waiting until some novice gets a tuna strike. He may not know it's a tuna, but the tuna anglers can tell instantly by the way the rod lashes around like a live wire. In no time at all, the tuna anglers have their lines out with fresh squirming sardines on the hooks as bait.

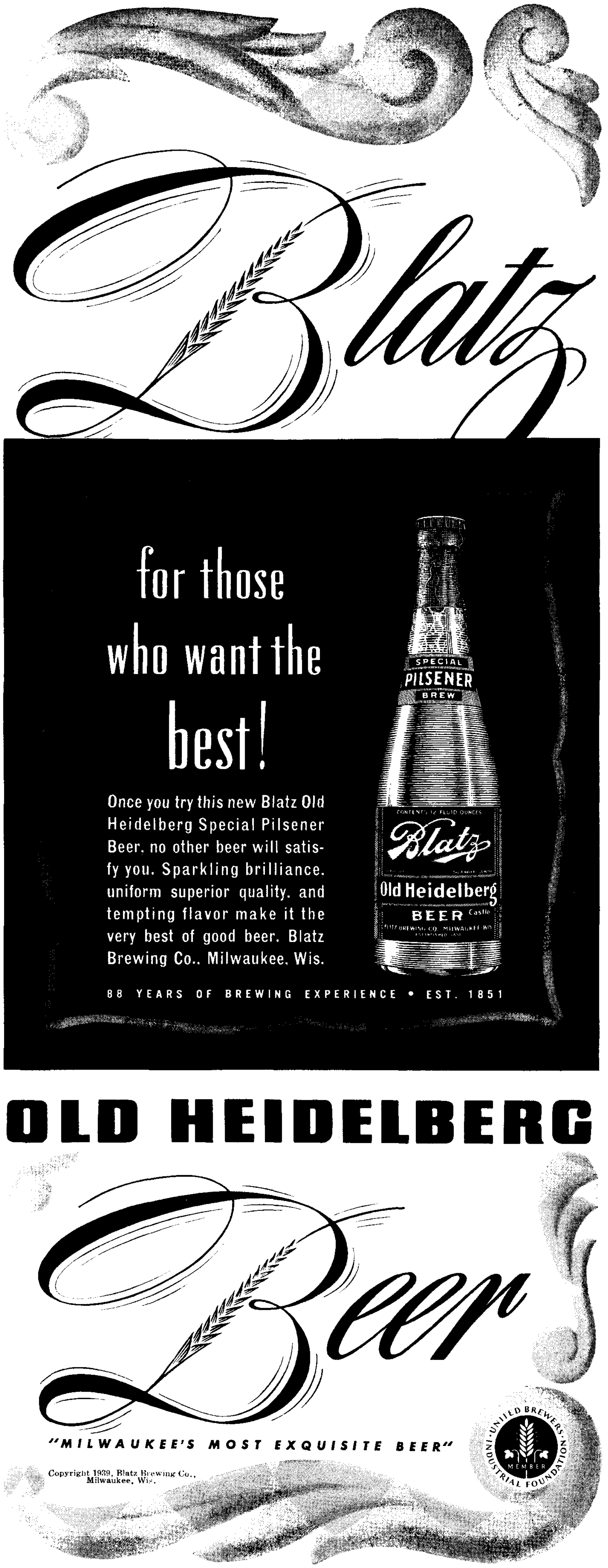
"Nine out of ten tuna anglers will get tuna, too," declared the captain, "and nine out of ten of the others who've been working their rods overtime won't. I yell at 'em, but it don't do any good."

"What do you yell at them?"

"To put on fresh minnows," he replied. "You can't use dead bait and catch a smart fish."



"I feel terrible . . . violatin' a confidence like this . . ." JAY IRVING



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# You Do or You Don't

Continued from page 71

impression that the scout was a ventriloquist. So he watched the scout's throat to see if it moved. Once it quivered and Slim suspected the scout was throwing his voice into Slim's throat. Funny, Slim thought, as the sun made a golden puddle on the sheet, that he remembered the ventriloquist part, and the conversation word for word.

"Son, you got stuff."

"Thanks."

"Don't thank me, son. Thank God. God gives you stuff. You can teach a guy how to do everything but throw fast. A guy must be born fast."

"I'm fast, all right. Just ask Pop Adams."

"I don't have to ask anyone, son. I saw you myself."

"My curve is good."

"I know that, son. But I'm afraid of one thing."

"What's that?"

"You're a rummy, son. You're a booze fighter."

"I had a drink today. I wanted to sweat."

"All right, son. Have it your way. I'm recommending you. You got stuff. You got everything. But the bottle will get you, son, if you don't lay off."

"No bottle is going to get me."

THEY sent him to a Class D league and they couldn't keep him there. His fast ball was a false rumor and his curve was a how-do-you-do and goodby. So in his first season he came up to Double A and won six games in the last month, losing none. Six in Double A and twenty down in Class D, and he was a big-leaguer.

Lying there in bed, Slim could honestly say he didn't drink much that first season in organized baseball. Maybe a beer load once in a while, but it was good for a guy who wanted to sweat. On the train going down to the Cards training camp he did get frapped. It was an accident. Purely an accident.

Going down on the train there was nothing to do. Nothing to look at but the shacks and the burned-out grass at the railroad stations where guys slept. Not bums, the sleepers. Strange-looking guys who slept on hand trucks and truck wagons as the train went to Florida. They looked like they all had steady jobs. That was funny. But what business of his was it? If a guy wanted to sleep in a station, let him. The trouble is that people are always butting in.

When the train came into St. Pete, Slim was drunk. Really drunk. The conductor helped him off the train, and then he was in a taxi, and then he was floundering around the lobby of the hotel. Then he was in bed, as he was now, and they told him he was traded to the Bees. That was tough on Slim. That was unfair because the Cards won the pennant that year and Slim won twenty games with the Bees and saved them from the cellar.

Only once that year did he get into trouble. That was on account of Molly. She was a Mona Lisa kind. She never smiled but you'd bet she was smiling all the time, smiling deep inside, so deep that the smile couldn't get to her lips. Molly was a waitress in the hotel where the Bees stopped in Chicago.

Anyway, one morning, Slim remembered, he was all alone in the dining room, eating breakfast, when he looked up, and there was Molly looking at him like Mona Lisa. Slim didn't know about Mona Lisa at that time. It was Molly who told him she was a Mona Lisa type. That was an old jazz-band song. Mona Lisa. At first Slim thought Molly meant that she was like a song. That would have been all right with him. But she wasn't a song like Mona Lisa is because that is all music and you can never remember the words no matter how many times you hear it played. Up to that time Slim had heard Mona Lisa played a thousand times easy, and all he could remember was Mona Lisa . . . Mona Lisa . . . Mona Lisa. . . . After a while Molly told him that Mona Lisa was a picture. Slim liked that. Molly was a picture. Pretty as a picture.

"Honey, the best you can get out of me is two bits."

Molly was quiet.

"Now instead of leaving you a two-bit tip, I'm going to take you out tonight."

"Where will I meet you?"

That sold Slim on Molly. No fooling around, no acting coy, no stalling or getting shifty on a guy. Make a date and let's get going. Girls who give you the now-now aren't much because if a guy doesn't click right away with a girl it's no good.

They went out every night and it was fine. They were in love and the next time Slim came through Chicago he brought Molly a ring and they were engaged. They schemed it up that they would be married the next time the team came through. Slim made a big mistake and told George Holland about it and George wrote a big story and they gave Slim a suitcase in Boston before he left and the club chipped in and gave him a present too.

On the day of the night they were supposed to be married Slim won his twentieth game and made the Cubs look as though they were the Sing Sing team during business hours with handcuffs on them. One hit they got, that was all. It was a home run, and the Bees won 2-1. Slim won the game himself. He doubled with the bases full in the ninth.

On the way out of the park he met one of the sports writers and the sports writer wanted to buy a drink. Slim didn't believe this because sports writers don't buy ballplayers drinks. Slim was sure sports writers don't buy drinks. But they went across to a little joint opposite the Cubs' park and got to buying drinks and it was dark outside and the park was quiet and empty across the way.

THEN Slim remembered that Molly was supposed to be waiting for him back in the suite at the hotel. It was Slim's idea, the wedding at the hotel, Molly worked there and she always used to say that she wanted to live there and sit down and have her girl friends wait on her and have the telephone operators who snubbed her get her numbers even when she didn't have any number to call. So he went to the hotel.

It was later than he thought, because the Loop was empty and the lights were out and there were only a few taxis waiting in front of the hotel. "Why do I remember these little things now?" Slim wondered, squirming about in the bed to get away from the splintery ray of sun coming through the shade.

It was away after 3 A.M., and when Slim got to the suite Molly was there, little Molly Mona Lisa and her mother, who was a nice old lady who never said anything at all, because, Slim guessed, she had nothing to say at all except, perhaps, come back in three days, Mister, and we'll be able to pay it then. No, sir. We're not trying to cheat you out of the bill, Mister. But you see you aren't the only one we owe money to. Slim shook his head violently and the vision

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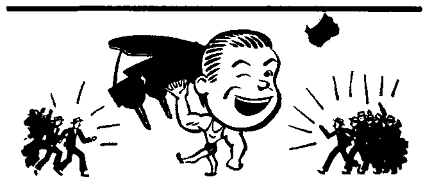


**WE don't say you'll feel like juggling a piano, BUT**—if constipation has stolen your pep, try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum way to relieve constipation. Millions, young and old, use FEEN-A-MINT. And no wonder, for you simply *chew* it to get its wonderful benefits. That's why so many people say: "It seems just like magic!" Why not try it yourself?

**FEEN-A-MINT** TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!

**FOR RUPTURE** NO MONEY DOWN

New support for reducible rupture, designed by ruptured man for security and comfort—light, durable. Will send it to you without a penny in advance—wear it 10 days—if satisfied pay only $8.65 single, $9.85 double, or return without obligation. Send today for Sta-Put—give location of rupture, size when out, age, occupation, waist and hip measure. Scott Appliance Company, 8303 Morris Avenue, Steubenville, Ohio.

Swell flavor ON ROASTS
A-1 SAUCE

"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES . . . AND AT HOME TOO"

of Mrs. Molly Mona Lisa talking to a bill collector went away.

Now Jim could see Molly and he could see her golden slippers, her flesh-colored stockings, which made her thin legs look thicker, her white dress with the cloud of lace at the throat, her white hat. But most of all he saw the brown spots and the shriveled corners of the gardenias.

"Where's the minister?"

"The minister's gone. Everybody's gone, Slim."

The mother was in the room, in Slim's mind, but he couldn't recall what she said then, but he knew she said something. Not mean, but something forlorn and understanding that made a guy feel like a heel.

"I'm getting married, Molly Mona Lisa. Tonight."

"Not to me, Slim. You're not marrying me, Slim."

"All right. Maybe you need a good night's rest. A real good sleep. Then we'll be up in the morning bright and early—and we'll be married."

"It's over, Slim. We're busted out for good."

"Molly, start talking smart. This is Slimsy boy. This is the head man. The love department."

"Slim, I was tipped off. Everybody tipped me off. They said that you were a drunk. Strictly, I didn't believe them, Slim, because I didn't want to, Slim."

No matter how hard he shook his head Slim couldn't get rid of the mother, Mrs. Molly Mona Lisa. She was there in his mind, years later, and he could hear her words coming down the dark aisle of time better than he could hear Molly's.

"Slim, you're a good boy, Slim. You're famous and good and you're generous, Slim. But the bottle has you, Slim. The bottle is the boss. I'd rather see Molly breaking her feet waiting on tables than married to you. I know too much, Slim. I know here."

She knocked at her heart with her fist as though it were a door and she wanted to arouse someone inside.

"Molly's father died with the d.t.'s." Every year he won twenty ball games, making that fast ball smoke and flame, making his curve ball do the dipsy-do, pulling the string on his change of pace until it blew up there like a basketball. So what? So nothing much. So Molly Mona Lisa meant what she said and she never went back to work at the big hotel because she was ashamed. But she worked in Chicago someplace, hustling hash.

Molly never had a telephone and when he sent kids around to her house with notes she sent them right back. Then she moved and—she moved right out of Slim's life.

It was tough going after that. Fines for drinking, stories in the paper, and always the manager talking about the bottle. The bottle. Remember an Earl Carroll show with a song called Hit the Bottle? Slim remembered it well. Some wise guy mailed him a copy of it every day for a year. It almost drove him whacky. One night in St. Louis he got locked up for slugging a guy who was singing at a little roadhouse on the outskirts of town where the rummy ballplayers used to hide out. The guy sang Hit the Bottle.

SLIM stopped thinking; this was today. There had been many mornings like this one. The room a mess and a disheveled graveyard of last night's laughter. After a while, Slim reached out and pulled himself out of bed. A fast drink, a shower, a cigarette, a double order of coffee, another drink, dress in a hurry, hands trembling when you tied your tie, a quick drink, a taxi to the ball park, a bottle of beer on the way in, into your uniform, a bottle of beer smuggled in by the clubhouse boy, hitting practice, a bottle of beer—and the manager caught him drinking it under the stands in the clammy alley that led from the clubhouse to the dugout.

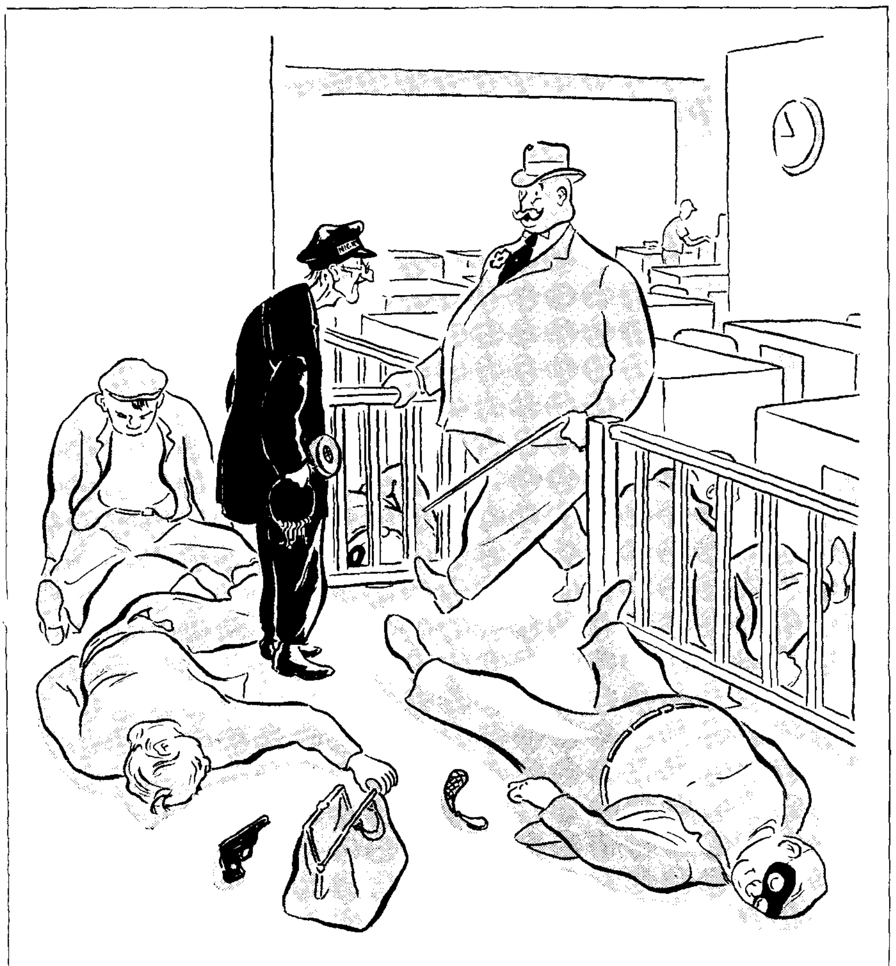
"You're a smart guy."

"I'm thirsty."

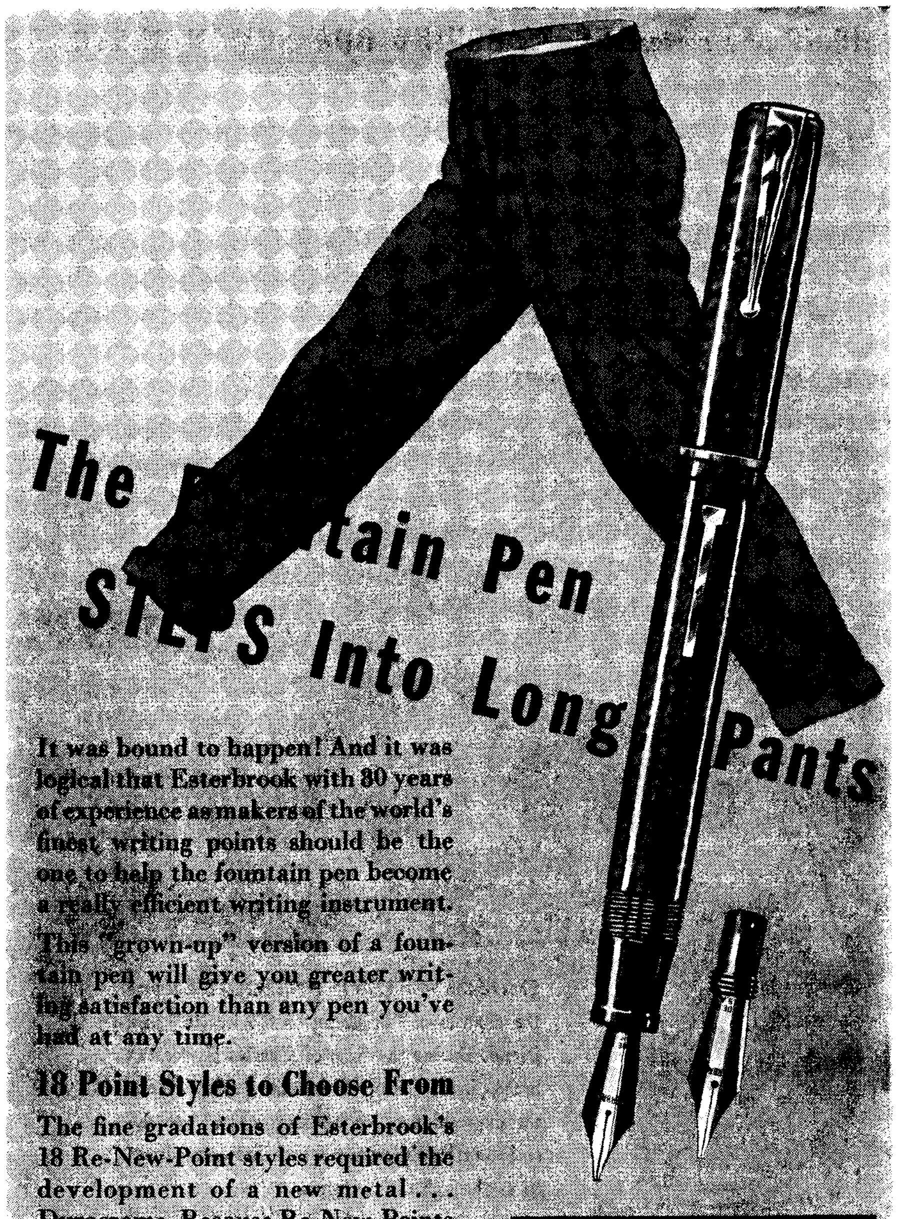
"You're crazy."

"One bottle won't hurt you."

"I agree with you. One bottle won't hurt you. But one bottle will ruin you. One too many. I'd suspend you for



"Well! Quite a busy time of it last night, eh, Blake?"


The tain Pen
ST S Into Long Pants

It was bound to happen! And it was logical that Esterbrook with 80 years of experience as makers of the world's finest writing points should be the one to help the fountain pen become a really efficient writing instrument. This "grown-up" version of a fountain pen will give you greater writing satisfaction than any pen you've had at any time.

**18 Point Styles to Choose From**

The fine gradations of Esterbrook's 18 Re-New-Point styles required the development of a new metal . . . Duracrome. Because Re-New-Points are renewable by the user, repairs are practically eliminated. If you are a little tired of gadgets and want a really common sense fountain pen, say "Esterbrook" to any reliable dealer and introduce yourself to a new high in writing pleasure.

THE ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY
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*The Common Sense Fountain Pen*

Esterbrook
**Push Pencil**

You push the top to feed the lead. It's a common sense pencil to match a common sense pen. Holds a full box of leads . . . gives 400 self sharpened points without reloading. In colors to match Esterbrook Fountain Pens.

*Black or colors* $1.00 *and up*

Esterbrook

QUALITY
UTILITY
ECONOMY

. . . Writing points by Esterbrook

. . . You can change the points yourself

COMPLETE FOUNTAIN PENS (black or colors) $1.00 and up

DURACROME RE-NEW-POINT 25c [Osmiridium Tip Re-New-Point 50c]

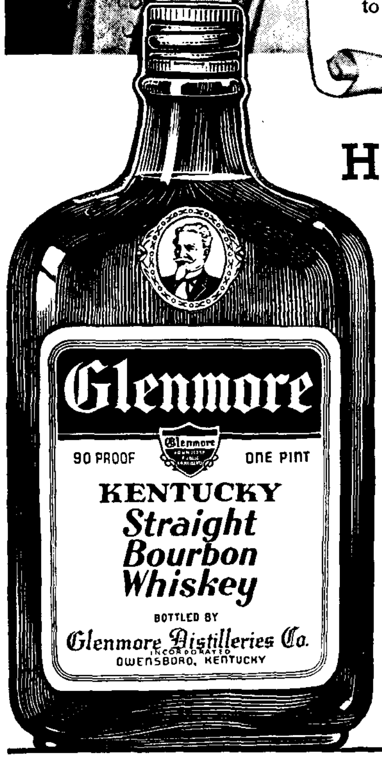
*Prices slightly higher in Canada*

NO. 12 of a series: FACTS BEHIND OUR HUMAN CUSTOMS

Do you know WHY WE PROPOSE TOASTS TO FRIENDS?

Out of the MISTS OF ANTIQUITY comes the custom of "drinking to the health" of a friend. During the time of Charles II, toasted bread often was dropped into the goblet. Hence the expression of "proposing a toast" to describe a friendly custom which has come down to us through the centuries.

• A Free Booklet Describing the Origin of Human Customs sent on request.



Here's Another Custom Based on Fact:

The man who chooses Glenmore Kentucky Straight Bourbon is setting a custom for himself that has many sound reasons behind it. He gets the traditionally fine whiskey of Old Kentucky . . . distilled from choice grains and deep limestone water... patiently aged in *new* barrels of white mountain oak for 3 full years. That's why your dealer will tell you:

Pour Glenmore ...you get more

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Gold Label—100 Proof
Silver Label—90 Proof

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MILD MELLOW 90 PROOF — Glenmore's Tom Hardy — A BLEND OF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKIES

2 YEARS OLD 90 PROOF — Glenmore's Mint Springs — KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

drinking in uniform, but you got to pitch this game. It means second place for us."

"Don't worry. I'll win it, Skipper. I'm a cinch."

"You're young. But you got to lose. That bottle has to beat you."

"No bottle is going to get me. Bet on that."

Slim had it. Hubbell at his zenith never had his downer. It snarled up at you, then bowed like a headwaiter and —strike one.

UP THEY came and Slim blew them over. It got down late in the afternoon and suddenly the day started to blacken up. One minute it was warm and glittery. Then it was dark and gusty and dull. In the last half of the ninth with none out, the Bees leading 4-3, Swede Stanley planked a foolish little grounder down the third-base line which trickled away from Keppo, the Bees' third baseman. A charitable scorer called it a hit. Butch Albert sacrificed the Swede to second with a sly bunt. The Cubs were playing for a tie, trying to sneak that one run home. Joe Wick flied out and Hank Moses pinch-hit for Boonton, the Cubs' second baseman.

Slim started to tire and he threw two balls to Moses, missing the corners by a mile. The next was right down the middle but Moses let the pitch go by. But Joe Hafey, the umpire behind the plate, didn't call it a strike. He called it a ball.

"Ball three," he said and his voice was harsh and metallic as though it had been filtered through a microphone.

Slim slapped down his glove, threw up his hands in a windmill gesture of despair and the crowd booed and cheered at the same time.

"You're blind," Slim screamed, starting toward the plate.

Hafey took off his mask and drew a line in the dust with the toe of his spiked shoe.

"Cross it," he challenged.

Slim crossed it all right, cursing and roaring.

"You're robbing me," Slim brayed. "This is my living. You're picking my pocket."

"Get back of that line, Slim."

"Get back of nothing. You're a thief, Hafey."

"Get back, Slim, or I'll put you out of the ball game."

"Put me out. You ain't got the guts to put me out. Put me out. What difference does it make if you put me out? I don't care. Put me out. Put me out."

"You asked for it, Slim. Get out of here."

Hafey pointed to the dugout and started to shove Slim toward it.

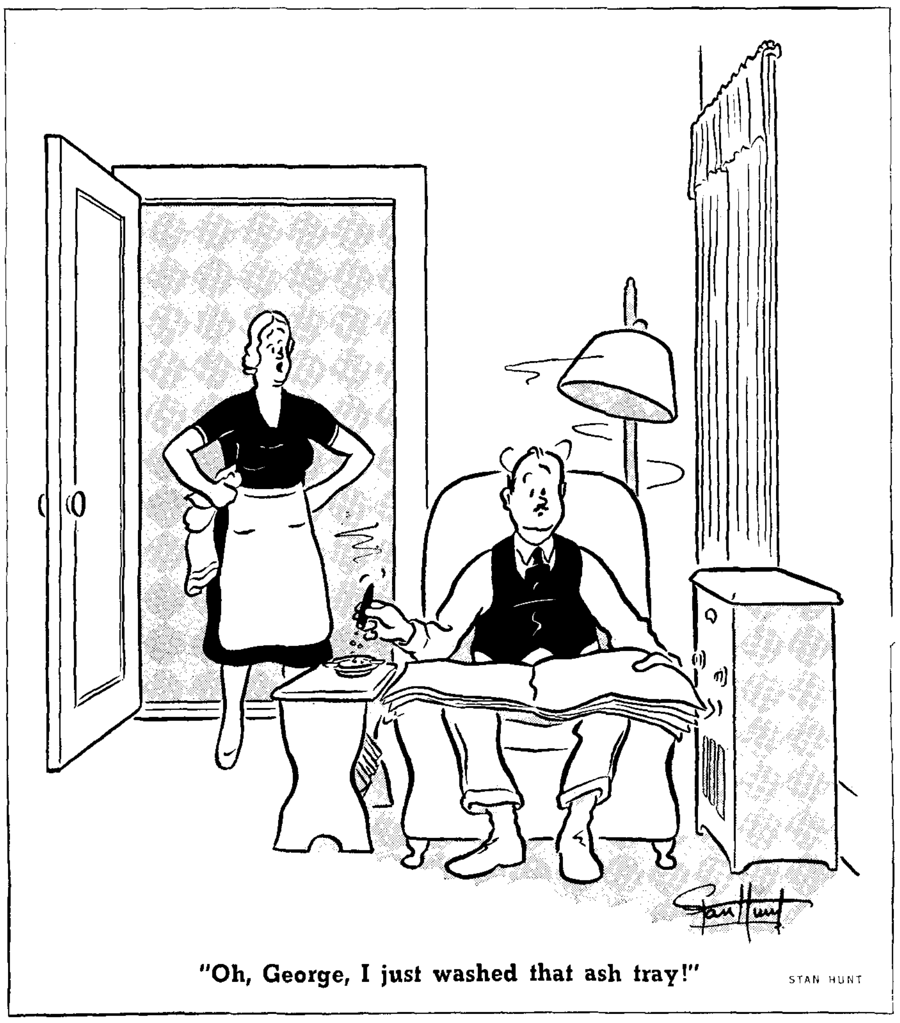
Then it happened. It came off the first tier. The sun came out for a minute. The bottle twinkled in the sun. You could watch its flight, quick and glowing.

There was a wet sound, not a bad sound but a limpid sound, a sound you never heard before. Slim fell. The pop bottle hit him in the head. The crowd was silent, ashamed of one of its own, stunned by a man toppling over on the grass in the waning sunlight, wondering if death had come in on a pass.

The Bees gushed out of the dugout and picked Slim up and carried him out in the cradle their arms made. A wait in the clubhouse. No one talking and the flashlights winking their glittering eyes over the immobile man on the rubbing slab. An ambulance, a siren screeching, a ride through the town, a hospital. A choose-up game between life and death.

That was the last game Slim ever worked, but he beat the rap. Molly came back and she took him home to her house and they were married when it looked as though Slim would be blind forever.

"THE scout, the manager, and my wife's mother were all wrong," Slim says to the kids. "Here I am, and I'm all right. The bottle didn't get me, after all. And," he says, shaking his finger—he always shakes his finger at the end—"let it be a lesson to you, one and all."



"Oh, George, I just washed that ash tray!"

STAN HUNT

## Curls Like Commas

Continued from page 19

old bob. So it's easy to see why the baby haircut caught on—it answers all these specifications.

The new coiffure is not only titillatingly new-looking, new-feeling. It's also equally chic with sports clothes, town clothes, evening clothes. It's beautiful with hats. It's perfectly in the spirit of the much-talked-about little-girl clothes.

Comfortable, too, particularly after all those hairpins and combs.

Your permanents won't take so long as usual, either, though, on the other hand, you'll need to renew them oftener. Most blissful release of all—instead of the twenty or thirty minutes you've had to stay under the drier, now you have to sit under it only five or ten minutes. Moreover, your hair will stay looking much prettier between trips to the beauty salon because, for one thing, the baby haircut really thrives on brushing.

### A Haircut for Every Face

Adaptability is another of this haircut's charms. If your face is long enough, brush your hair up squarely at the sides, and then have yourself some soft wavy bangs. But if you've found out over the years that a side part is our dish—or a center one . . . or even a pompadour—you'll find your new short hair falling amenably into place.

Appeal Number One, almost, of the baby haircut is that it is so young-making. It seems to coax the lines of the face to run *up*. Light shines through the little half-curls, making a soft feathery nimbus around the face that's the ultimate in flattery. The short downy ends invite the hand, almost irresistibly, to touch, an extra allure.

All this is music, of course, to a full-grown woman's ears. The twenty-five to fifty-year-olds were the first to make their appointments.

But short hair's youthfulness doesn't sound like any treat to the younger set. They don't want to look young. They'll take looking dangerous—in a nice way—any day.

Summer, however, fashion authorities say, will bring around even those ultraconservatives—the very young, and the very old.

The only thing you must remember is that this coiffure must be taken back to the barber whose wizardry created it, at least every two weeks, for shaping. Its prettiness depends on its being just the right thickness at just the right distance from your scalp and on its feathery thinness at the tips. Let it grow out too long, and it's likely to get bushy, lose its chic and its shape.

By the way, why not save the hair your barber cuts off, in the initial operation? Artificial chignons are back, Paris says. Even if you don't ever wear your sheared locks, knowing you'll have them tucked away at the back of your bureau drawer may give you the necessary courage to let your barber take that first irremediable snip two and one half inches (yes, we said two and one half!) from your head!

## Color for Fair

Continued from page 16

Theme Center, they progress from pale tones to deep ones. Thus, the farther you walk from the Theme Center in the yellow zone, the deeper the yellow grows, until you reach Tomorrow Town, at the end. The stronger the red, the nearer you are to the Lagoon of Nations. When the blue gets so intense you can't stand it, it's a help to know the amusement area is at hand.

In fact, any time you've had enough, just look for the deepest colors and head in that direction. They mark the exits.

Of course this isn't an all-over color job. There's more subtlety to it than that.

Neither of the big food buildings, for instance, is painted entirely red. Each has plenty of white surface, but the red dominates simply because of the way it is used in the murals and the bold areas that accent the architecture of the building. The effect is dramatic and impressive.

The color idea first occurred to Mr. Ernest Peixotto, consultant on mural decoration to the Fair Board, when he looked at the proposed map of the Fair grounds. The hub-and-spoke arrangement of the plan suggested to him the spreading out of the spectrum. Why not use the spectrum? Color to dramatize the carnival spirit of the Fair, to harmonize the varied architecture, to help direct you around.

Julian E. Garnsey, color expert, took over from there, sold the idea to individual exhibitors, and saw the plan through.

The result is the first large-scale demonstration of the psychological impact of color, with you as the guinea pig.

Knowing that you can stand only so much color, he will give you a heady dose of chrome yellow; then soothe you with soft off-white walls, pricked perhaps with accents of color. But walk around the corner, all calm and unsuspecting, and he will whack you over the head with brilliant, overpowering red.

The result will be gay, beautiful, gaudy, enchanting or infuriating, all depending on what emotions the colors stir up in you. The only thing certain is that you will be stirred up. The high-key colors will see to that—unless red looks exactly like green to you.

They've thought of everything. Even the flowers join the color scheme.

### Daylight at Night

At night a new kind of fairyland, lighted by a magic new lamp. But still color. The lamp is called fluorescent, a step away from the filament bulbs we know. It comes in the form of a tube, and light is created by the glowing of gases through the inner coating of the tube, any color you say—depending on the coating.

So there will be color effects with light—but discreet—to enhance rather than change the colors of the murals and the walls. Along Rainbow Avenue, which binds all the Fair's color areas together, these tubes of light will appear in clusters of all colors—and the resulting blend of colored lights will be daylight.

Whatever else you see at the Fair, you'll go away with color ringing in your head—color blazing from walls, glowing in lights, leaping in illuminated fountains and whizzing to the sky in dramatic fireworks.

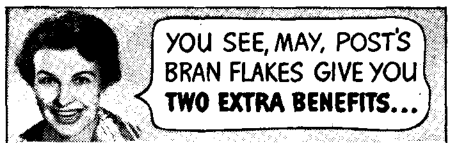
It ought to keep you dizzy enough so you'll forget how your feet hurt.

JOHNNY COMES A-RUNNING THESE DAYS!
MY BREAKFAST DISCOVERY CURED HIM OF BEING A SLEEPYHEAD!

**JOHNNY:** Whee! Post's Bran Flakes again!

**AUNT MAY:** Goodness! He *does* seem to be enthusiastic about his breakfast!

**MOTHER:** So is our whole family, May, since I discovered this perfectly delicious cereal, Post's 40% Bran Flakes! They're MORE than a wonderful-tasting breakfast food, too . . .


YOU SEE, MAY, POST'S BRAN FLAKES GIVE YOU TWO EXTRA BENEFITS...

Here's what Johnny's mother means by *extra benefits:*

*First,* Post's Bran Flakes provide just enough bran, a *natural* regulator, that helps protect you against sluggishness. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a wonderful help.

*Second,* Post's Bran Flakes are a good cereal source of phosphorus, iron, Vitamin $B_1$ to help maintain good appetite, and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor.

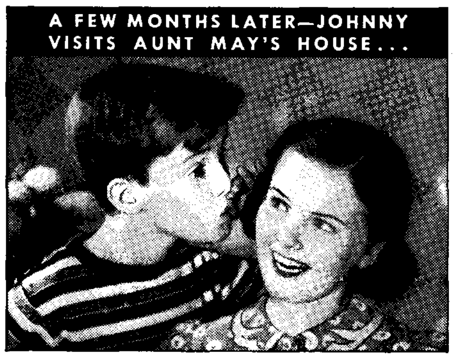
All this in one grand-tasting cereal with a *double purpose:* to make breakfast a delicious treat, and to help you keep fit. And today, Post's Bran Flakes come to you at a NEW LOW PRICE!

**AUNT MAY:** What a heavenly NUT-LIKE flavor! And from what you say, Post's Bran Flakes may be just what *my* family needs.

**JOHNNY:** You oughta taste the bran muffins mother makes, too—the recipe's right there on the package!

**MOTHER:** And best of all, May, Post's Bran Flakes are at a NEW LOW PRICE now!

A FEW MONTHS LATER—JOHNNY VISITS AUNT MAY'S HOUSE . . .



**JOHNNY:** Psst! What's for breakfast, Cousin Betty?

**BETTY:** Post's Bran Flakes—we've had them every morning since mother visited your house, and they taste scrumptious! And Daddy says he's never felt better in his life!

A Post cereal made by General Foods

LIFE IS SWELL WHEN YOU KEEP WELL
Post's 40% Bran Flakes
With Other Parts of Wheat
Malt Syrup, Sugar and Salt
C. W. Post
NEW LOW PRICE!

**IMPORTANT:** Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a *regulative* cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.

COLLIER'S
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

# From Kicks to Kisses

FROM booting business around for some six years, the New Deal has suddenly turned to kissing business several times a week, loudly and publicly and on both cheeks, like a French general bestowing honors.

Hardly a day goes by but some new plan for coddling business hatches in the White House or blossoms under the Capitol dome—a plan for tax revision or for taking some starch out of labor, for loosening credits or for making peace between government and some especially ruffled branch of business such as the utilities.

The reason for this reversal is plain enough, and can be stated in four words: last November's election returns. These were mainly conservative. After an interlude of stunned amazement mixed with boiling indignation, the smarter New Dealers decided that they'd better get in tune with changing public moods.

What we wonder is whether all this new coddling of business is going to improve the country's general economic health.

Here's a capsule history of government relations with business for the last twenty years or so:

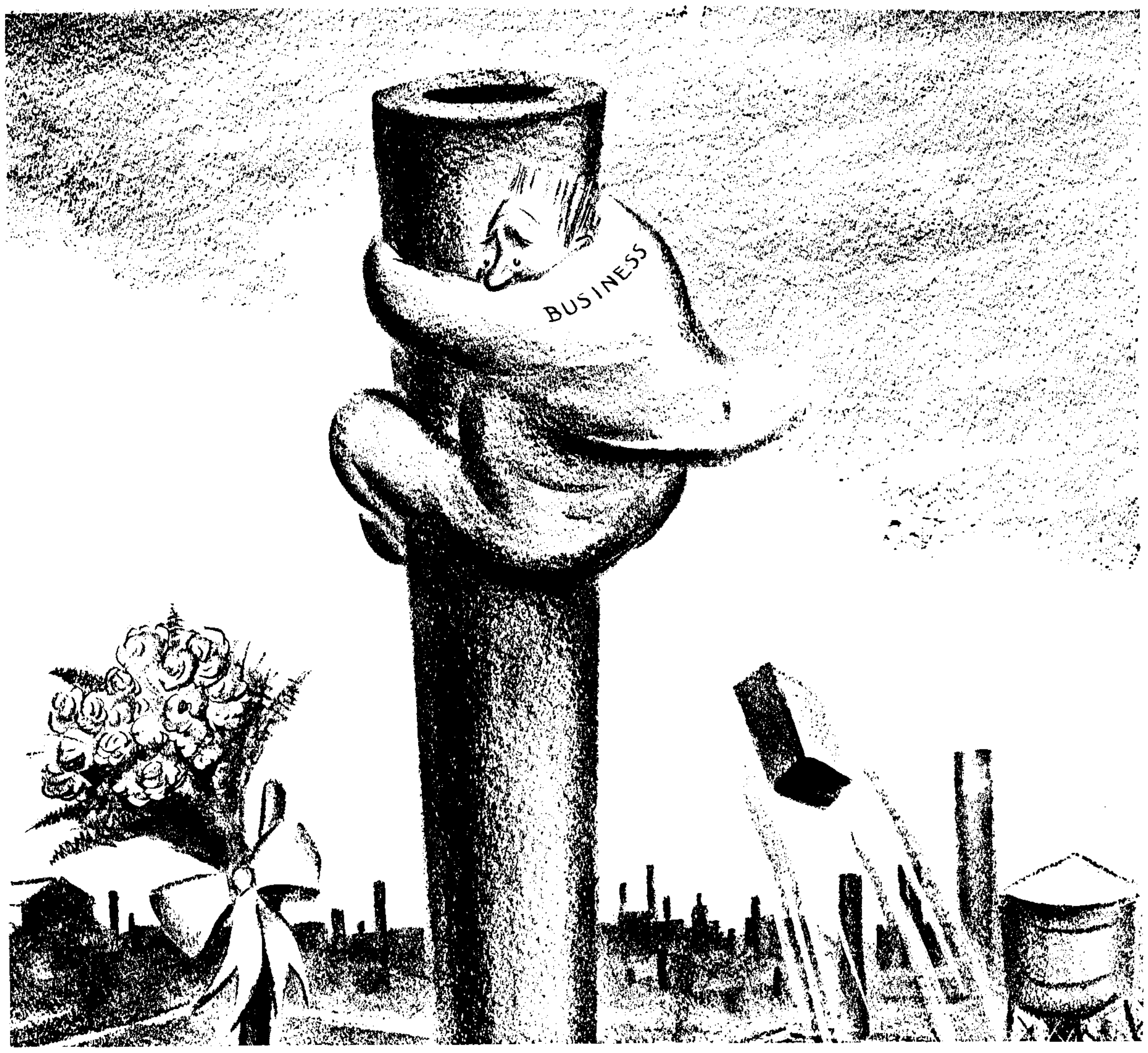
After the war, the Republicans, under Presidents Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, coddled business over and above all other interests in the country. Harding's administration tried to laugh off Teapot Dome. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, built his department to enormous size and activity. Mellon cut income taxes in the higher brackets and hacked down the national debt. Congress' prevailing philosophy in those times was that any measure favoring business was for the general good. The end of it was the "Hoover depression."

Under President Roosevelt, the New Dealers reversed the Republican system and went in for helping everybody except business. For good measure, they added frequent kicks to business' shins and ribs. The end of that was the "Roosevelt recession."

Isn't it barely possible then that government cannot stabilize our general economic health by either coddling business or kicking business around? That government can best help us all by leaving all of us, business included, as much to our own devices as possible?

Talking this way, we feel a bit like fusty old-timers of about Thomas Jefferson's day. Those outmoded thinkers, you may remember, supposed that government's only true duties were to provide for the country's defense, protect elemental human liberties, and impose reasonable checks on the smart fellows' ability, if unchecked, to take everything, including their eyeteeth, from the not-so-smart fellows. Pretty old-hat, that philosophy.

Still and all, after this glance back over the history of these recent efforts of government both to help and harass business, both attempts having climaxed in business power-dives, we begin to wonder whether those old-timers of Jefferson's day really were so flea-bitten. Maybe they had something there.



# The Good That Hearst Did

THE William Randolph Hearst empire—newspapers, magazines, radio stations, movie interests—is shrinking; though it looks as though some fairly productive pieces of it will survive under the management of Clarence J. Shearn and Joseph V. Connolly. Nevertheless, Mr. Hearst himself is in the position of an aging monarch whose domain is being run by a regency.

In which connection, it annoys us more than a trifle to see assorted gents and ladies taking assorted cracks at the old gentleman. "Men shut their doors against a setting sun," as Grantland Rice once remarked. Some men also gather around to kick an old lion or an old dog or a man who has seen fatter days.

We think it is in order for us to protest these attacks on Mr. Hearst, even though this publishing house is a competitor of his. This writer, incidentally, never was beholden to Hearst.

Mr. Hearst was and is no ideal man. He pulled American journalism, or a large part of it, down into the gutter. He created newspapers so sensational that they hammered you between the eyes with their front-pa[illegible]eadlines. He engineered the Spanish-American War if anybody did. He is not covered with unsullied glory as his sun bends westward.

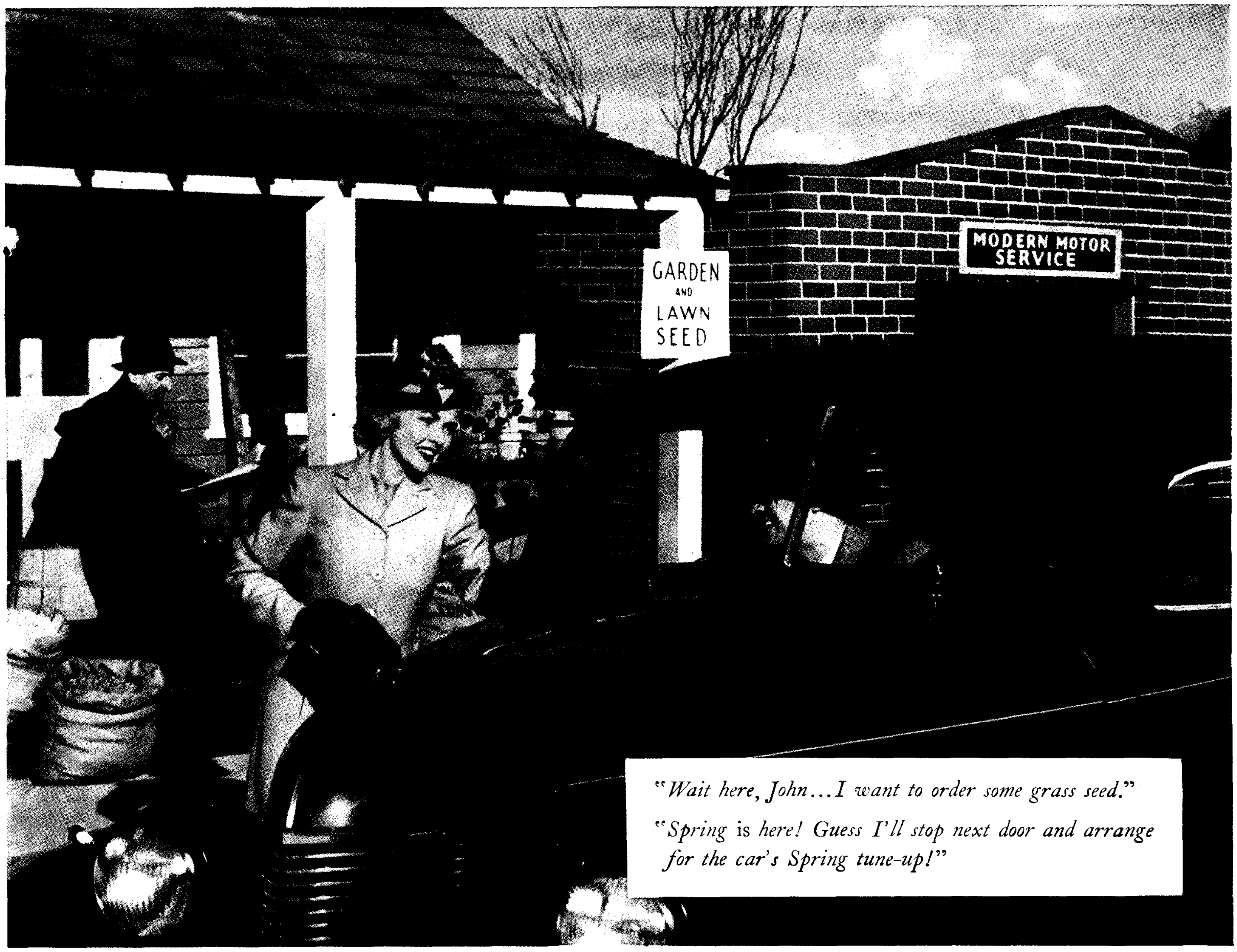
But neither is Mr. Hearst justly deserving of all the mud that is being tossed at him, now that he can't toss it back as lustily as once he could.

He was a product of his time, and of his country in that time—a product of an expanding America that didn't give a damn. If Hearst hadn't built up his chain of screaming, prying and sometimes lying newspapers, somebody else might have built one. Joseph Pulitzer would have loved to, but Hearst beat Pulitzer at his own game.

In his old age, Hearst has become a conservative, seeing Reds behind every bush. But in his youth and middle age he was a crusading liberal, fully as bold as Theodore Roosevelt and possibly more effective.

And, in one respect at least, he greatly helped American journalism. He began building his papers at a time when most newspaper publishers fostered the idea that working on a newspaper was almost romantic and soul-satisfying enough to be its own reward; that a press person ought not thirst after an adequate pay check. Hearst bought out the competition's best help at wages that in those days were princely. Thus he put a powerful lever under newspaper pay in general, and kept bearing down hard on that lever. And thus American newspaper pay in general went up and American newspapers today are the better for it.

Why not give the Lord of San Simeon credit for what worth-while things he did? Why not let him enjoy the rest of his life in some peace and some measure of public respect?



*"Wait here, John...I want to order some grass seed."*

*"Spring is here! Guess I'll stop next door and arrange for the car's Spring tune-up!"*

# DO YOU KNOW YOUR CAR HAS 3 GRADES OF PERFORMANCE?

Let's follow John Smith into his local automobile service shop:

*"I want my car tuned-up!"* he says to the service manager.

"Certainly, Mr. Smith. We'll tune it up to the best performance the gasoline in your tank permits!" says the service man.

*"What do you mean? What's gas got to do with a tune-up?"*

"Plenty! If you use high anti-knock gas . . . we can tune the car *up*. With low-grade gas, cars often have to be tuned *down*."

*"Why is that?"*

"Here's why: Under the hood of any modern car is a device . . . the spark adjustment . . . that controls performance. The closer we advance your spark to the point of top performance, the more power and mileage you get. But if we advance it any farther than the anti-knock quality of the gasoline in the tank permits, the motor will 'knock' or 'ping.' That wastes fuel and power as surely as a retarded spark."

*"In other words—the better the gas, the better the tune-up!"*

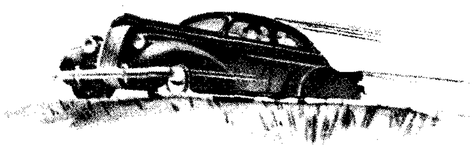
"That's it! Different grades of gas give you different grades of performance. That chart at the right will help you make your choice!"

We bet John will have his car tuned-*up*, not *down!* How about having yours tuned-up, too?

### *Do you know what oil companies are doing to make cars run better?*

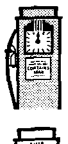
Oil companies the world over are now using tetraethyl lead to improve the anti-knock quality of their gasolines. This enables car-owners to take advantage of the higher compression engines built by the automobile industry in recent years.

Tetraethyl lead is a liquid that completely mixes with and improves gasoline. It raises the anti-knock quality of any motor fuel. It is the active ingredient of the anti-knock fluids made exclusively by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York. ***Buy "leaded" gasoline.***



### YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES

**BEST PERFORMANCE**—with gasoline marked "Ethyl" on the pump or globe. It is highest in anti-knock and all-round quality. Contains enough tetraethyl lead so that your engine's spark can be *advanced* closest to the point of maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."



**GOOD PERFORMANCE**—with "regular" gasoline, which permits the spark to be considerably advanced without "knock" or "ping." Most "regular" gasolines now contain tetraethyl lead, as shown by the "Lead" signs on the pumps.

**POOR PERFORMANCE**—with low-grade gasoline, poor in anti-knock quality. With low-grade gasoline in a modern car, the engine's spark must be *retarded*—which means *loss* of power and economy.

**TUNE IN ON "TUNE-UP TIME"** *featuring Walter O'Keefe, Andre Kostelanetz' Orchestra . . . Kay Thompson and Rhythm Singers . . . Thursdays . . . Columbia Broadcasting System, 10 p. m., E. S. T.*

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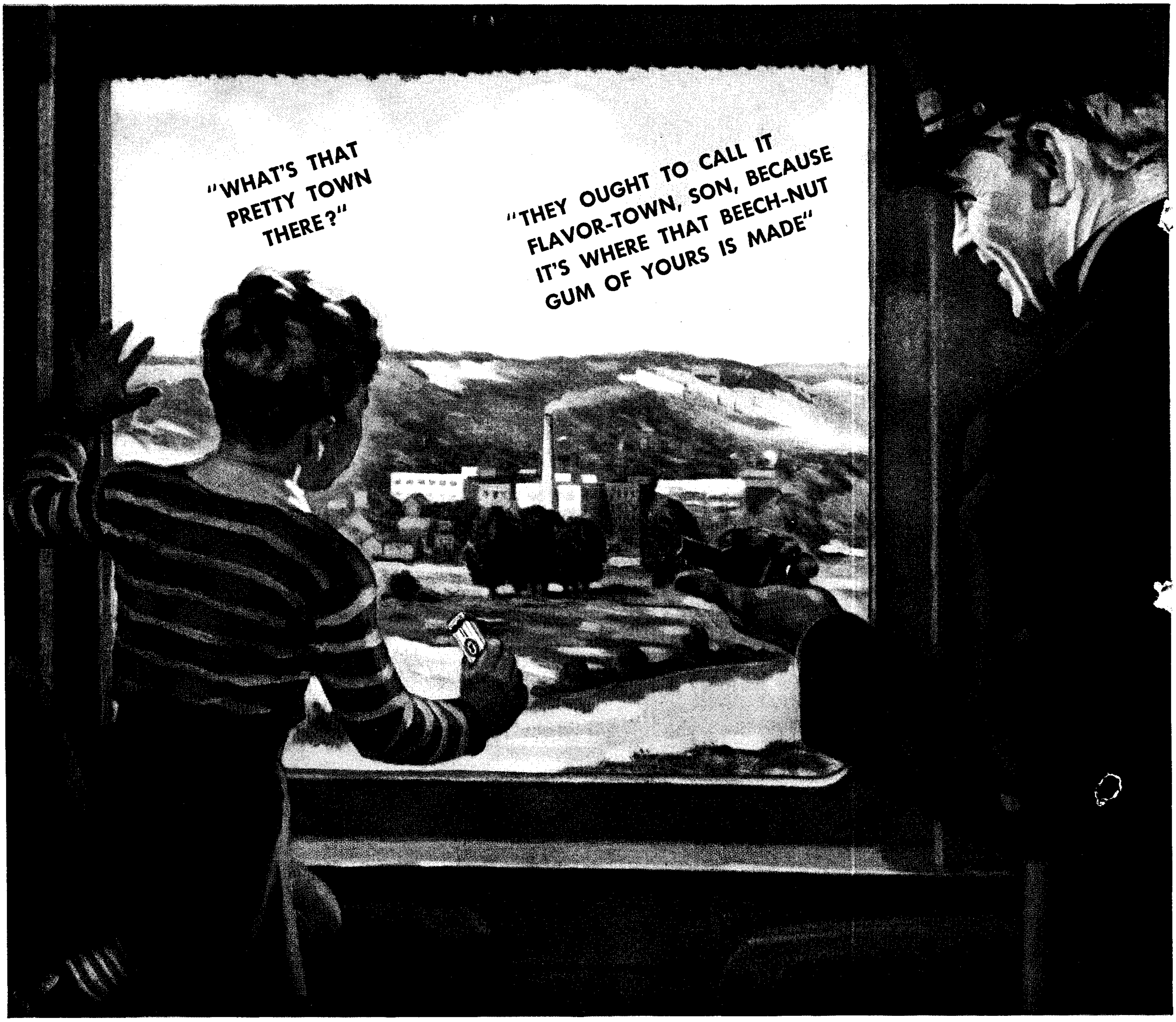
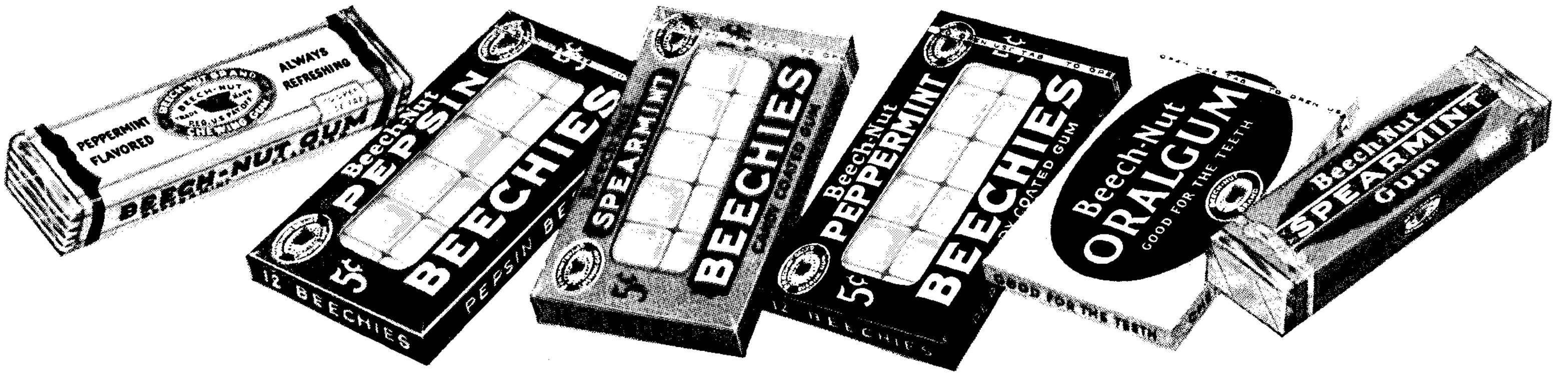
**ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION,** *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*


"WHAT'S THAT PRETTY TOWN THERE?"
"THEY OUGHT TO CALL IT FLAVOR-TOWN, SON, BECAUSE IT'S WHERE THAT BEECH-NUT GUM OF YOURS IS MADE"

Beech-Nut Gum

made with care, in country air, at Flavor-Town, (*Canajoharie*) N.Y.


PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM
Beech-Nut PEPSIN BEECHIES
12 BEECHIES
5¢
SPEARMINT BEECHIES
Beech-Nut PEPPERMINT BEECHIES
CANDY COATED GUM
Beech-Nut ORALGUM
GOOD FOR THE TEETH
Beech-Nut SPEARMINT Gum

Visit the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair.
If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

*One of America's GOOD habits*